WEEK ENDING FEB. 12, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Ever

In this Issue

ANOTHER STORY OF WAR BIRDS

SORE SUBJECTS *by* ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

also IF I HAD MY LOVE LIFE TO LIVE OVER AGAIN *by* ROSITA FORBES

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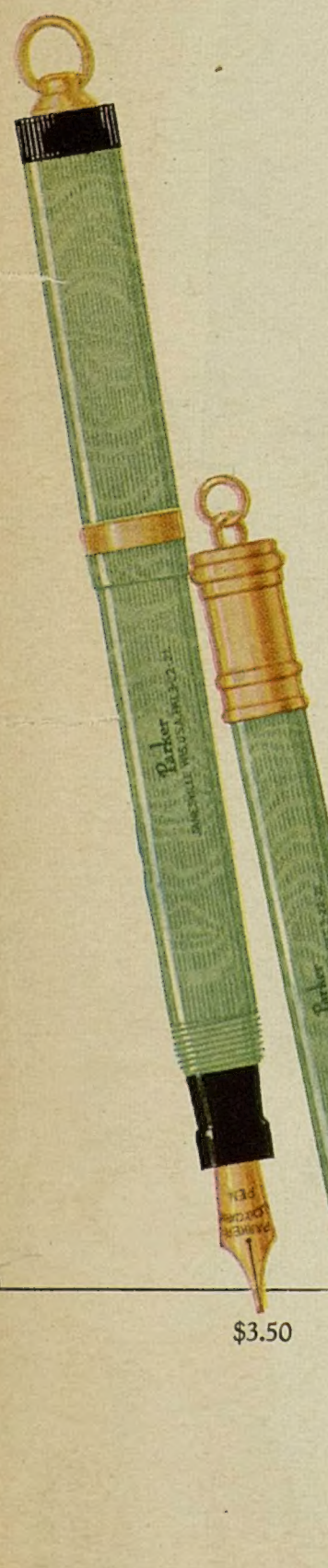

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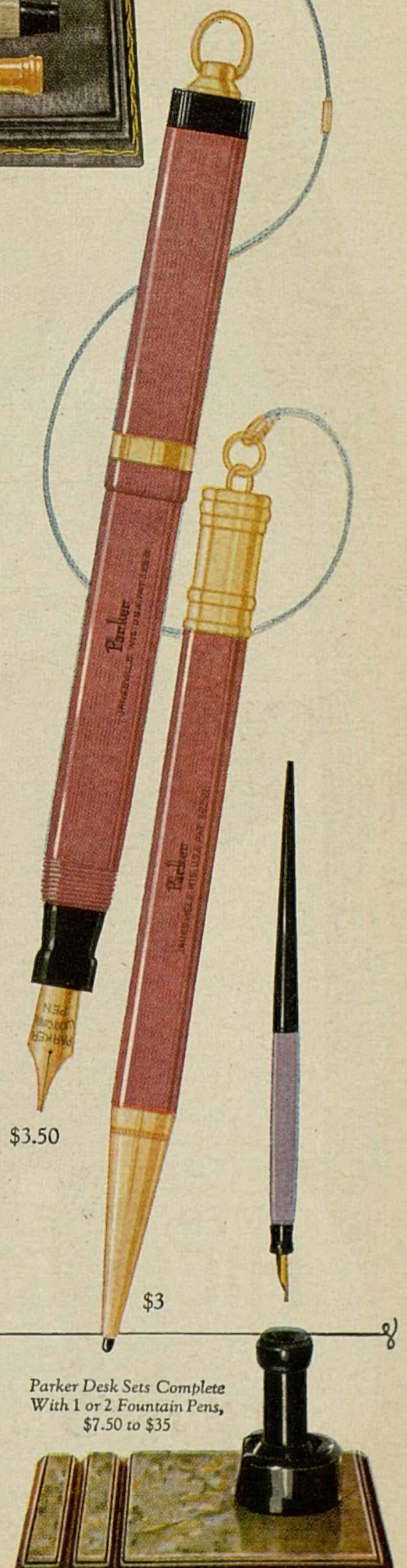

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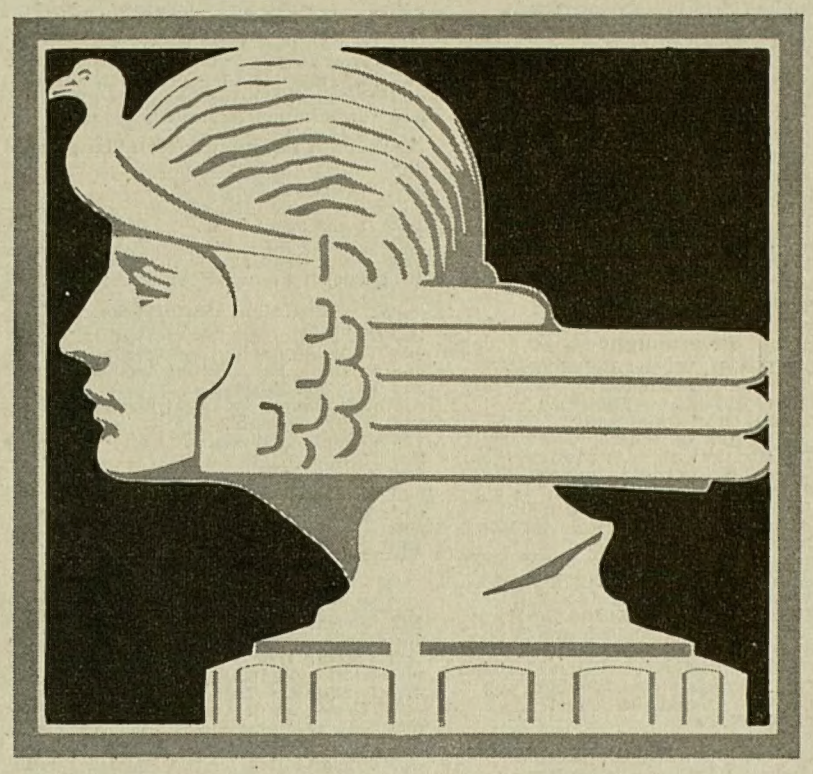

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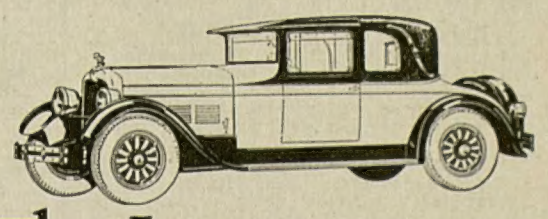

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Indianapolis

FEB. 12, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 3 No. 41

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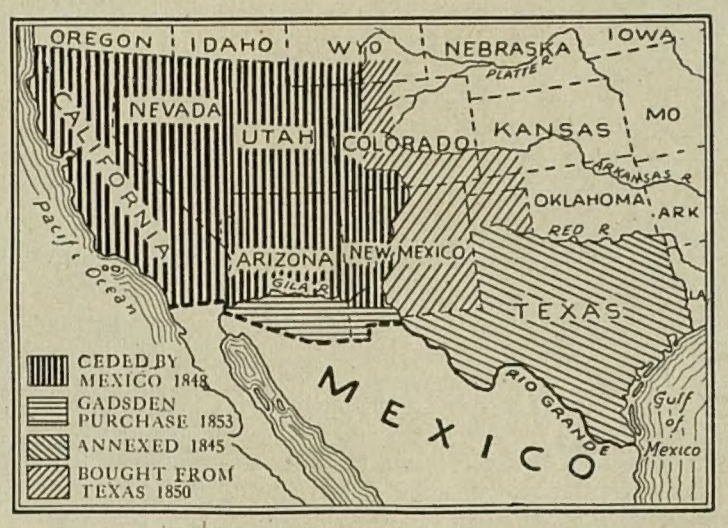
"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

SHOULD WE GIVE BACK OUR SOUTHWESTERN STATES TO MEXICO?—*An Editorial*

Our Little Americans, our Borahs and Wheelers, our professors, sentimentalists, and self-appointed wailers for the rights of smaller nations, all are upset over the intervention of the United States in Nicaragua. Some of them even express the belief that we might become feverish for expansion, and seize Nicaragua and Mexico, and perhaps other countries. Thus far, there has been no basis for any such belief, outside of their persistent idea that whatever the United States does is wrong; that our motives are always vicious; and that, of necessity, all small nations are pure and upright. But it is a fact that there is a Destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.



In 1845, '46, '47, and '48, a crowd of political pirates and robbers—so designated by the Borahs, the pacifists, the professors, the Little Americans of that day—were in control at Washington. They had recognized Texas in 1837 as an independent republic. In 1845 they admitted her to the Union as a State and assumed her quarrels with Mexico over boundaries and the alleged rights of American citizens—mostly Texans.

President Polk and his Southern Cabinet wanted new States to strengthen the position of slavery. They admitted Texas, and gave her the right to split up into four States, which would mean eight United States Senators to vote Democratic and extend slavery.

Not satisfied with that, they took up Texas' old quarrels and declared war on Mexico—a war of conquest and aggression purely. The unsheathing of Uncle Sam's sword was followed by American victories at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, the halls of Montezuma, and Chapultepec.

Hostilities ended by Mexico surrendering territory embracing California, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, most of Nevada, and parts of Colorado and Wyoming.

During this piratical conquest the professors, the Borahs and Wheelers of that day, the Little Americans, smote their high brows in horror, declared the United States was indulging in piracy, and accused Uncle Sam of highway robbery.

They were right. The war was one of conquest; the seizure of the whole Southwest was piracy. Yet, who would have this undone now? Would the people of California, New Mexico, and the other States vote to return to Mexican rule? Mexicans themselves now rush there for safety and protection.

The same people quivered with agony when the United States dug the Panama Canal. Who would undig it now?

Our conduct was possibly vicious and depraved, morally—but it was progress. Destiny was at work behind the selfishness of immoral politicians. Destiny is still busy, and seventy-five years from now the inhabitants of Nicaragua, Mexico, et al. will be singing The Star-Spangled Banner and scoffing at the idea that anyone would return to the old governments.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Beginning a Great New Serial

WEALTH, luxury, her own motor car, a great home run smoothly by servants—that was *Honey's* dream. A drab little house, a drudging mother, a defeated, tippling father—that was reality for her. And, to make her dream come true, she had only her beauty. Such was the problem *Honey McNeill* faced. She's the heroine of LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE, our new serial by FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER. Don't miss this breathless story of how *Honey* went hunting for riches and happiness in the danger zones of romance.

WILLIAM BEEBE has a habit of going to strange places where no one with such a magic pen has ever been before. In THE DEATH DANCE OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS, he takes us into the midst of the wild men of Borneo, and gives us an unforgettable thrill.

SOPHIE KERR is writing stories both delightful and profound, these days. In HUSH-ME-DEAR, she gives us a tale of a woman struggling with an old, old predicament: what must a wife do when she discovers her husband's infidelity?

Many a man goes to his death wrongfully accused of crimes he never committed, and many a guilty man goes free. IN THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS, by LIN BONNER, tells what a clear-thinking, "scientific" witness has done to prevent such blunderings of justice.

February 12, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 41

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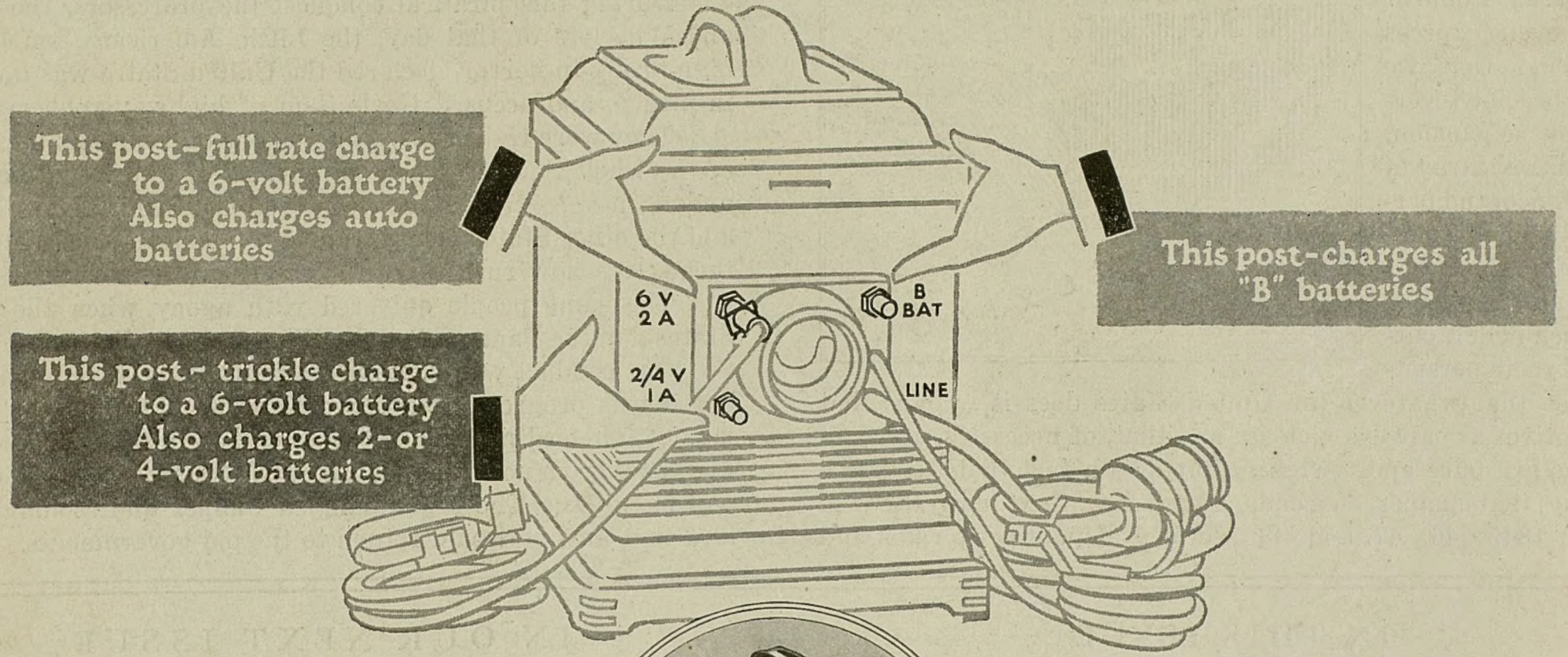

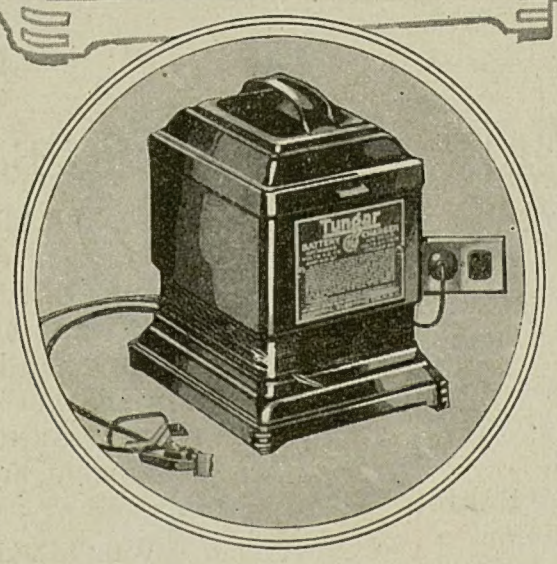

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Through a LOOPHOLE In the LAW

Pictures by
W. P. Couse

A Short Story of Two Girls, Two Ways of Life, and a Man's Choice

By

WILL IRWIN

"SAY, Ed," remarked Irene in her most impudent tone, "Roy Carson tells me I'm tormenting him. What do you know about that?"

"SH-SH!" said Wilmington, and, as Roy Carson looked up, he laid a cautioning finger on his own lips. They had been talking in low tones ever since they left the hotel. But the railroad station of the State capital was no place to continue such an argument.

They paced the platform in silence. Wilmington, from his superior height, looked down on his young partner with a smile that held a little amusement, a little tolerance, and a great deal of a less agreeable emotion. As for Carson, his smooth blond countenance appeared serious and stubborn. It was as though his twenty-seven years had leaped a decade backward and he had regained the sullenness of an adolescent boy.

Wilmington drew away from the crowd on the platform and began talking in cryptics.

"The law isn't the ministry," he said. "This is a world of rough stuff. And anything we do is not actionable—I've better legal opinion than my own on that point. Besides, our firm can do nicely with a little ready money."

"I know. But my instincts are all against it," replied Carson.

"I've often remarked on those instincts," laughed Wilmington. "They've been useful in the past. Suppose, now, that they have ceased to function?"

The intuition just mentioned stirred in Carson. This was one of Wilmington's veiled, subtle threats. "If you don't like it, you can get out"; that was what Wilmington meant.

The partnership had involved from the first a hint of condescension from the senior member. Wilmington, long established in Carrsburg, holding the kind of political and fraternal connections that brought business, had presented a third interest to the penniless young Carson, who contributed nothing except native brilliance. Wilmington never quite let his partner forget that.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THROUGH A LOOPHOLE IN THE LAW]
Continued from Page Nine

Carson, half prepared for a show-down, was debating his answer when Wilmington darted forward. "Why, Frances Garland!" he said. "Where are you going so early and so pretty in the morning?"

A girl was advancing, suitcase in hand. Though the better part of his mind still ran on his problem, Carson nevertheless appraised her with the eye of youth. Her figure ran down in the slenderest of curves to trim ankles. A close little hat bound her head like a helmet; from its edge twisted curves of dark brown hair which the level early sunlight touched with glints of red. Between the velvety levels of her lashes shimmered eyes of a soft brown depth.

Suddenly he lost sight of his problem and his mind stiffened to attention. That was Irene's coloring! Why, the girl was a more meager version of the same type! Laughable, almost, to see perfection so imitated! For she wasn't Irene, of course. She lacked the final aura—the soft curves, the languorous grace of movement, the—

Wilmington was addressing him.

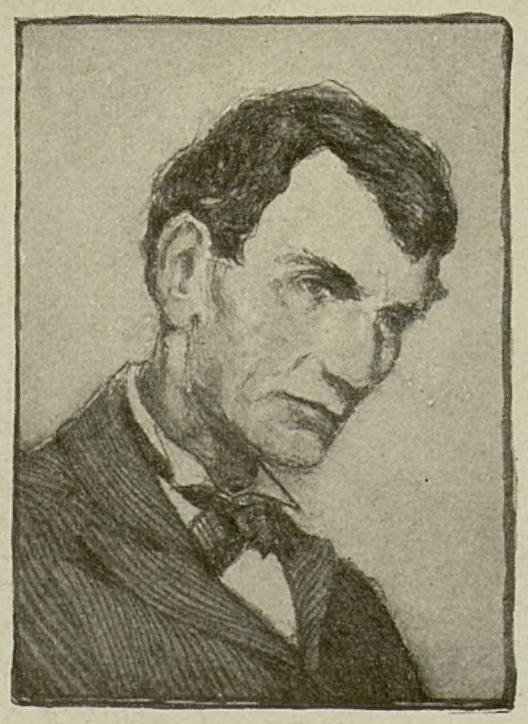
"Here's luck for you, Roy!" he said. "Frances Garland, my partner, Roy Carson—my young and callow partner. Miss Garland is a daughter of my old friend, Bob Garland. And she's going down to Carrsburg, too."

"My young and callow partner"—another thrust. The train was pulling in now. Wilmington, waving a cheerful good-by, departed. Automatically Carson took up Miss Garland's suitcase; found her a seat. Daughter of a friend of Wilmington; herself a friend of Wilmington—

"If you'll excuse me—there's a man I must see a minute in the next car," he said, with what politeness he could force. He established himself in an empty seat of the smoker and consumed cigarettes on end while his inner rage burned to a blaze and died out into sullen smolderings.

He pulled himself together at last. There was no sense in grouching this way, like a little boy. He must think it out calmly; as though he were advising a client. Wilmington, forming the partnership, had stipulated that either party might break it at will. And that was what Wilmington threatened to do now—unless—

He must talk out his problem with Irene. Not openly, of course, since the very essence of the transaction was secrecy; but in some sort of disguise—a kind of hypothetical question. For Irene understood the hard facts of politics as most women did not. Her father had served as a kind of jackal on the fringe of the old county machine. In all her childhood, deals and districting and double crosses had formed the staples of breakfast-table conversation. The vision of Irene, the lovely and desired, set Roy's thoughts wandering.



HOW was it, he asked himself for the thousandth time, that such a scrub of a father, such a fatuous, perverse fool of a mother, could give birth to anything so lovely and desirable? And here, as always when he permitted himself to harbor that thought, he shut the front of his mind to its corollary. His feeling for Irene was not all attraction. Into it floated, at times, a counter-feeling that amounted almost to repulsion.

Odd how that girl in the car ahead resembled Irene in her paler way. Why—the brakeman was calling "Hopedale." Only two more stations to Carrsburg. And, in his resentment toward Wilmington, he had been abrupt with this Miss Garland to the point of rudeness. He tossed away his cigarette, went forward, joined her. Almost as though she had been expecting him, she made room for him on her seat. She had a rather attractive smile, but it did not light you within like Irene's.

"Staying long in Carrsburg?" he asked.

"Only two or three days," she replied. Her voice was low-pitched for a woman's; the deeper tones resonant, like the notes of a viola. It seemed somehow to match that tingling depth in her brown eyes. "I'm on the trail of Abraham Lincoln," she added.

"You'll have to travel a long way back," he remarked.

She seemed to take this pleasantry seriously.

"Yes, I must travel a long way back," she said. "You see, I'm working for my Ph. D. at the State U, and my thesis is to be on Lincoln."

ONE of these girl grinds, Carson reflected. He had always disliked that sort. In the university he had passed as a notorious co-ed hater. Girls should be just girls—like Irene.

"And so, by way of putting something original into it, I'm visiting the towns where he practiced," Miss Garland was saying—the thought of Irene had deafened him to her introductory remarks. "Of course, I must see that antique courthouse in your town and try to find any old inhabitants who remember stories about him and his cases. I suppose you've been brought up on Lincoln in Carrsburg?"

"Lincoln!" exclaimed Carson—and into his tone shot all his resentments against life, the law, and intellectual women—"Lincoln! Gee, we've had him for breakfast, dinner, and supper ever since I was born. Carrsburg lives on Lincoln. Our sewer system is awful; but never mind, Lincoln once hung out his shingle in Carrsburg.

"The courthouse itself is a tepee for inconvenience; but, never mind, Lincoln practiced there, so we can't tear it down and build something decent. They won't award you a medal for an essay competition in the public schools unless you drag in allusions to Old Abe. There's even a piece about him, composed by Cicely Hunkins, the town poet of the eighties, which we poor little brats were supposed to learn and recite in concert at Friday afternoon rhetoricals——"

"Oh, say it to me, please!" exclaimed Frances Garland. Was she making game of him? But although a quizzical expression curved the corners of her mouth, her eyes lighted with enthusiasm.

"All right—I will!" exclaimed Carson. "Imagine I've done the flag salute, and here I go: 'I propose to relate to you the story of a man of the people——'"

He had not finished when the train pulled up at Carrsburg. He helped her out with her luggage; established her on the hotel bus.

"I'd really like to hear the rest and take it down," she said, as she bade him good-by. "After all, it will be folk lore some day."

He ignored the hint. As he hurried to the taxicab and to a rush of unfinished business at the office, he forgot all about her. And at ten—when she would surely be out of bed and have breakfasted—he called up Irene Farquar.

Her mother answered. Irene was not in. No, Mrs. Farquar couldn't say just when she would be back. An uncertain something in the flat, fatuous tone caught Carson's quick intuitions, and he had recourse to a maneuver which he hated himself for using.

"I wanted to see her, if possible, about a legal case I'm preparing. You couldn't tell me where I could find her, could you?"

"She's out motoring somewhere," began Mrs. Farquar. "Left in a roadster—with Ed Davies." She pulled in here. Mrs. Farquar well knew that Irene had no business to be running round with Ed Davies on the day Roy Carson was expected back from the capital.

As he banged the receiver on to the hook his irritation with life blazed into hot inner rage. With Ed Davies! And just when he needed her most! Ed Davies!—that crooked go-getter, growing rich by booming worthless real estate! Some day gallantry toward Ed Davies would cease to be a virtue. He would show Irene a set of documents over there in the safe——

But the stenographer was waiting, her pencil poised. He must control himself. He plunged back into the immediate business of a brief. When he looked up again it was half-past twelve. From his window on the second story of the Odd Fellows Building, he glanced toward the Ritz, down the street. That familiar Bruce-Baxter car—the only one in town—made a blue-and-silver glitter at the curb. Ed Davies was heaving his big, beflanneled form to the pavement; and after him, Irene—a blotch of sunlit violet in her new summer gown.

ROY had a little-boy impulse to break into the Ritz, confront them. He checked the emotion; analyzed it. Was he admitting the possibility that Ed Davies figured as a rival? Hitherto he had rated Irene's little flirtatious whirls toward Ed as mere devices of that coquetry which served to keep him both steadfast and amused. Roy was not jealous by nature. At the moment he was conscious only of deliberate hurt and of a baffled longing to see her and resolve his perplexity.

He had luncheon alone at Johnny the Greek's; returned to the office; worked furiously. Every time the telephone rang, he found himself fighting a dim hope that it was Irene, calling to apologize or to explain. At 4 o'clock he suddenly gathered up his papers, dismissed the stenographer, got out his car, drove recklessly and aimlessly out into the country.

His perplexity, his animosity against Wilmington and the situation Wilmington had created; this irritating coquetry and neglect on the part of Irene—his whole quarrel with life—came to a climax in a black and bitter mood. Wilmington was trying to force him out of the firm, now that they stood at last to make some money. Well, Wilmington would find that a hard job; and to blazes with dainty ethical considerations! As for Irene, she could come back to him when she pleased. He would never make the first move!

As he re-entered town, he looked up to perceive that he was running along Cutler Street. There, a block ahead, stood Irene's house. And his muscles seemed to obey a force stronger than his will. They held the car straight on its course; they threw out the clutch and slowed up. On the piazza a blotch of violet shone beside a white flannel coat.

He let in the clutch, stepped on the accelerator. It was two hours later when he turned his dusty car back into town; and this time, avoiding the highway past Irene's house, he turned into Main Street.

From the hell of the past three hours he had come again to a kind of false calm. His eyes were hard; all the harder because he was closing by main force a door of his memory—the cool, satiny touch of Irene's hand, the haunting languor of her deep brown eyes, the emanation of soft warmth when she settled into his arms.

Twilight, tinged with moonlight, showed Main Street brim full, for harvest had begun in the lush prairie fields. He had to edge his car through chugging flivvers backing into the parking spaces beside the curbs. Every light in town seemed to blaze, every musical instrument to blare. In the assembly room of the high school the senior orchestra was banging and tooting uncertainly at the Galveston Blues. In the second story of the fire house the town

band, with much emphasis on the drums, was blasting forth The Stars and Stripes Forever. Into the rests filtered the tinkle of mandolins—the Ladies' Orchestra practicing at the Women's Club. By these phenomena any old resident of Carrsburg knew that the Fourth of July was then less than a fortnight away.

From the billiard halls, at the southern and poorer end of the street, sounded the pleasant, sociable click of pool balls. From the rink, at the northern and richer end, came the reverberations of a steam piano, the swish of roller skates. The twang of a banjo and the tinny note of a human voice thrust themselves into the medley. What might that be? Oh, yes—the Cherokee Indian patent-medicine show was opening its engagement tonight.

On the eastern side of Main Street, where stood the general store, the hardware and harness shops, harvesters in nondescript clothes and broad hats spilled from the sidewalks on to the roadway. By some tacit municipal arrangement, the western side, where stood the Ritz, the drug stores, the Gown Shoppe, and the movie theater, belonged to the native inhabitants.

IT was a fine evening, cool and moonlit after a hot day; and such of Carrsburg's chivalry and beauty as had gone to the first show at the movies were out in force. Chivalry stood in knots at the corners, lighting cigarettes, gamboling and chatting; beauty paraded in couples or quartets, arms about waists.

As they passed the young men the girls looked straight ahead or talked very intently with each other. Yet, by some subtle chemistry of sex, these kaleidoscopic drifters would fuse here and there with the groups at the corners, and the combination would effervesce into chatter and laughter.

Roy Carson drew up at the curb before the Simplex Drug Store. And there, face on, came Irene of the languorous eyes. Her creamy arms were bare; her throat melted into a bosom that was a hill of delight. She still wore that violet dress which matched the lights in her dark hair. Slung over her shoulder by a crimson ribbon, she carried her guitar.

The first flash of her eyes fanned his dull resentment into sudden anger. He would confront her with her treachery and neglect. No—better—he would pass her with a cold bow. And in those five seconds during which he slipped his control rod into neutral, jerked on the hand brake, and dismounted from the car, the aura of her reacted on his anger as water on flame. When he stepped to the pavement he was her beaten dog.

"Hello!" said Irene, calmly but somehow warmly. "Back again, aren't you?"

"I telephoned, didn't I?" replied Roy. His mind constructed this sentence as an accusation, but his tone, as the words formed on his lips, was an apology. Already Irene had begun to put him in the wrong. That was the best thing she did. And her next words buried him still deeper:

"DO you mind if I walk to the hotel with you?" asked Roy.

"Well, you wrote to me only once while you were away."

"Twice!" he corrected.

"Did you?" replied Irene, with a humorous air of forced innocence. "Well, the letters must have been very much alike!"

"Anyhow, you haven't been lonely," said Roy; and again he felt that these words, conceived in the mood of a sullen tiger, came out in the tone of a frightened rabbit.

"No," replied Irene airily; "Ed Davies has helped wonderfully!"

AT the sheer audacity of this, both laughed.

"Don't let me detain you—if it's Ed Davies you're out gunning for tonight," said Roy.

"Well," murmured Irene, "I thought if I wandered out on the street, someone might come along—Ed Davies perhaps—he's really a very cheerful companion—or you, if you didn't happen to have one of your grouches. That's why I and my trusty guitar cut Ladies' Orchestra practice."

His voice choked a little. "Irene, are you shaking me for Ed Davies?" he asked.

"May—if you aren't awful good to me," she answered. But she put warmth and vibrance into her tone; and warmth and vibrance seemed to flood his soul.

"I wish to God you'd marry me now—and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THROUGH A LOOPHOLE IN THE LAW]
Continued from Page Eleven

we'd both quit our fooling," he said. "We could make it."

"I told you long ago, Roy Carson, that I'd marry you whenever you were in a position to support us in the manner in which I expect to become accustomed. That goes still—even in the face of the fascinations of Ed Davies."

"Who's riding for a fall in this town." Roy could not restrain that.

"Who may be thinking farther than anyone else in our dead burg," responded Irene. Her tone became warm again. "You're getting jealous, Roy. And I believe it's good for you. Get jealous enough, and you'll write to me every day, next time you go away. Was the little boy grumpy? His Irene would give him three kisses—if all Main Street wasn't looking on."

"That's easily arranged." Roy's voice choked again. "Come for a spin!"

"No, though I really want to—honest I do! But the Ladies' Orchestra will be sending scouts for me pretty soon, and if I don't show up at all I'll probably be fired and can't play with them at the patriotic exercises on the Fourth of July—and that would be terrible. Besides, you need discipline!"

They had been walking southward as they talked. Now, at a dark, unfrequented corner, they turned.

"Would you marry me if I struck luck?" asked Roy.

"I've told you I would—and that's granting you more than you deserve tonight."

"It's funny," said Roy suddenly, "but I met a fellow in the city in much the same fix as mine."

"Yes?" carelessly. "Who?"

Roy had hardly expected such a direct question, and he improvised hastily:

"Oh, a fellow named Jones. A classmate of mine in the U. He wants to get married, too; but he hasn't the money. And he has found a chance to get ahead, only he doesn't know what to do about it. That's why he talked it over with me. And I couldn't advise him. He's on the same side in politics as I am. Of course, we've swept the State—his district gave an especially big majority. He's getting on politically, as well as in law. He had a lot to do with lining the boys up."

Roy hesitated. "You understand that this is a dead secret. I wouldn't tell anyone but you. Maybe I shouldn't have told you even that his name is Jones."

AT the word "secret," Irene, whose face had been showing but languid interest, glanced at him sharply. Would she guess? His intuition told him that he was treading on thin ice. But he plunged on:

"And now, some of the older politicians have offered him—something very profitable. There's going to be a lot of State work down there—don't know what, exactly—roads and bridges and maybe institutional buildings. It's arranged—if he agrees to the arrangement—that he'll be the attorney for men who want contracts. No one can get the job without hiring him—the politicians will see to that. And the fees will be big, of course."

"I'll say he sits on top of the world," commented Irene. "Introduce me to your friend, will you? He must be a live wire."

It came amid a shout of laughter—Jim Morey stepped forward and bought the first bottle.

"But, of course, that isn't all. He'll get only part of the fees—a third or a quarter, say. The rest goes to the politicians—goes probably all the way up to the Capitol!"

"Well, if he's a wise bird he'll never know where it goes," remarked Irene. "I should say he'd do pretty well by himself, even at that!" She threw this off carelessly.

Evidently she had swallowed the imaginary Jones. And she was looking at the matter only from the Jones point of view—considering whether he would get his fair slice. She had not even considered the ethical aspects of the case, or the risk. Of course, Wilmington had said there would be no risk, but—

BETWEEN him and Irene there slid, for a moment, a vision of her father—that weak, garrulous dolt who had taken his unsuccessful whirl at county politics. Irene was expressing from the surface of her mind her father's point of view. Yet over Irene's deeper emotions and opinions, Roy knew, there lay always a pretty hard shell—like the rind over an orange. You had to penetrate that to find what she really thought. And he began arguing on both sides:

"The best men will get the contracts. Jones is sure of that. And even with the fees added, the work will cost the State no more than if bidders had an open market. But—well, as the transaction stands, it's what the reformers would call graft. And it's a question if it isn't dirty law—that's what's troubling Jones."

He had reached the real Irene now; and she responded with a fiery thrust:

"I'd be interested to know just where you draw the line?"

"There is a line, nevertheless."

For the moment that line appeared very sharp and definite to Roy Carson.

"You lawyers take a client when you know he's guilty, don't you?"

"Every man, innocent or guilty, has a right to a defense," began Roy conventionally; and then stopped. For they had reached the knotted crowd before the Simplex Drug Store.

In the vacant corner lot across the street, the patent-medicine show had lighted its acetylene torches; and a Negro, flanked by two Indians in war bonnets, had struck up again with the banjo.

"Oh, look who is approaching!" said Irene suddenly.

"Yes—Ed Davies," replied Roy dryly; "he'd agree with you."

"You bet he would. Ed's rich already and he's going to be richer."

She said this with a coquettish lilt of her head.

"With a term in jail somewhere along the line—" Roy formed that sentence in his head, choked it back from his lips. What he brought out, however, was almost equally bitter:

"If that's how you feel, don't let me get in your way. I'll withdraw tactfully."

"Please do!" As Irene drawled these two words they were a challenge to a duel of sex.

Roy turned abruptly. On the vacant lot across the street the patent-medicine show was approaching the business of the evening. The banjo had stopped. An Indian, standing on a platform decorated with skulls, bulbs, snake skins, and shiny Navajo rugs with a telltale sheen, had begun:

"Ladies and gentlemen of Carrsburg: Here, in this fair and flourishing city, con-seecrated by the unforgettable and immemorial memory of Abraham Lincoln, that gre-eat friend of the Indian and the Cau-casian——"

ALL the men rushed to that side of the street. Roy, affecting a casual interest, joined them.

Chief Two Bears, whose copper complexion gave back the lights of the torches in shiny streaks, had begun his commercial oration. He spoke in that dialect which passes for Indian among patent-medicine men; though now and then he lapsed into a Hibernian inflection.

From Lincoln he rambled on to the Great Spirit and to the God of the Christians. Sliding away from the edge of sacrilege, he proceeded, with anecdotes that skirted narrowly the verge of impropriety, to the truly marvelous history of the Cherokee Nation.

This served for introduction to the Medicine Man's Secret—the Herbs of Life.

"Ladies and gentlemen, that scientific blending and combination of herbs, roots, barks, and berries, the sure and certain cure for coughs, colds, consumption, and all affectations of the throat, lungs, nasal passages, and bronnical toobs——"

By sheer force of will, Roy Carson held his eyes on Two Bears. Then his guard went down for an instant and he glanced over his shoulder. The girls, balked of their natural prey, were still drifting in restless duos and quartets up and down the other sidewalk; for Carrsburg held to the old-fashioned idea that the rough jokes of a patent-medicine show were not for a young lady's ears.

The only man among them was Ed Davies. His figure—big, swelling to fatness—stood ranged beside Irene's. She had seen the turn of Roy's head; she caught his glance, answered it by a gesture that said:

"I made you, didn't I?"

Chief Two Bears held aloft a bottle of the Herbs of Life; offered it at the trifling and insignificant sum of fifty cents, four bits, one-half of a dollar.

The farmers and farm hands in the front ranks began to reach hesitantly toward their pockets. The sophisticated townspeople on the outskirts, who regarded a patent-medicine show as a form of free vaudeville, waited breathless for the climax.

It came, amid a shout of laughter that jerked even Chief Two Bears from his Indian calm—Jim Morey stepped forward and bought the first bottle. Jim always yielded to the spell of

a patent-medicine man. Catarrh remedy, rheumatism remedy, sovereign cure for all diseases of the kidneys, liver, and digestive tract—invariably Jim was the first customer. The joke never grew old.

The laughter died down, and Chief Two Bears, catching the cue, threw at Jim Morey an improper stock joke which plunged the crowd into an orgy of shamefaced merriment. As though that note in the laughter were a call, Ed Davies detached himself suddenly from Irene, crossed the street. Roy saw him thrust himself into a roaring, back-slapping group of townspeople; then he fixed his own mirthless eyes on the platform. And—into the silence that followed the laughter came the tinkle of a guitar playing I Have Fallen for You.

THAT tune was part of his little language with Irene. She had played it on the night when— Always he whistled its first lilting bars as a signal when he approached her door. It was an invitation now—perhaps a challenge, too; but an invitation. The aura of her sweetness came across him like a perfume—her soft, firm touch, her languorous eyes, her kiss.

He had lost that brush in their duel of sex. He turned, crossed the street.

Irene, perched on the mudguard of his car, gave her guitar one final strum. But those eyes whose vision had drawn him back across the street were not languorous now. They sparkled with a hard light. Plainly she was in one of her most perverse moods.

"Had to come back, didn't you?" she said.

"'Rene," he pleaded, "don't torment me any longer. You know you love me. You know I love you. I——"

Irene's eyes were fixed over his shoulder. And now they seemed to laugh.

"Hello, Ed!" she exclaimed. "You back, too?"

Roy turned; for very pride forced his voice to a careless tone:

"Hello, Ed!"

Ed Davies nodded carelessly. His opaque green-blue eyes were fixed on Irene like those of a glutton on a banquet.

"Say, Ed," remarked Irene in her most impudent tone, "Roy Carson tells me I'm tormenting him. Me—poor, pretty, innocent little me! What do you know about that?"

Roy felt every separate nerve explode; felt his eyes clouded with red blood. Had he obeyed his impulse, he would have leaped illogically upon Ed Davies and tried to tear his fat limbs from his bloated torso. But, with what little self-control he had left, he managed to keep his voice steady as he jerked out an abrupt good night, his legs steady as he walked away. Had he said or done more than that, he could not have trusted himself.

When his eyes and his brain cleared, he was dripping perspiration. He had been walking at a furious pace—at times running. Overhead, shade trees filtered moonlight. The patent-medicine show made a dim blare and a raucous murmur in the distance. And a contralto voice, which seemed strange yet familiar, was saying:

"Good evening, Mr. Carson!"

Oh, yes—the girl to whom Wilmington had introduced him. He would have pushed past her, but that his explosive mood had dropped suddenly to its reaction; his muscles were slack and his nerves dead.

She stood outlined in the moonlight, one hand resting on a stone gatepost.

"I'm Frances Garland," she went on.

He must answer her, now that he had stopped. "Oh—a little evening stroll?" He felt as though someone else had uttered this commonplace.

"No"—the voice took on a richer tone which was almost a laugh; "just riding my hobby. I went to the old courthouse the first thing today. But I wanted to see it as it must have been on the night when Lincoln waited outside for the Cheever verdict—perhaps just where we stand. It's a beautiful building, isn't it?"

She had asked a question; he must answer it.

Oddly, he did not want to leave now. What he most wanted was a moment's rest from the tormenting cross currents of thought and emotion which had plagued him all day long. And that calm, deep voice fell like a refreshing rain on the fires within him.

IRENE still wore that violet dress which matched the lights in her dark hair. Slung over her shoulder by a crimson ribbon, she carried her guitar.

He turned and looked at the old courthouse. Yes; probably it was beautiful—at least, in its adornment of streaming moonlight. He had never thought of that before. Nor was his eye trained to tell the reason why—its perfect proportions, its economy of detail, its honest solidity, its pink sandstone walls, aged now to a rosy brown; its fanlights, its iron lacework framing those little balconies that jutted from the upper windows.

"Who did that ironwork?" asked Frances Garland suddenly. "There's nothing better in New Orleans itself."

Roy drew to the surface of his memory a submerged fact.

"It does come from New Orleans—in a way," he said. 'The builders sent down to Louisiana for one of the expert slaves who did that kind of work."

"A slave!" exclaimed Frances Garland; "and for Lincoln! Thank you for telling me that!"

"Are you getting on with your job?" he asked.

"Oh, wonderfully! I've found what I wanted on the very first day—an original Lincoln story! Do you know James D. Cheever? Old Jim Cheever, I believe he's called."

"Oh, yes. He's the son of Curtis Cheever, defendant in that murder case you just mentioned."

"The story has to do with that case."

"So Jim loosened up! All kinds of newspaper men have tried to make him talk about his father's trial. He's a garrulous old party on everything but that."

"He talked today. It was pure luck, I suppose—because I happened to catch him in just the right mood."

AND possibly, Roy reflected, because that contralto voice would have drawn conversation from a clam. Odd, how, with the moonlight blurring the outlines of her figure, she resembled Irene. Odd and perturbing. He was trying to shut Irene out of his mind. But before he closed the door, he wondered if Irene's figure, in middle age, would have that divided feather-bed effect of her mother's. This in the back of his mind while he said:

"It's strange he wouldn't talk before. For, of course, his father was acquitted, and the confession of the real murderer finally cleared up the whole thing."

"Yes; but at the time it looked black for Curtis Cheever—perhaps his sons dislike to rake up those days. There was notorious bad feeling between him and Barrow. And the bullet taken from the body was cast in Cheever's bullet mold. The community believed generally in Cheever's guilt. But people didn't care much—everyone disliked Barrow.

"That was why Cheever's friends stood by him, and raised what we'd call a defense fund nowadays, and sent for Lincoln. Jim Cheever laughed when he told me that his father—at first—didn't want Lincoln. Old Abe was young Abe then. Curtis Cheever felt his life would be safer in the hands of a more experienced attorney. But when Lincoln rode in to the term of court, he visited Cheever in jail. After that, Curtis Cheever was as keen to have Lincoln as anyone else."

"Why? Did Jim Cheever say?"

"Because he was Lincoln!" replied Frances Garland simply. "I suppose Lincoln must have gone to the jail thinking this was only another guilty man in need of an attorney to save his neck. And he would never take a guilty client. But

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THROUGH A LOOPHOLE IN THE LAW
Continued from Page Thirteen]

Cheever, it seems, created in his mind a reasonable doubt. You may remember that the defense was an alibi——"

"Yes—we had that case in law school. It wasn't a complete alibi, but pretty good."

"Then I'm only telling you what you already know!"

"I know only the evidence as it was presented to the court—please go on."

"Well, Lincoln understood, of course, that the friends of a popular man will always perjure themselves to save his life. So—Jim Cheever tells me—he took the witnesses one by one into his office. I call it an office; it was just a cubby-hole where he had desk room. And there he talked to them alone. It must have been like facing God at the judgment. Did you ever think of Lincoln's eyes? Powerful and kindly and brave, of course—but innocent, too—oh, so innocent!

"Then—and here comes the real story—the chief witness, on whom the alibi depended, wanted to strengthen his testimony. Barrow—that stood established—was killed before a quarter to nine at night. This man testified that Curtis Cheever had been visiting at his farmhouse all the evening and had left at about nine o'clock——"

"I remember—the alibi depended mostly on his testimony. He usually went to bed at nine, and he began to undress the moment Cheever's back was turned."

"Exactly. And he told Lincoln that story at this first interview. But when Lincoln talked to him again, he said that he looked at the clock as soon as Cheever left, and that it was five minutes past nine.

"He considered this a very white lie, I suppose. For he felt convinced of Cheever's innocence—and what was a little perjury between friends?

"But Lincoln just looked him through and through and said: 'If you boys are going to do that, you can get another horse. This horse can trot only one gait!'"

The contralto voice, filtering to him through the moonlight, choked and stopped. For a quarter of a minute neither spoke. Then she gave a little shake of her shoulders as though rousing herself from a spell.

"It's growing late!" she said. "I think I must be going——"

"Do you mind if I walk to the hotel with you?" asked Roy Carson.

HOWEVER, when they reached the row of chairs before the Planters' Hotel, Frances Garland was talking again—still about Lincoln. Usually, on fine summer evenings, every chair of that row held a traveling salesman or a town politician, surveying the passing throng and purveying humor or gossip.

But tonight all this gentry had gone to the patent-medicine show; the vacant chairs gaped an invitation.

They sat down; talked for another half hour until the show ended and the vanguard of its audience filled the rest of the chairs. Only then did Frances Garland rise; bid a hasty good night.

"I'm leaving early tomorrow morning!" she said.

Roy turned down Main Street, turned again, and walked slowly to the old courthouse. He sat down on the worn horse block before its iron gate.

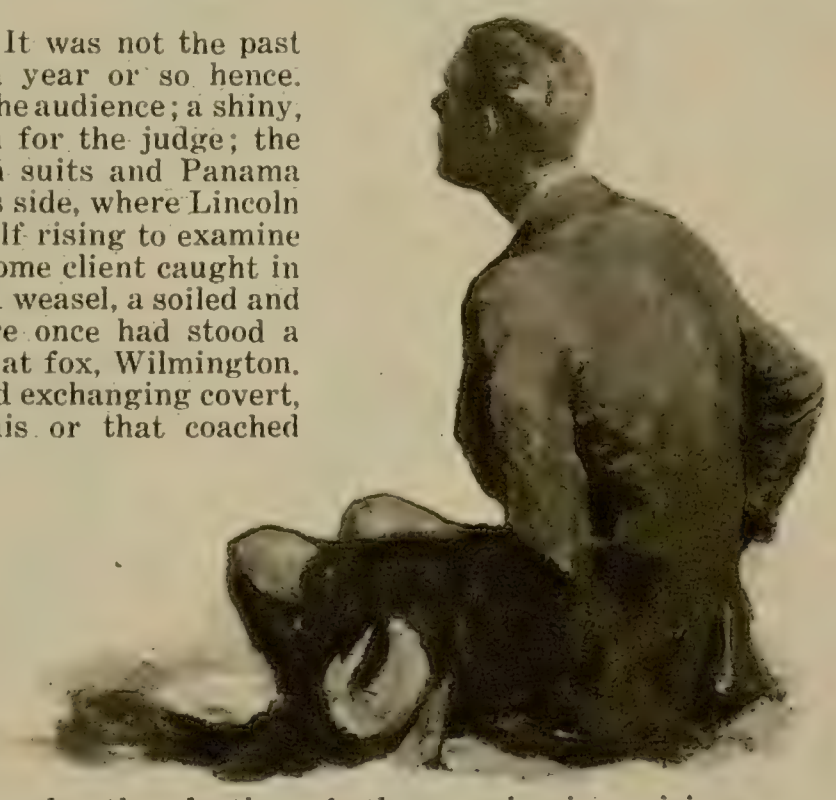
Now the moon, drooping lower, threw long shadows, which made mystery of old pink sandstone; airy, sooty lace of iron balcony rails.

In the depths of these quivering shadows, Roy Carson saw visions. Lincoln had suddenly come alive. No longer the dummy, the detached, impersonal figure that his teachers had crammed down his throat through all his childhood, but a young lawyer like himself, struggling to get ahead. And struggling—this piece of Lincoln biography shot suddenly forward from the rubbish at the back of his mind—to pay off the debt from that old, unlucky venture with the general store.

ABOUT this central figure the vision deepened, broadened, expanded. He saw the courtroom, with its rough pine seats, its rude table in lieu of a bench; saw a bearded judge in shirt sleeves and cowhide boots; saw the close-packed audience in butternuts and buckskins. But in the foreground still rose that long, sinewy, awkward figure, already chosen among men because—because he was absolutely honest; because falsehood and trickery were not in him.

The vision changed. It was not the past now, but the future—a year or so hence. Shiny folding seats for the audience; a shiny, carved golden-oak bench for the judge; the audience in Palm Beach suits and Panama hats. On the defendant's side, where Lincoln had stood once, he himself rising to examine a witness on behalf of some client caught in the toils of a contract. A weasel, a soiled and bedraggled weasel where once had stood a lion! And beside him that fox, Wilmington. They two whispering and exchanging covert, fear-shot glances as this or that coached witness skirted the dangerous edge of the truth.

He had stood all day long at the crossroads. No, not stood; he had gone a little way down the easy but dangerous path to the left. He had been dodging the truth. The thing Wilmington asked him to do was within the law—and yet crooked. Once involved in that transaction, he could never again think straight or act straight. And he had been entertaining the idea, nevertheless! Now, with the eyes of Lincoln on him, that seemed impossible.



In the depths of these quivering visions, Lincoln had suddenly come alive.

What was it Frances Garland had said of Lincoln's eyes—"powerful and brave and kindly and innocent."

Brave, above all—because Lincoln had no lies of his own to fear. Not alone honest, but honesty itself. That was the strength of Lincoln. That could be the strength of any little man who chose to follow him. It would be a hard road, but at the end . . . not success—that didn't matter much—but peace. Such heavenly and all-enveloping peace as he felt now, after a day in a hell of his own creation.

When finally Roy Carson rose from the horse block, he did not even yet go to his car, parked before the Simplex Drug Store and for the last hour decorated with a summons tag from the police. He walked to his office in the Odd Fellows Block, switched on the electric light, sat down at his desk, began a letter:

DEAR WILMINGTON:

After mature thought, I have decided to dissolve our partnership. I want to go to the city, hang out my shingle, and start on my own.

My reasons for this step——

Carson, his brows knotted, was enumerating the reasons, when he became aware that a guitar was tinkling outside, playing I Have Fallen for You.

Irene had seen the light; Irene was luring him.

In the last hour he had not thought of her once—not once!

His hand started toward the electric switch. Then it stopped.

If he put out the light, she would think he was coming.

He continued with the letter while the music drew nearer and nearer, stopped at last under his window.

Irene stood outside; Irene with the languorous eyes and the soft, smooth, firm skin. But his heart went not one beat faster. Dead ashes—she was stirring dead ashes.

HE finished the letter, sealed it, addressed it to Wilmington's hotel in the capital.

The music changed to jangling, deliberately inharmonious jazz, and ended with a crashing disharmony.

Irene had flipped her hand angrily across the strings.

Then came the tap of her high heels beating a decisive retreat.

So that was at an end. She would marry Ed Davies now.

Well, like to like. She would marry Ed Davies, and—

Roy's hand, opening the stamp box, stopped suddenly, and his eyes grew fixed. Then he reached for a paper-bound pamphlet among the stacked books on his desk—the catalogue of the State University. He drew it toward him; searched until he found the heading, "Graduate Students," and the entry, "Garland, Frances Merriam, Bridgeton——"

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

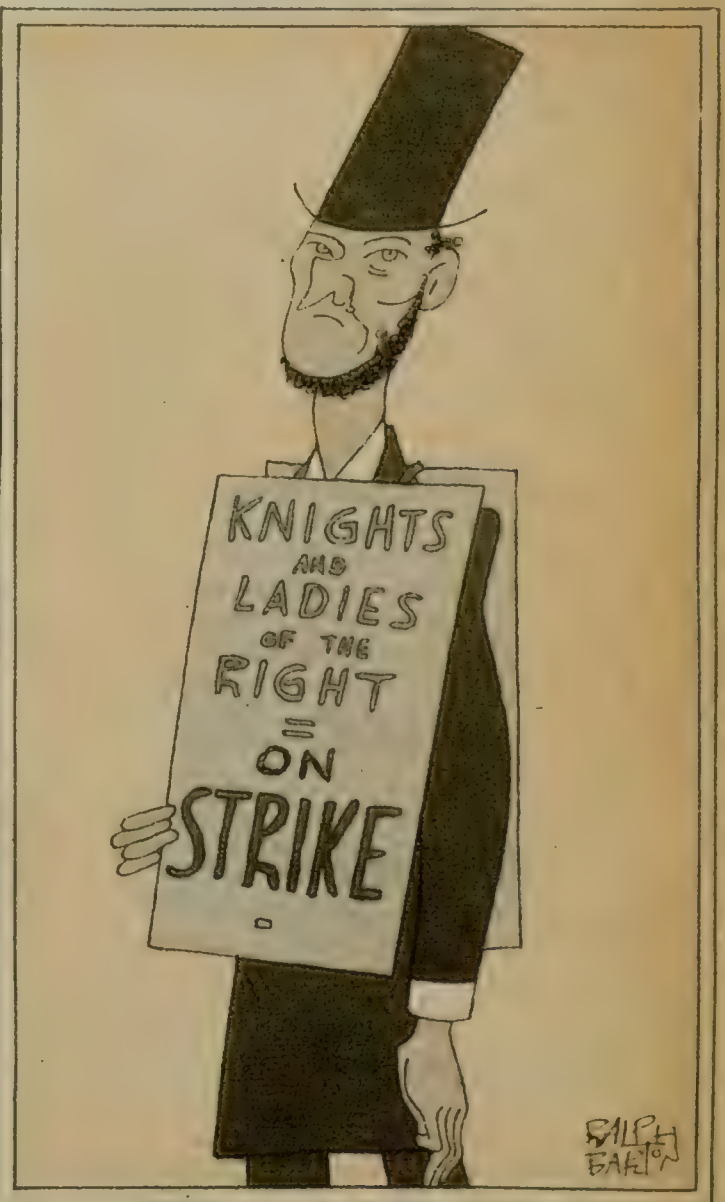
By RALPH BARTON

SENSITIVE YOUNG CHEMIST in Prohibition Unit, Washington, hides portrait of the Great Emancipator as laboratory mates put in February 12 working out new poisons for alcohol.

A CERTAIN SATISFACTION evidenced by heads of London branches of New York firms during long waits on the telephone after executives' secretaries say, "Mr. Osbert? Mr. Roberts calling; one moment, please." The New York-London rate is $75 for three minutes.

SHEET-IRON CHEST, suitably painted, which has been designed to fit over the prostrate forms of killed movie villains when the close-ups are made, for the purpose of hiding the corpse's deep and regular breathing.

PRINCESS OLGA SMASPOSSIBA photographed at her desk in her recently opened school in New York, where a limited number of actresses are taught to behave like society women and a limited number of society women are taught to behave like actresses.



MR. JEREMIAH FLUT, of the Knights and Ladies of the Right, picketing in strike for more pay on hearing the Rev. John R. Straton is to receive $30,000 for preaching Old-Time Religion for the Klan.

IF I Had My Love Life To Live Over Again

A Famous Traveler Reveals the Other Side of Her Amazing Career

Rosita Forbes

An Article by ROSITA FORBES

Pictures by DONALD TEAGUE

IF I had my life to live over again, I should marry later and I should marry a man nearer my own age. A cynic remarked that widowhood was the ideal state for women, and his rival capped the phrase by regretting that all women were not born widows. He was right in that a woman must have experience, not only of life but of men, before she can satisfy herself.

Before the war, when I was eighteen, the only way a girl could gain experience of anything was by marriage. If she had an experimental mind, she was bound to wed the first presentable person who proposed to her as the only means of escape from barriers that crushed her. In those days man was an achievement. Even I can remember the feeling of warm satisfaction when Mr. Pre-War Forty-two showed an inclination to lay at the feet of Miss Eighteen the ashes of his past and the embers of his desire to settle down!

Today my twenty-year-old sister has her own friends and her own car, an allowance that makes her independent, and a plethora of interests—political, social, and masculine. She is as mobile as her ideas and as little concerned with conventions as a cuckoo with its eggs.

When I came out I was not allowed to cross the street without a maid. I might not go out alone, even in the family motor. I demanded to wear satin instead of chiffon at my presentation at court and my parents feared for my sanity. I asked if I might have tea with a schoolgirl friend and her brother at the most profoundly respectable of tea shops, and a family council was summoned to decide whether it would be advisable to retire to the country! I gave up the struggle and married.

My husband was twelve years older than myself, which pleased me, because I felt that even vicarious experience was better than none. We parted because I bored him and because his idea of "settling down"—the phrase that ruled the marriages of my decade—was that of a volcano after an eruption. Then I began to experiment on my own, and, after many affairs, I realized how much a woman has not only to learn, but to lose. It is only in modern literature that losses are accounted more valuable than gifts!

The danger of such wholesale buccaneering is the reaction. When I had done everything that I could possibly imagine, I had reached the stage at which the pre-war man contemplated matrimony. I regarded the "settling down" which I had so much dreaded as rather pleasant. I dreamed of Persian cats and fat sofas. So, once again, I married, the most delightful of men, but with a twelve-year gap between our ages—odd coincidence of figures.

Once again this pleased me. I was tired of adventuring, of experimenting. For the moment, I even thought I was tired of dancing and night clubs, and being, according to the English press, "the best-dressed woman in London," or "the most romantic figure of our generation."

MY heart and my rifle thirsted for a head only to be found in East Africa.

There was nothing volcanic about the settling down I contemplated. It was to be as thorough as the collapse of a yeastless loaf or a soufflé that has soufflèed a moment too long.

But, of course, it was only temporary. At twenty-eight, one may want breathing space, but one does not want to be out of the race altogether. And here we come up against the effect of the war in England—I don't think it is the same in America, where you have conquered youth by the same sheer determination with which you have conquered air and earth, space and time.

The average European man of forty is anywhere up to ten years older than his age. Four years in the trenches took the best out of him, strung him up beyond the normal power of reaction, made him unconsciously automatic. The younger men escaped. Their nerves may have been impressed, but not their characters. Thirty, which can neither forget nor accept, is about the most emotionally malleable age, and the men in their early forties over here spent their thirties to their thirty-fours in hell.

IT is undoubted that, on the east side of the Atlantic, man has grown older and woman younger. Whether the latter fact is due to her physical or mental independence, I don't know. I imagine hairpins, whalebone, and skirts trailing in puddles must have had as crushing an effect as innumerable and incomprehensible parental and marital "Thou shalt nots." Perhaps smaller families and less responsibility concerning them may account for modern woman's lease of youth, or perhaps it's only that she moves too quickly for the years to catch her.

When they make a grab at her, as she springs into plane or motor or speed boat, she routs them with the latest thing in "compact make-up."

In any case, nowadays a woman, if she means her marriage to be lasting, should choose someone within a few years of her own age. But she must not be in too much of a hurry about it!

If I could begin over again, postulating, of course, that I should be a post-war product, I would make the most of girlhood. I would sow a variety of wild oats and I would look forward to harvesting them with interest, but I would save up my emotions for marriage, which I believe is still the best a woman can get out of life. If it comes too early, it is an adventure, an experiment, or a stimulant. If it is delayed too long, it is apt to be an escape or an insurance against failure.

At the right moment, which varies for everyone, it is an investment, but whether one investment is going to satisfy the modern woman, I do not know! Eve has ceased to be

If I could begin over again, I should sow a variety of wild oats and look forward to harvesting them with interest.

monogamous—was she ever, or did Adam invent the theory so as to keep her intent on fig-leaf fashions and apple sauces?

The perfect marriage should satisfy every demand of nature, but a famous judge informed me recently that the statistics of modern marriage were as follows: 1 per cent perfect; 5 per cent happy; 20 per cent bearable; and the rest more or less unsatisfactory. At eighteen we imagine we are going to find partners who will be not only "lover and priest and king," but good comrades and fellow sportsmen, who will read the same books, laugh at the same nonsense, hit the particular kind of balls that hypnotize us across nets or into holes, and have a tender touch with fused wires or burst pipes!

Later on we realize that every woman needs a dozen husbands, of whom one must be a professional dancer, and one, at least, a plumber or an electrician! If we marry at eighteen it is for a lover, and our conception of the qualifications of such a person changes with experience.

There is an idea—especially, I think, in America—that a boy and a girl, marrying straight from college, grow up together and their marriage grows with them. This seems to me impossible. Growing up is a very ticklish and individual process these days, and marriage most certainly is a grown-up job.

If I were eighteen today I would have four or five additional years—more perhaps—of girlhood. I would make up my mind, first, what I wanted to do in life, or what I wanted to get out of it. I would then marry a man who fitted into my scheme. I mean that, since I am a traveler and a writer, I would try to wed someone who considered Tibet as suitable a place for a holiday as Atlantic City, and someone who didn't consider a morning "idle" if I had a brilliant idea at 7 A. M. and was too busy translating it with pen and paper to think about getting up!

"DON'T marry a man; marry his life," said a wise old diplomat of the last century. We haven't got to marry anyone's life nowadays, for we make our own; but, as marriage exaggerates tendencies instead of modifying them, it's as well to have either common interests or a profound respect for divergent ones. Personally, having had my half-dozen years of experimental freedom, I would marry one of the earth's wanderers.

It wouldn't matter if he wished to explore icebound Kamchatka while I was happy only in a torrid desert, because we should approach life from the same angle. Any marriage becomes stuffy if not judiciously ventilated by separation. It is when the other person doesn't understand the necessity for such separations that ventilation degenerates into a draft!

Our personalities nowadays are as spiky as a porcupine's quills, and only a fellow porcupine can be a comfortable bedfellow! Even then one must get away sometimes to shake up one's quills in spacious carelessness!

However much I might be in love, I would face marriage as a job, something to be made a success of and worth an infinity of trouble and study; but if, in spite of all my efforts, it turned out a failure, I should cut my loss with as little fuss or sentiment as possible.

Marriage in 1927 is not necessarily a life sentence. I think the present state of the divorce laws is as illogical as most half measures. Either the church's point of view is correct and marriage is a sacrament, inviolate under any conditions, or it is a civil contract, to be dissolved by mutual consent like any other partnership. Logically, it cannot waver between the two, and it is horrible that, as in Europe, a person should be

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IF I HAD MY LOVE LIFE TO LIVE OVER AGAIN
Continued from Page Seventeen]

forced into a semblance of automatic immorality in order to gain the right to start afresh.

Of course, one never can start afresh in marriage. I should try to remember this, were I eighteen, with the world in front of me. Every woman gives an inordinate amount of herself with her first love. After that she may fritter away no more than a new emotion or a new sensation with every succeeding affair, and if, at last, she finds the man who completes her mental and physical circuit, she may give to him all that she has made of life, but not all that she has brought to it. That is why, could I begin my love life over again, I would concentrate on a happy first marriage.

A woman traveler of the last generation, asked why her husband did not accompany her into the desert, replied, "Oh, it's not at all the sort of country you could take a man to!" Every human being has a country into which he cannot take the persons he loves most, and it is much better so. Personality is rubbed away by constant intimacy.

IF I had married at twenty-four a husband of twenty-eight or thirty, who was as interested in exploration as I am, I should have hoped that sometimes he would want to shoot one particular sheep in the Pamirs, while my heart and my rifle thirsted for a head only to be found in East Africa.

I wish I could have brought my first successes and my first failures to a husband who also was absorbed in wells, routes, the carrying power of porters *versus* mules, and the problems of coinages that varied between salt, cartridges, and cosmetics for the local (and very black) underworld!

Instead, as I had precipitated myself—three months before I was eighteen—into the first pair of arms my parents considered sufficiently solid (financially) to support me, I talked of travel to a man who knew the cafes of Paris and Vienna as well as I hoped to know the Saharan oases. Before I was twenty-two I was separated from him and involved in a series of affairs, coincident with my return from expeditions that had taken full toll of brain and muscle, but during which every sense, except those primitive ones that react to hunger, thirst, dirt, fear, and exhaustion, had lain dormant.

I used to come out of the desert with a torrent of speech and feeling dammed by months of monosyllabic converse with camel drivers and fighting slaves; and there were always men ready to congratulate me on success or encourage me in failure—generally different men. At that time I had no intimate friends—my life had been too nomadic—and my family were so vague on geography that their comments were as unsatisfactory as an empty hip pocket in America.

So I took my problems, statistical, archæological, or cartographical, to lonely officials stationed on the edge of the wilderness, and generally, before we parted, the difficulty over which I had sought advice had been complicated by other difficulties less immediately soluble. If I could begin again, there would be only one man in my grown-up love life, and he would be doing the same sort of work as myself.

In Europe the woman worker is still balanced between two extremes—the hostility of masculine rivals and the admiration of her own more generous sex, or of those men who consider that "from the unusual anything is usual." A husband, even if he is on another hemisphere, is capable of turning the worst of one's lovers into the best of one's friends—provided, of course, he is the right husband!

I have three very intimate women friends. One of them has the finest hunters in Leicestershire; one the most kissable mouth in the world; and the other a chef whose wizardry is famous in five capitals. Their husbands are negligible, but if I were back at the very beginning I would combine the infinite care those three women have expended on the choice of horses, lipsticks, and menus in the collection of the right husband!

The haphazard way in which we tumble into marriage is really rather humorous. When I see a dress without which I simply can't exist, I go home to reflect. Next morning if it still illuminates my whole horizon, I buy it. If a man about whom we have the same sort of feeling proposes at midnight, surrounded by champagne, stringed instruments, and orchids, or even to the accompaniment of a two-seater and plus fours, we back, without any consideration, the largest bill that is ever likely to be presented to us.

Marriage isn't a problem. It's a job. If I were running a hat shop I would naturally select a partner who was interested in hats as well as in being agreeable to me. Why, then, when the travel lust was in me, I should have insisted on marrying two men whose respective ideas of Paradise would be Broadway and a hunting box within telephonic communication of the War Office, I don't know. I am very happy.

I like hunting and I am beginning to have an affection for the War Office. It is so static and the porter's waistcoat fascinates me. But I notice that all my friends are much older than myself.

If I ask my contemporaries to dinner, my husband thinks of them as boys and they address him respectfully as "Sir." Respect is as dampening to a party as prohibition. When I am with my own family, of whom I am the oldest, I feel modern and amusing and quite uncertain what irrelevant and irresponsible thing I shall do tomorrow. Peking and the Andes are on the other side of the street. It is quite easy to get anything and anywhere.

WHEN I am with my in-laws, of whom my husband is the youngest, I feel the coal strike will never end, and did I remember to order any logs? And of course it was disgraceful of Jane's husband to take somebody else's niece to a night club, and we'd better get tickets for The Constant Nymph two months ahead, and I shall certainly arrive at the dentist's *most* punctually at 10:15 A. M. tomorrow!!

It's not what you do that makes you old, but the quality of thought you think—and thought is catching. I've always believed there must be distinct satisfaction in curves and class distinction and the feeling that under no possible circumstances would you ever have done what your neighbor has done; but it's bad for you.

In mind, a woman is always a little older than a man. I suppose it is because of her motherhood, potential or actual. Therefore it is important for her to think young thoughts. It's no use having a smooth young face, beautifully "tangeed" and "ochred," if your spirit is wrinkled and full of crow's-feet. It is very difficult not to adapt your thoughts unconsciously to those of the man you love and live with. If, when your mind is pilgrimaging away on the golden journey to Samarkand, his is involved in the Russo-German trade agreement, and whether the chicken a la king is made of veal, and if that morning-after-the-night-before feeling is engendered by too little yeast or by the interference of the Bishops in the latest industrial dispute, there is apt to be tension.

You need not, in these days, marry a man's life, his relations, or even his habits—all of which our mothers accepted with his other worldly goods—but you do, inevitably, marry his thoughts.

Thought—you're only to take it as typified in art, literature, and music—is intensely a matter of generation. So is a point of view. Since the war we've moved so quickly and discarded so much—even such superfluities as hair and adjectives—that fifteen years—even ten years—stand for a generation.

So, could I put back the clock, I would marry someone who not only liked the same people and the same life as I did, but someone who liked them for the same reasons. Have you noticed how reasons differ with generations? I like my maid because her shingle is so engaging. My mother approves of her because she wears neat black. I love my greatest friend, the wife of one of Great Britain's Ministers, because she would never even recognize, let alone acknowledge, defeat. My husband admires her because she is efficient.

WELL, at twenty-four and twenty-eight, my if-I-could-start-again husband and I would begin our life together—no, not too irrevocably together, otherwise we should grow too much alike and one might possibly become a reflection of the other. The marriage of habit is as heavy as winter clothes in August. We would be enough apart to evade familiarity and enough together to avoid getting used to doing without each other.

We would have our mutual work and our divergent travels to talk about, and if, eventually, love failed us, we should have shared enough achievements and enough failures to make our continued partnership worth while. If it were not so—and, in so fluid an age, marriage is as unstable as any other throne—there would be a friendly divorce, and each of us would still have a profession and our respect for each other's profession.

I would not marry again for love. A woman might have a dozen lovers and there might be enough variety about her affairs to avoid the staleness of repetition. But if I had married the first time for a considered love, joyed in it, and been satisfied by it, I would not risk what might be the epilogue of a Shavian play! The most wonderful place in the world is the one you never revisit. Nobody can recapture the first sensations of anything in this world—that is why continuous traveling makes one provincial!

The marriage of my if-I-could-start-again maturity—is there such a state as maturity in 1927?—would be one of friendship. A lonely old age is my pet specter. I keep it in a cupboard behind the books I've written, the medals I've won, the maps I've traced, and I take it out occasionally to rattle its bones. I am afraid I should always remarry when oppressed by the limited size of the globe and the appalling rapidity of modern transport, but my second wedding would be as belated as I dared to make it. They say the first crow's-foot or the first gray hair is a landmark in a woman's life. Not a bit of it! It's the first time she says to herself, "It isn't worth while."

After I'd been offered a job in the middle of somewhere unpronounceable and decided that it was a very long way off, I should regard every matrimonially inclined male with a predatory eye—and this time the settling down would be of that adhesive kind which only blotting-paper and a hot iron could move! By the way, I have not said that my first husband would be an American, because they are so nice when intent on *making* things. My second would be an Irishman, because they are so nice when they look back—whimsically—on what they have generally just failed to make!

THE END

Watch next week's LIBERTY for the opening installment of Frederic Arnold Kummer's startling new serial, Love's Greatest Mistake.

How much of a husband's success is due to his wife?

Read a famous answer

DID YOU ever see the play about Maggie Wylie who knows what every woman knows? She's a plucky little Scotswoman who declares that she hasn't any charm.

"What *is* charm exactly, Maggie?" asks her father.

"Oh, it's—it's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else, and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have. Some women, the few, have charm for all; and most have charm for one. But some have charm for none."

Then this modest little woman proceeds throughout the rest of the delightful Barrie play, to give as captivating an exhibition of charm as could be imagined. She is not good-looking. But everyone surrenders to her spell. And the most endearing of all Maggie's traits is her delicious power of "management." Quietly, skillfully, unobtrusively, she dominates the household and helps her husband by doing superbly the things that only a capable, loving wife can do.

"Every man who is high up," she says, "loves to think he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that. It's our only joke. Every woman knows that."

Management. "The little things" which are really big things, after all. The eagerness to learn and put to use everything that makes the home brighter and happier and more comfortable. All that contributes to cheerfulness and good health and high spirits. This is the true charm which so many women exert as their share in the success of the family. They have the gift of the right touch.

Have you not noticed that they begin their meals with the warmth and cordiality of delicious, invigorating soup? With their genius for putting everyone in a happy mood, they never miss such an unfailing invitation to the appetite. They know the value of the first glow. They are careful to commence with the irresistible flavor of a splendidly blended soup—piping hot and refreshing. They consider it the first rule for serving a successful meal.

Relishing a good, hot plate of soup means that you are eating beneficial food readily and quickly assimilated into the body tissues. It also means—and this is very important—that your appetite is stimulated and the digestive juices respond to the hot liquid. Digestion is promoted. All your food tastes better and does you more good.

Consider how easy it is for you to serve the best of soups on your table every day! Campbell's Soups are available to you everywhere for they are sold in every food store in the United States. Money cannot buy better ingredients than are blended in these famous soups. They are within everybody's means and they are so convenient—already cooked by the celebrated Campbell's French chefs.

Thirty-two different ingredients in one soup. How many housewives would care to spend the time and money to make it? Yet Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains all of these ingredients, of highest quality and deliciously blended, at 12 cents a can!

Fifteen choice garden vegetables. Invigorating beef broth. Substantial cereals. Flavory herbs and seasoning. A soup so attractive to the taste, so satisfying to the hunger that it is frequently considered enough for a luncheon or supper.

Decide today that soup is to be a regular "fixture" on your table, especially if you have children in the family.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

The Perfect Shortening

Cudahy's Puritan Lard has won distinction as "The Perfect Shortening" because of its unequalled baking and cooking qualities. It has that essential grainy texture which assures perfect mixing with other baking ingredients. ***Puritan Lard makes light,*** fluffy, fine grained cakes, and pies with rich, tender, flaky crust that melts in the mouth. Unequalled for deep frying as it quickly forms a golden brown seal around the food which keeps in all the natural flavor, prevents absorption of lard and assures rich, tasty cooking. ***Puritan is 100% pure*** leaf, open kettle rendered and free from moisture. It does not smoke at cooking temperature, will not absorb food flavors and may therefore be used again and again. At your dealer's.

"The Test Tells"

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard

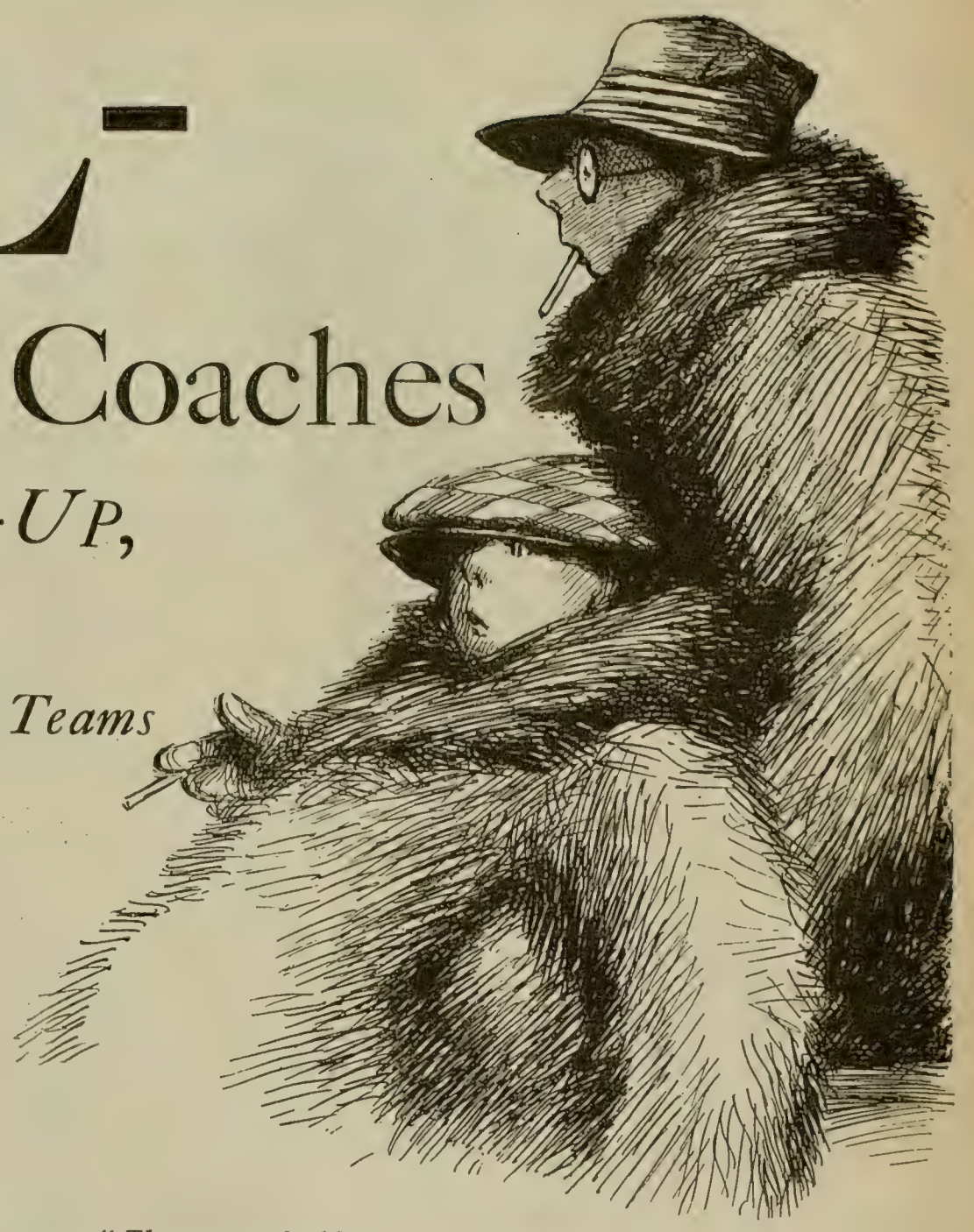
ALL-America Football Coaches

The Big Three--HURRY-UP, ROCK, and ZUP

Introducing the Men Who Develop Football Teams

An Article by **Hugh Fullerton**

Pictures by E. W. KEMBLE



"The sons of old American stock aren't on the field; they're in the stands, in coonskin coats."

FOOTBALL has become America's National Obsession, its chief topic of conversation for three months in each year, the most vital influence on college life, and the biggest element in the amazing growth of American colleges and universities.

More than 25,000,000 persons paid to see the games played last fall by the 448 leading colleges of the country. The money they paid will support the entire program of physical education in our schools.

Football's growth has alarmed some educators and resulted in an avalanche of criticism directed chiefly at coaches. Football, to steal a phrase from Zuppke, coach of Illinois, has made the United States "college-conscious"; has spread the hope of education, the ideals of college youth, over the entire country. President Little of the University of Michigan, in his inaugural address, declared four times that this criticism of the sport and the coaches is due to jealousy.

So important has the game become that in almost every school the football coach is the best known and the most vital figure in the life of that school. Rockne's name is known to 10,000 persons who never heard of the Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, president of Notre Dame. Yost is a household word to thousands who do not know whether "Little" or "Big" is president of Michigan. I use these instances because Father Walsh and President Little have said the same thing—and enjoyed it.

Who are these men whose profession, almost overnight, has become a vital factor in American life?

I started out to select the leaders among the coaches and stumbled immediately. To select the six men who are the greatest teachers of football was not hard. To select the six who are the greatest influences on their colleges was another matter.

After selecting the six who I believed were the best field leaders, I selected the six best influences—and only two men made both teams. I went around the colleges during the football season and visited coaches, many of whom I have known for years. I discussed with them their problems and those of others, and got their estimates of themselves and of other coaches.

I want to tell you who these men are who train and teach loyalty, self-control, sacrifice, and love of college to thousands of young Americans. To start with, I chose "Hurry-Up," "Rock," and "Zup"—otherwise Fielding H. Yost of Michigan, Knute K. Rockne of Notre Dame, and Robert C. Zuppke of Illinois.

I CHOSE Yost largely because he has coached every style of football, from the old rough-and-tumble to the highest purity-in-athletics type; Rockne because not only is he a great field leader, but also a strong moral force; and Zuppke because he represents the keenest and most analytical type of coach.

In studying coaches, we find there are three

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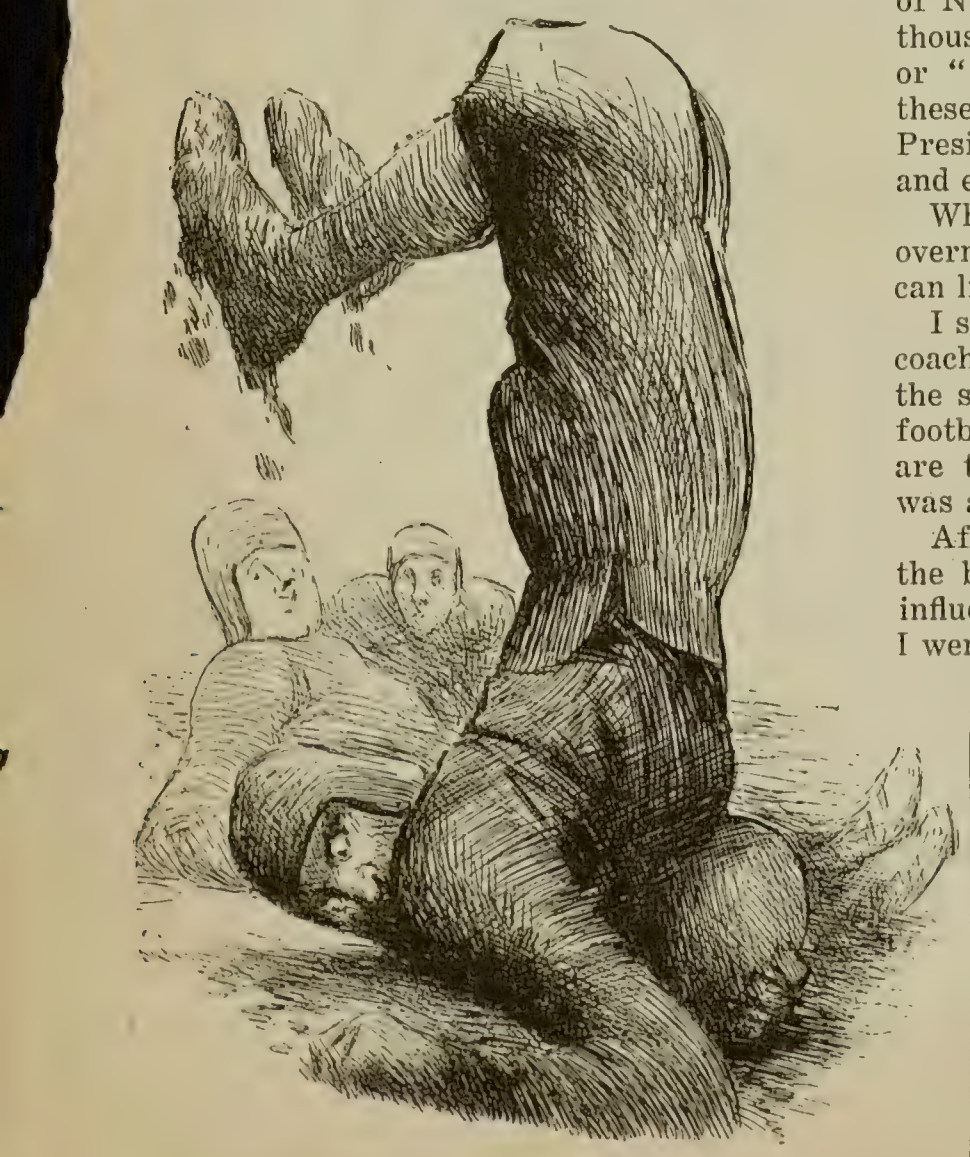


"The boys who are willing to work—the ones with ambition—are playing the game."

How Fullerton Rates American Coaches

FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM	THIRD TEAM
Fielding H. Yost, Michigan	A. A. Stagg, Chicago	George Foster Sanford, Rutgers
Knute K. Rockne, Notre Dame	Dan McGugin, Vanderbilt	Walter Steffen, Carnegie Tech.
Glenn S. Warner, Stanford	Howard Jones, U. of So. Calif.	W. A. Alexander, Georgia Tech.
Robert C. Zuppke, Illinois	Gwinn Henry, Missouri	Burt Ingwersen, Iowa
Gilmour Dobie, Cornell	Hugo Bezdek, Pennsylvania State	James Phelan, Purdue
Dr. John W. Wilce, Ohio	Louis A. Young, Pennsylvania	John F. Meehan, N. Y. U.
Maj. F. W. Cavanaugh, Fordham	Charles B. Moran, Bucknell	D. O. McLaughry, Brown
Jesse B. Hawley, Dartmouth	Enoch Bagshaw, Washington	Glenn Thistlewaite, Wisconsin
W. W. Roper, Princeton	Henry F. White, Amherst	William A. Ingram, Navy
Dr. C. W. Spears, Minnesota	Wm. Wallace Wade, Alabama	C. F. Crowley, Columbia
T. A. D. Jones, Yale	G. W. Hauser, Colgate	John Maulbetsch, Okla. Aggies

"I HAVE JUST COMPLETED a trip around the world and had it not been for the supply of Fleischmann's Yeast in the ship's ice box I should undoubtedly have had a miserable time. For years I have suffered from indigestion. But since taking Yeast I have had no trouble whatsoever."

HELEN KNIGHT, Pleasantville, N. Y.

"WHILE DOING A HITCH in the U. S. Navy a severe boil broke out behind my ear. My whole neck swelled up. Following as it did upon a two-year period during which I was never free from boils, pimples and blackheads, it made me feel miserable. The navy doctor said if I would take fresh Yeast and keep on taking it he was quite sure I would have no more of them. I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast right away with the result that my pimples disappeared and I have never had a boil since."

EUGENE BLACKMER, JR., Denver, Col.

Tired Out - - Nervous - - Irritable - -

They found the easy, natural way to joyful, vigorous health . . .

"HAD *suffered from indigestion for years*"—"*Was never free from embarrassing skin eruptions*"—"*My system was slowly but surely being poisoned*"—"*Was dangerously close to a breakdown*" . . .

Utterly miserable, at times ready to give up—they banished their ills, found new health, new hope, new *life*—simply by eating one amazing fresh food.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a corrective fresh food. The millions of tiny, active yeast plants in every cake tone up the whole system, aid digestion, clear the skin.

In constipation, Yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles, making them healthy and active. It checks intestinal putrefaction and prevents the absorption of poisons by the body.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water; or just plain in small pieces. *For constipation drink it in hot water* (*not scalding*) *before meals and at bedtime.* Buy two or three days' supply at a time, and keep in a cool dry place.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-39, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.

"TIRED, LISTLESS, RUN DOWN—I realized that my system was slowly but surely being poisoned by auto-intoxication. I tried remedy after remedy. No relief—until at last on a friend's advice I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. I took my three cakes daily and the results were surprising. Yeast built me up until now I feel entirely well."

GLADYS L. HALL, Jacksonville, Fla.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

CAPTAIN UGO V. D'ANNUNZIO, *President, Isotta Fraschini Automobiles*

"SOME THREE YEARS AGO," writes Captain d'Annunzio, "I assumed obligations of such a character as to put me both physically and mentally under a very serious and continued strain: that kind of work which makes it impossible to live according to sense. My entire organism went out of balance and I soon felt that I was dangerously close to a breakdown. A business friend advised me to try Fleischmann's Yeast and although I was rather skeptical about it, I followed his suggestion. Inside of a month the signs of distressing exhaustion began to disappear, and gradually normalcy of functions was re-established. Since then I have continued to use Fleischmann's Yeast at the rate of 2 to 3 cakes a day."

UGO V. D'ANNUNZIO, New York City

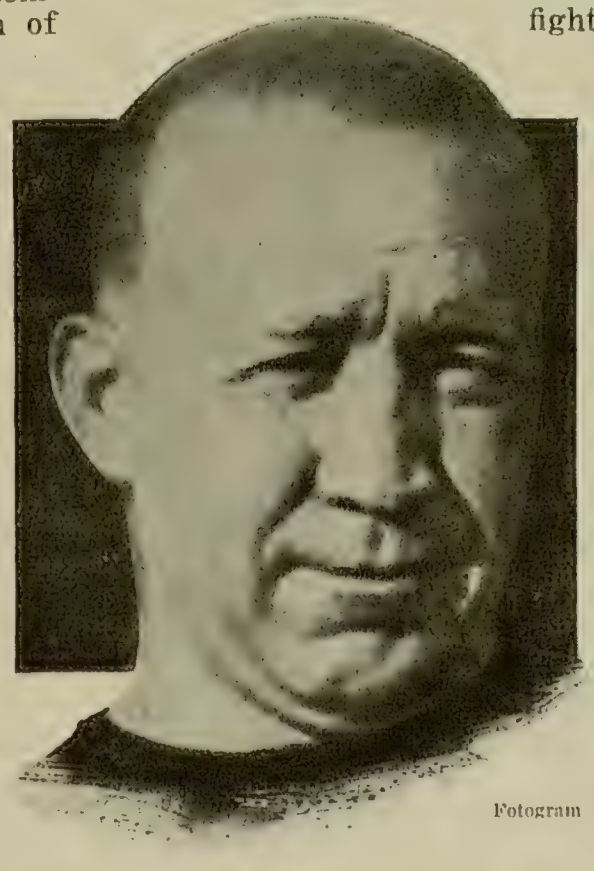
[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

distinct types, with hundreds of variations and combinations. There are the Inspirational types—men who lift mediocre teams to great heights by playing on their emotions. There are the Lily Whites—men of high ideals who are striving to use athletics to build and strengthen character as well as body. And there are the Rough-Toss boys—men who concern themselves chiefly with winning football games.

Yost has run the gamut of coaching methods, from the "tramp on the injured and hurdle the dead" days to today, when he ranks as a preacher and practicer of the highest morality in sport. He has developed from a rough, fighting coach to an idealist, and is living proof of what football can do as a moral force. He is as much bigger today than the Yost of twenty-nine years ago as that huge stadium he is building at Ann Arbor is bigger than the little wooden stand on the gravelly field at Delaware, Ohio.

THE professors who are aggrieved because football coaches get more money than professors, "merely for teaching a game to a few boys," misstate the case. Yost doesn't get a cent for coaching football, and, instead of teaching a few boys football, he teaches more boys than all the faculty of Michigan University does. Here is the proof:

He is director of athletics, handling more than 10,000 men and women, and directing the College of Physical Education. He has trained and developed more than 100 coaches now serving in American schools and teaching his ideals everywhere. He has talked to nearly 500,000 men and boys, preaching the gospel of honesty and clean sport. He has written pamphlets that have a combined circulation of many millions.



Fotogram

Coach Knute K. Rockne of Notre Dame.

Between these jobs, while acting as banker, promoter, engineer, builder, and real-estate expert, he has found time to fight for reforms in sport: to battle for the three-year rule, which, by requiring one year's residence in college before competing in varsity athletics, has killed off the tramp athlete; to fight against professionalism and other evils; to develop some of the strongest football teams the country has known, and some of the greatest athletes. In his leisure time he has visioned and is building the greatest athletic plant in the world.

I first encountered Yost when he started coaching Ohio Wesleyan at Delaware twenty-nine years ago—in 1897, when he coached the team that beat Ohio State.

He was then a rough-and-tumble, fighting coach, teaching win, tie, or battle. This is no discredit to Yost. In those days ethics, sportsmanship, fair play were mere words. The idea was to fight and win, and amateurism was a dim dream. Yost himself had played at West Virginia and then at Lafayette. After one year at Wesleyan he went to Nebraska as coach. The next year he was at Kansas; then, in 1900, at Stanford. Always the same: "Hurry up! Fight!"

Int. photo

Coach Fielding H. Yost of Michigan.

He went to Michigan at the close of 1900 and has been there twenty-six years. Until July 1, 1921, he was football coach. Then he was made physical director and professor of physical education, and since that date he has helped coach football without pay and really without authority.

"I've done it all in self-interest," he told me; "for, after all, he who serves himself best does the best for all. I never drank, because drink harms a man mentally, physically, and morally, and I didn't want to be hurt. I never lied, because sooner or later a liar loses out. I never taught hate, because hate destroys fighting power. I have tried not to take unfair advantage, because it is necessary for a coach to make schedules, and, if you cheat, before long you cannot schedule games with the opponents you want to play.

"So I never teach the boys anything on moral grounds. Ideals, after all, are just common-sense truths. I tell the boys it is a privilege, an honor, to play for their school. I teach them that love of school, love of the group, and loyalty are fine things, and that privilege and duty are closely akin. I teach them that it doesn't take a liar or a cheat to tackle hard.

"I tell them the sacrifice of self to institution or group for the attainment of a common end is the first lesson of football. It means co-operation, team play, loyalty, service. Self-confidence, self-control, alertness, obedience, friendliness, leadership, resourcefulness, decision, mental and moral poise are the results. The ability to summon all one's resources and concentrate them in an instant upon the accomplishment of a given task is developed. It is character-building of the finest sort.

"There is one change," Yost remarked. "Look over the records of Camp, Lamar, Bailey, Jones, Coolidge, Way, Heston, Booth, Bliss, Baker, Findlay, Ames. Then look over the line-ups of the teams of today. The sons of old American stock aren't on the field; they're in the stands, in coonskin coats. They are too soft for the game their daddies played. They will not sacrifice and drudge and work for the honor and love of school. They are leaving that to the boys of foreign parents.

"If you are looking for lessons in Americanism you can find them on the football field. It is a great privilege to teach these boys the code of American sportsmanship and fair play. But what of the boys of old American families? Think it over."

Yost's power is acquired through co-operation with the faculty and the use of his own personality. The great advantage the Western coaches have over those of the older schools of the East is that the majority of the Western schools recognize the importance of the old Greek trilogy—mind, body, and soul.

THEIR colleges of physical education are equal with their colleges of law, medicine, engineering, and the purely academic school. Their athletic directors rank with the deans of other colleges. Their major coaches rank the professors. Their minor coaches rank instructors. Instead of trying to cure the alleged evils of athletics by curbing sports, the Western schools control them. By putting coaches in the faculty they strengthen the coaches.

Western universities thus have stabilized conditions and control the situation, and, from a purely athletic standpoint, they enable coaches to produce more and better athletes by giving them permanent all-the-year-round positions, which keep them in the closest and best contact with the students.

Rockne and Zuppke are much alike in their theories, but differ radically in their methods of han-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your Razor will seem sharper

with this Saturated lather

ALL razors seem sharper when the beard they cut is as thoroughly softened as it should be. Williams Shaving Cream springs into a thick bulky lather simply saturated with moisture. It is this extra moisture held by Williams lather that works wonders in beard softening. No half-cut hairs—no annoying razor "pull".

Williams lubricates the skin for easy shaving and gives your face that "barber's massage" feeling after the shave. Your face actually feels better after a Williams shave than before.

Let us send you a week's supply of Williams Shaving Cream FREE. Send us the coupon below, or a postcard today. Two sizes—35c and 50c.

AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle FREE. Write Dept. 62-A.

Williams
Shaving Cream

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept., 62-A, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Lib. 2-12-27

[ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL COACHES Continued from Page Twenty-three]

dling men and solving problems. Each takes the best features of various schools of football and adds inventions and experiments of his own.

These men, born leaders, did not realize that fact until football developed them. Primarily they were merely football coaches; but they have grown in ideals and become formers and leaders of campus thought and ideals.

Rockne has come to be rated, perhaps next to Glenn Warner, as the greatest constructive and inventive genius of the game. But he is more than that. He has lifted a poverty-stricken school, working among the poorer boys as a duty, to a ranking university. He has elevated the athletic morale of the school to the highest plane, and with it the athletic standards of every Catholic college in the country.

Oliver Optic would have reveled in Rockne's life story. He was very poor. He was small. He learned something of football when, as a boy, he played on vacant lots around Thirty-fifth Street in Chicago. He was determined to find education. Not a Catholic, he chose Notre Dame because it was cheap and because he could work his way through. He cooked in lumber camps in northern Michigan and spent one summer in the galley of a steamer on Lakes Michigan and Superior.

At Notre Dame he did odd jobs around the Chemistry Department and devoted no time to football until near the end of his college career. Then he was discovered as one of the fastest, hardest-hitting, smartest ends in the country.

He was graduated, got a position as instructor in chemistry, played a little professional football, and, when Jesse Harper was coach, was persuaded to help Harper. When Harper left, Rockne was made coach of football, baseball, track, hockey—everything. In his spare time he taught chemistry. He won the confidence of the priests and guided athletics into co-operation with the faculty, where antagonism previously had existed.

SINCE then Rockne's record has been the most amazing in modern football. His teams have won eighty-three games, lost eight, and tied two since 1917. Greater than this, he has built up intramural sports until Notre Dame has about 600 men playing football, and practically every one of the 2,200 students participates in some form of athletics. The success of his teams has been a vital and material force in building up the university and in unifying the alumni. The school has doubled in size and wealth since he started coaching.

This, of course, is not all due to Rockne, but much of it traces back to the advertising resulting from the victories of his teams.

The faculty not only admits but boasts of this, and Father O'Donnell, the disciplinarian, told me:

"I would hesitate to accept the responsibility for the behavior and morals of this body of students without the influence of Rockne and athletics."

Winning football games really is one of the minor accomplishments of Rockne. His biggest achievement has been in building up his schools of physical education and of coaching. He has conducted summer schools for coaches at Notre Dame and half a dozen other colleges.

Among the Rockne pupils now head coaches are: Charles Crowley, Columbia; Jimmy Phelan, Purdue; Charlie Bachman, Kansas State; Harry Stuhldreher, Villanova; Elmer Layden, Columbia (Iowa); "Slip" Madigan, St. Mary's (Oakland, Calif.); Adam Walsh, Santa Clara; Bob Matthews, St. Louis University; Charles Dorais, Detroit; M. J. Smith, Gonzaga; Pete Vaughn, Wabash; Frank Thomas, Chattanooga; J. A. Meyer, St. Xavier (Ohio); Harry Baujan, Dayton; Cy Kaspar, Columbus (S. D.); Eddie Anderson, De Paul (Chicago); Harry Holton, Trinity (Texas); Jack Meagher, St. Edward's (Texas); Forest Cotton, St. Andrew's (Texas); Tom King, Louisville; Mal Elward, John Carroll University; Buck Shaw, Nevada; Pete Dwyer, Niagara; Stan Cofall, Loyola (Baltimore); Roger Kiley, Loyola (Chicago).

Besides these there are nearly as many Rockne men acting as assistant coaches. As to what he thinks of football, Rockne says:

"Advice and inspiration, discipline with sympathy, example, and absolute fairness in every way summarize my ideas of the responsibilities of a coach. I believe that, with proper control and supervision, the boys derive a lot of benefits: they develop courage, learn self-reliance, learn to think and to act quickly under fire and pressure, learn fair play, and develop the will to win.

"Purpose, enthusiasm, and perseverance, all hooked up in the mind of a football player, under a coach who handles the team properly, indelibly stamp certain great habits of living on the young men."

How does he do it?

He speaks softly and uses short, snappy sentences, sometimes scathing sarcasm, and he can jump in and demonstrate. He enforces promptness, unquestioning obedience, and respect. They call him "Rock" socially, and address him as "Coach" otherwise.

One incident illustrates his method: A boy who was a promising football player went to Rockne after call for the first football meeting on September 15. The boy said:

"Coach, I can't attend the meeting. I have a date over in South Bend."

"More important than football?" asked the coach.

"Well, no; but it's a dance, and I made an engagement to take a girl."

"All right—if you regard it as more important."

All season that boy sat on the bench and begged to be allowed to play.

"Nope—I'm saving you," Rockne replied shortly.

He kept saving him until the third quarter of the Nebraska game—the last of the season.

"Let me in, Coach!" the boy begged.

"Nope—saving you."

"For heaven's sake! What are you saving me for?"

"Junior Prom," said Rockne.

Compare or, better, contrast Rockne and Zuppke.

ZUPPKE is not the power at Illinois that Rockne is at Notre Dame, largely because George Huff, the athletic director, who, according to President Kinley, is the greatest power in the university, overshadows others. In football the talkative, merry, witty little Dutchman is supreme.

He is an artist, a philosopher, an inventor—and inventors are few in football. Coaches will tell you that more than 60 per cent of all standard plays and formations used can be traced to Glenn Warner and Dr. Harry Williams, formerly at Minnesota. But in modern football Rockne and Zuppke have added the frills.

Zuppke is a little man who commands respect more through his personality than his strength. He was too little to make a football team at Wisconsin in the fall of 1901. He weighed about 120, but he had an oversized will. After the first day on the scrub team they carried him to the hospital. The next day the coach saw him on the field again.

"Thought I sent you to the hospital?" he said.

"You did, but I'm back," said Zuppke.

He came back for four years, fighting with the scrubs against the varsity, taking his punishment and learning, and he still holds the Wisconsin record for number of trips to the hospital.

"You learn more playing against a man than with him," he says.

He never was heavy enough to make the team, but when he left school he knew football as few know it. He planned to become an artist, varied his football with painting, and today his work is widely recognized. He went to Europe immediately after the football season to study art, planning to spend his summers there.

Then he went to New York and starved for a year, trying to break into the field of art. Then he got a job at Grand Rapids in the art department of a big advertising firm.

"I got the whole staff fired," he chuckled. "Business was slack, so I made myself coach and turned the office into a gymnasium. We forward-passed, scrimmaged, and boxed, until one day the boss came in, found the whole staff boxing, and fired us all."

Muskegon High School wanted a coach, so Zuppke went there and coached and painted the dunes along Lake Michigan. He trained everybody in the school to jump to attention

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Beginning in LIBERTY next week—a thrilling new serial called—

Love's Greatest Mistake

By

Frederic Arnold Kummer

THIS is the absorbing story of *Honey McNeill*, a small-town girl who thought her beauty could buy love and happiness. She brought her loveliness to the playground of a great city.

Honey wanted wealth—pretty clothes, jewels, motor cars, a country home. She found that the world drives a hard bargain with girls who would capture these prizes.

Don't miss the opening installment of this thrilling serial.

In Next Week's LIBERTY

We invite another Million Ford Owners to banish Chatter

THE expression "Ford chatter" slanders the Ford. It implies that the car is at fault. Put the blame where it belongs. In nine cases out of ten, chatter can be traced directly to incorrect lubrication—to some *motor*-oil masquerading as an oil for Fords and failing in the dual-task of Ford lubrication.

For the same oil that lubricates the Ford motor must also lubricate the Ford *transmission.* And that two-fold job requires more than *motor*-oil. It demands a *special kind* of oil, an oil made exclusively for Fords.

What the camera shows

AT the bottom of this column, there is a photograph of a Ford transmission band, removed from a car which chattered badly after four months of service.

Notice how the fabric lining of the band is chewed up in some spots and glazed like marble in others. That is caused by only one thing—poor lubrication.

When you start, stop or reverse a Ford, with transmission bands in that condition, the bands slip and grab and slip and grab. That sets up destructive chatter which is hard on you—and still harder on your Ford. For, chatter racks the entire car, causes repairs, hastens depreciation.

A contrast

NOW examine the photograph of the other transmission band. This, too, was removed from a Ford after four months service under similar operating conditions. But this second Ford showed not a *sign* of chatter. It was sweet-running, quiet, economical—the Ford at its best.

And the fabric of the transmission band, though it showed wear, was still soft, pliant and even in texture. Still good for thousands of miles of service.

The reason?—Simply this! The second Ford had been consistently lubricated with Veedol Forzol, a *different kind* of oil, an oil made exclusively for Fords.

Veedol Forzol's superiority as a Ford oil is no accident. Tide Water technologists labored four years in the laboratory and in the field to perfect this oil which gives maximum protection to the Ford motor and at the same time, correctly lubricates the Ford transmission.

A million Ford owners have proved this oil

How well this oil does its work is attested by the fact that more than a million Ford owners now use Veedol Forzol and endorse it as no other Ford oil is endorsed.

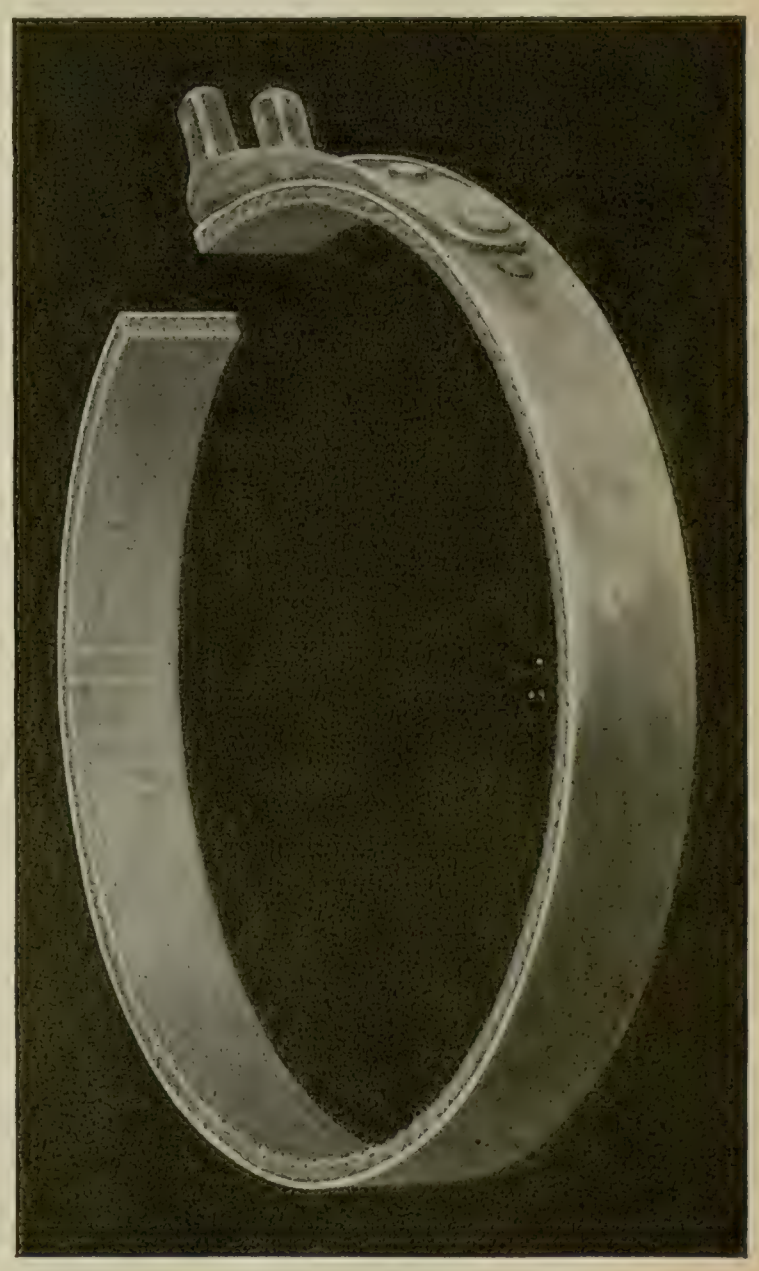
Stop, today, at an orange and black Veedol Forzol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with Veedol Forzol. Then you'll drive a quieter, smoother car away. *Ask for Veedol Forzol by name.*

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities. ©T.W.O.S.C. 1927

A photograph of a Ford Transmission band, removed from a car which chattered badly after four months' service. Note how the fabric lining is worn and glazed. It was lubricated with ordinary motor-*oil.*

VEEDOL FORZOL

The economy oil for Fords



A transmission band removed from a Ford which showed not a sign of chatter after four months' service. Note the soft, pliant texture of the fabric lining. It was lubricated by Veedol Forzol.

New Reproducing Principles Bring out Deep Bass ···· High Soprano

*Music you missed entirely by old reproducing methods now brought you by Brunswick's New Musical Instrument**

THE makers of The Brunswick Panatrope have developed another outstanding musical achievement. A Brunswick instrument that brings you the low bass, and the high soprano . . . clearly . . . beautifully . . . with amazing richness and naturalness of tone.

Brunswick's New Musical Instrument is an invention we worked two years to perfect. It is designed expressly to play the new electrical records. The best of recent developments in acoustical sound reproduction are reflected in it. And more important, this Brunswick creation embodies exclusive new discoveries of our own. In range, musical quality, and naturalness of tone, Brunswick's New Musical Instrument will delight you. Marvelous to dance to. None of that pent-up, muffled tone. Its music is clear . . . brilliant . . . loud.

Hear this latest Brunswick. Dance to it. The Brunswick dealer will gladly bring it to your home to try. Test your favorite records on it. And play the marvelous new electrical records. Your old phonograph never offered you such music as this.

Send a Brunswick "Light-Ray" Electrical Record as your Valentine

Brunswick's "Light-Ray" electrical recording (music by photography) is an amazing discovery whereby the entire range of musical sound is recorded *naturally.* New records . . . the latest hits by the leading artists . . . on sale at all Brunswick dealers, every Thursday

Brunswick

Panatropes • Phonographs • Radiolas • Records

***For Prize Winners in Brunswick's $5,000 Prize Contest**

Results of the great $5,000 Prize Contest for a name and slogan for Brunswick's New Musical Instrument will be announced in Liberty, April 9th. Be sure to see this issue

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., GENERAL OFFICES: 623-633 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]
whenever he entered the gymnasium, cultivated intramural athletics, and finally Oak Park High, just outside of Chicago, heard of him.

The principal was not impressed at seeing the diminutive coach until they walked unannounced into the gymnasium. Without a word, a hundred boys leaped to attention.

He made a championship team at Oak Park, and in 1913 went to Illinois to become a member of Huff's coaching organization and professor in the College of Physical Education. Since then he has had phenomenal success, winning or tying in five Conference championships and winning forty-four and losing twenty-two games.

He has had charge of teaching football coaching, and Illinois, which has the largest and best organized coaching system in the country, has supplied about 110 colleges and schools with head coaches.

His methods in handling men are all his own. He is the only coach I know who fraternizes with his players, lets them be as familiar as they please, and jokes with them constantly. The professors say that permitting familiarity ruins respect—but not with this little fellow.

The boys call him Zup, appeal to him for advice, respect and obey him. He rides them hard—calling them nicknames, scolding, chattering, ridiculing—but he gets the lesson over to them. Occasionally he resorts to the inspirational method.

"It doesn't always work," he told me. "It cost me one game I remember well. I made one of those fine die-for-dear-old-Rutgers speeches. I told them they would stay in the game until they were dead and that no boy with a spark of human courage would want to leave the field unless carried off. Late in the game one lad was so tired he fell down and lay on his back in the huddle. I called a substitute and sent him in to replace the tired player.

"That sub was sincere. He ran out, knelt by the tired player, listened with his ear on his breast, and said: 'Coach, he's still breathing.' We were penalized fifteen yards for talking before the first play and it cost us the game.

"THERE are a lot of misconceptions about coaches and their influence," he continued. "The coach doesn't instill character; he helps develop what is in the boys, and those who are worth while get a lot out of it.

"The saddest feature of the game today is that rich men's sons can't play it. They're no good; too soft. You'll find them up in the stands, in coonskin coats, while the boys who are willing to work and willing to make sacrifices—the ones with ambition—are playing the game.

"You may put it down in the book that the football ability of any college varies in an inverse ratio to the number of coonskin coats on the campus.

"I'm not criticizing the rich men's sons. They can't help it. They are being reared that way; softened up, getting unfit, and it is the same in every other walk of life.

"There is another misconception about the distracting influence of football on the players and

Fotogram

Coach Robert C. Zuppke of Illinois.

the students. The boys are not half so much distracted as the alumni and the fans. Before a big game, for instance, I take the team out to the country club to get them away from the fans and the excitement, and the night before the game I find them deep in their studies. They are more worried about their academic standing than they are about winning the game. And they play harder the next day because of it.

"WE teach them loyalty and sacrifice for the good of the group. I think the best thing a boy gets out of football is a keener knowledge of human nature. He learns to size up situations and men and to analyze quickly. These things stand him in good stead later.

"It is foolish to claim that football is all good. There are both good and bad in the game, as there are in all human beings. A thing that is all good is no good. We wouldn't learn anything if everything was good.

"The non-college men imitate the collegian. The rougher-necked a fellow is the more quickly he imitates the college man; because he envies him. And so the colleges, and the college coaches, must toe the mark and set a higher and higher example.

"The college men put the nation into the bathtub. That is true. People see a clean, healthy specimen, and they imitate him. You know I studied art—painting—and to me football is akin to art: something of the same elements that are in color, rhythm, and music enter into the game.

"Every move must be rhythmic. Someone asked a great French painter how long he had worked on a picture, and he said sixty years. He had done the actual painting in six hours, but it had taken sixty years to acquire the faculties used in those six hours.

"Great football players, working at the highest tension, are the same way. They must be able to concentrate, to mobilize every faculty, to co-ordinate, so that they can concentrate the work of years in one-tenth of a second.

"When our team is beaten we congratulate the victor. I hate to do it. I'm not a good loser. In fact, I don't believe there is anything like a good loser, unless he doesn't care to win. When we lose, we congratulate the victor and say we'll be better next year. The game drills that into us—next year, hope, and victory."

I HAVE often wondered how Yost handles his men, and how he wins their undying love and respect. I have seen him driving them hard, mercilessly, spurring them with sharp orders spoken in low tones.

But to understand the man's magnetism and his power over them, one should have been spying on a little group in the dressing-room at Ohio Stadium just before the game of November 13, 1926, which many think was the most dramatic game of football ever played. Both teams knew that the Conference honors depended upon that struggle. Both had "pointed" for the game, and each was ready, tense, eager, primed to fight to the end.

Yost sent all the squad from the room except the eleven men who were to start the game and play until they dropped. There were three Polish boys, three Jews, two Italians—the others "American." They were seated in a circle, Yost with them. There was silence for an instant, and then he said:

"We have come to the test. It is up to you. Ohio is strong—very strong."

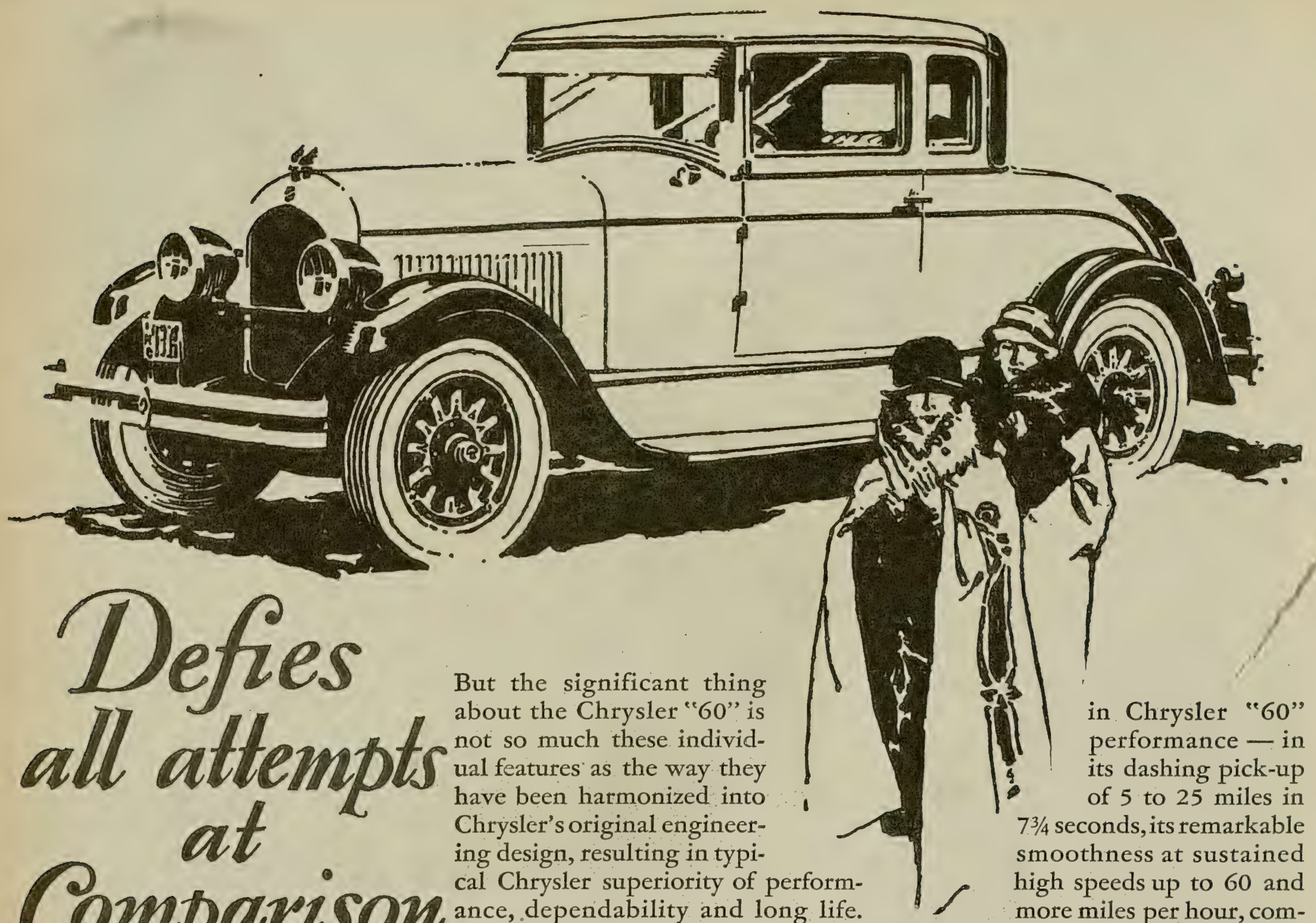
His voice was low, vibrating.

"We're glad they are strong. You wouldn't be happy tonight if you won from a weak team. A strong opponent is the test of yourselves. You're going out there to fight for Michigan—I know you won't fail."

The atmosphere of that room was electric. Young lips tightened. Tears came into eyes. Hands felt for each other and clenched hard, and not a word was spoken as Yost gripped each by the hand as they straightened with determination and filed out on to that field—to fight, and win.

When college professors can send young men out into the world to fight for their colleges that way—I'll admit them to equality with coaches of the Yost type.

This is the first of a series of three articles on American football coaches by Mr. Fullerton. The methods of other famous coaches will be discussed in the second article in next week's LIBERTY.



Defies all attempts at Comparison

BUYERS are finding that the Chrysler "60" has not only the same features claimed as "new" by other makes—but the same features *improved and combined with other features that cannot be copied* because they are uniquely Chrysler.

Ever since its introduction, ten months ago, the Chrysler "60" has had a finely balanced seven-bearing crankshaft, impulse neutralizer, oil-filter, air-cleaner, Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes, full pressure lubrication, manifold heat control and road levelizers front and rear, among other features.

But the significant thing about the Chrysler "60" is not so much these individual features as the way they have been harmonized into Chrysler's original engineering design, resulting in typical Chrysler superiority of performance, dependability and long life.

Under the unique Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality, the Chrysler "60" is designed and built—in every detail — as if required to give its maximum performance for every mile and minute of its life.

This obviously higher-than-average standard of manufacture is revealed in Chrysler "60" performance — in its dashing pick-up of 5 to 25 miles in 7¾ seconds, its remarkable smoothness at sustained high speeds up to 60 and more miles per hour, combined with its astonishing economy of 22 miles to the gallon.

Before you decide on any low-priced six, check its features and its performance against that of the Chrysler "60's". You'll then realize at once why the "60" is acclaimed as a value "beyond comparison" — entirely without parallel among all ordinary sixes of its price.

COUPE
(with Rumble Seat)
$1245
F.O.B. DETROIT

Chrysler "60" Prices—Touring Car, $1075; Club Coupe, $1125; Coach, $1145; Roadster (*with Rumble Seat*) $1175; Coupe (*with Rumble Seat*) $1245; Sedan, $1245.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System

All Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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CHRYSLER "60"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

From the Follies To the Films

How the Movies Kept a Date at the Stage Door with Dorothy Mackaill and Louise Brooks

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

UNLESS Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., has a heart and revives his Follies, the movie producers are going to be put to it to find new screen material. Have you ever stopped to think how many glorified Ziegfelders have achieved celluloid success—Mae Murray, Ann Pennington, Billie Dove, and a dozen or so more?

Our immediate consideration is two ex-Ziegfelders: Dorothy Mackaill and Louise Brooks. Miss Mackaill, perhaps, has had the more picturesque career. She was born in Hull, England, twenty-two years ago. She was poor and, as a child, sold papers on the streets of Hull.

She managed to earn enough to attend a dancing academy. Then she worked her way to London, getting a job in the Hippodrome chorus. In 1921 she made her screen debut. It was in a tiny role of a British production, A Face at the Window. When she went to see the finished product, she found that her role had been amputated.

Evelyn Brent (above) in Love 'Em and Leave 'Em.

Dorothy Mackaill and Buster Collier (at right) in Just Another Blonde.

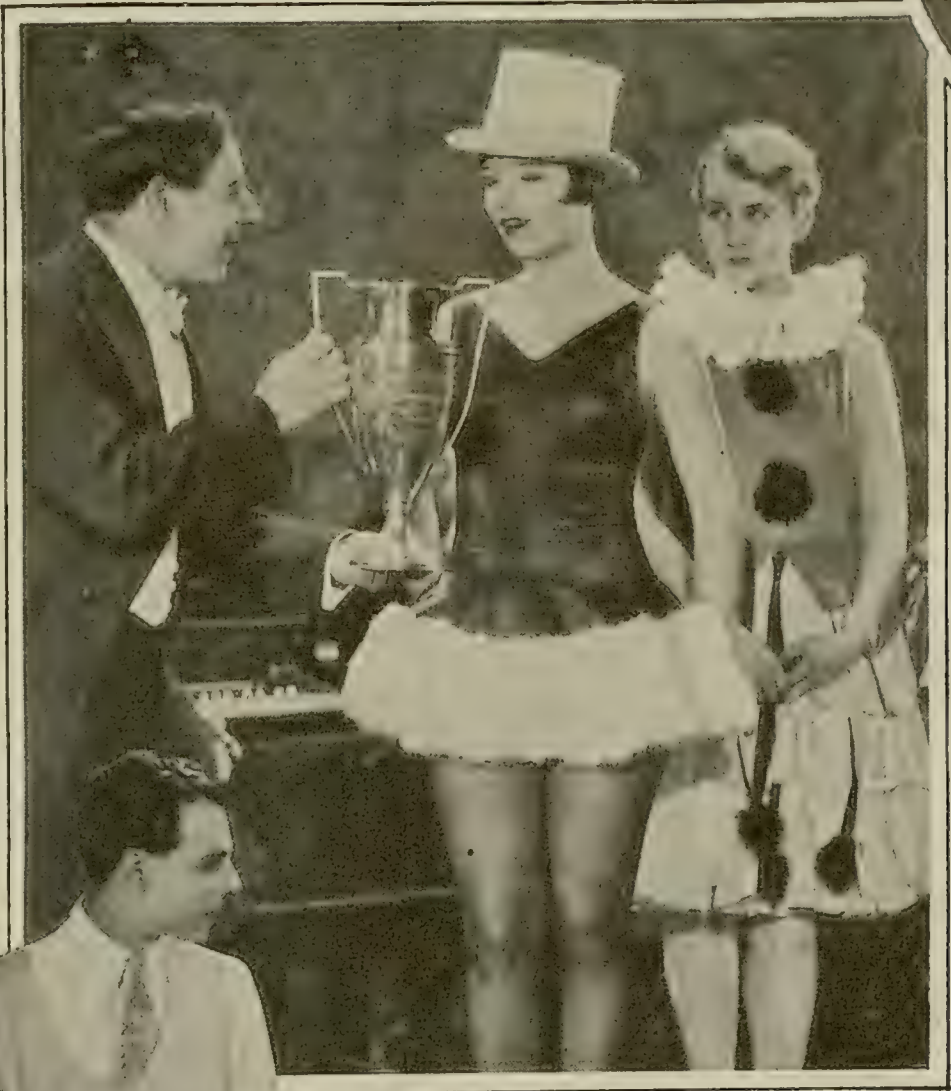
A number of English chorus girls went to Paris to dance in a revue. Dorothy Mackaill was among them. In Paris she earned a little extra money by playing film bits.

New York was Miss Mackaill's goal. She finally saved enough and staked it all upon a steamer ticket. She knew the name of but one Manhattan manager: Ziegfeld. So, two days after her arrival, Miss Mackaill, cockney accent and all, hunted up his office in the New Amsterdam Theater building. "I'm Dorothy Mackaill," she announced. The name meant nothing to Ziegfeld, but a week later she was dancing in the Follies.

Motion pictures again began to attract her. Mickey Neilan gave her a small part in his Bits of Life. Mighty Lak' a Rose offered her as a possibility. John Robertson, the director, signed her to play opposite Dick Barthelmess in several pictures. Her work here established her promise—and she was given a stellar contract by First National Pictures.

Miss Mackaill has not been very fortunate in her stellar roles. Her producers never seem to gauge her personality accurately. In her newest film, Just Another Blonde, she plays the hostess in a five-cent Luna Park dance hall, who finally wins the young conductor of a crap game in a gambling house. Nothing in particular happens, save that the hero reforms and gets a job in a bank.

Louise Brooks appears in Just Another Blonde as a ticket seller in a shooting gallery. You may remember when Miss Brooks, with her petulant frown and lacquered black hair, graced the front line of Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies.



Louise Brooks and Harry Wise in the department-store comedy, Love 'Em and Leave 'Em.

She hails from Wichita, Kansas. She broke home ties at fourteen and managed to get a job with the Denishawn troupe.

Talent is what the public wants, as the present Scandals revue chorus explains while it undresses in front of the footlights. A year after her Denishawn tour, Louis Brooks was in the Scandals. A year later she was dancing in London. After that, the Follies, as already noted, and Louie the Fourteenth.

Miss Brooks' appearance in the film, The American Venus, immediately disclosed a high-power brunette with a Waikiki strut. She couldn't act—in fact, she can't yet, much. But that makes no difference. The movie letter-writers from the hinterland are storming the studio offices with demands for the Wichita girl's pictures.

Louise is provocative in Just Another Blonde, and also in that other new film, Love 'Em and Leave 'Em. This last is a rather amusing comedy of life behind the scenes of a big New York department store. Evelyn Brent also is in this picture.

In passing, it should be noted that both these Follies girls have just married directors. Miss Mackaill is Mrs. Lothar Mendez and Miss Brooks is Mrs. Eddie Sutherland.

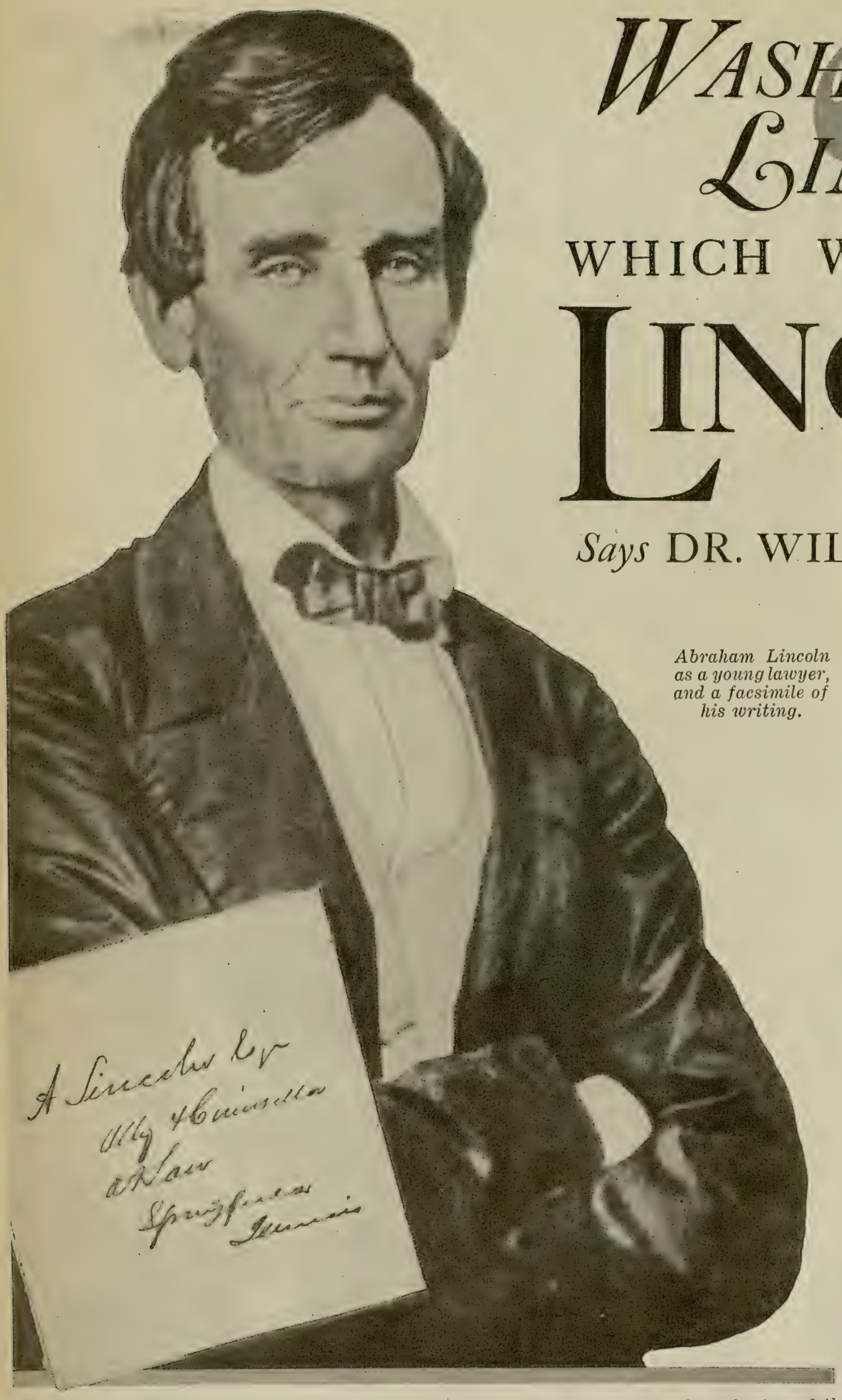
* * *

Just a word about the new Jack Gilbert-Greta Garbo sentimental film, Flesh and the Devil. Miss Garbo plays another heartless Circe who wrecks everything and everyone, including herself. It is thick, romantic stuff. The love scenes alone will make it a big hit. Just the thing for a chilly winter evening.

Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo in Flesh and the Devil.

Do you know that—

Raoul Walsh, who made What Price Glory, is to direct Dolores del Rio in Carmen? . . . Dick Barthelmess has returned from Europe, made a trip across country with Jack Gilbert, and is starting The Patent Leather Kid? . . . Norma Talmadge is well along on her modernized Camille? . . . Norma wears bobbed hair as the Lady of the Camellias? . . . Owen Davis has written an original film play for Thomas Meighan's next? . . . It's called Fate? . . . They say the big thaw is coming earlier than usual in Alaska? . . . Consequently preliminary plans for the Klondike story, The Trail of '93, are being rushed?



Abraham Lincoln as a young lawyer, and a facsimile of his writing.

Washington or Lincoln—

WHICH WAS GREATER?

LINCOLN?

Says DR. WILLIAM E. BARTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON was first in war and first in peace, but he is no longer first in the hearts of his countrymen.

The birthday of Abraham Lincoln, occurring in the same month as Washington's, has put too great a strain on enthusiasm for midwinter patriotism, and schools and other bodies choosing between the two anniversaries all but invariably prefer to celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln.

If a vote were taken in almost any public school as to the greatest American, Abraham Lincoln's name would stand at the top of the list. And I shall do what little I can to keep it there.

I will tell why I believe Lincoln was a greater man than Washington. Men of different type and temperament they were, yet with some striking qualities and experiences in common. They were both large men. They were both men of great physical strength and endurance; and that is not an unimportant fact. Washington was left fatherless and Lincoln left motherless. Each was a religious man, with a very slight relationship, however, to organized religion: Lincoln was not a church member and Washington was an infrequent communicant; yet both were in a true sense religious.

They had much in common, but they presented marked contrasts. It is those contrasts, I suppose, that have led the American heart more and more each year to honor and celebrate Abraham Lincoln. And I discover no probability that the pendulum, which I think has swung too far away from Washington, will swing back to a position between the two names in which that of Washington shall hold again the place of chief affection. The place of Abraham Lincoln as America's foremost and best-loved hero I regard as permanent and secure.

FIRST of all, Abraham Lincoln was truly an American, in a sense in which George Washington could not be. The American ideal was as yet in formation in Washington's day. There was no adequate definition of national unity, neither was there adequate geographical expansion for the development of the American type. George Washington was an English gentleman, with an English coat of arms, an English background, and an English outlook. He fought on this side of the ocean the transatlantic section of an English civil war against the arrogance of a Teutonic monarchy.

Thomas Paine's Rights of Man was as good reading on one side of the ocean as on the other. Colonial opinion and colonial demand for American rights were, in their way, but another form of British protest against an anti-British ministry and monarch, as freely expressed in England as in America.

George Washington did not go abroad for his education, and he recognized the inevitable disadvantages of the system then prevalent of sending the sons of prosperous Americans to England to school; but the background of the thinking which came to him from his environment was predominantly English.

He bought his "hatts" and Martha's bonnets in London, and they were ordered to be in the prevailing London style at the time of shipment. The style of Nancy Hanks' sunbonnet was not evolved in London or Paris.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

The tall can, diluted, makes an overflowing quart of pure rich milk

© 1927, Carnation Milk Products Co.

"They're delicious!" . . . Can anything say "Good morning" more delightfully than Carnation Creamy Waffles and Carnation-creamed coffee? There's sunniness in the flavor of crisp waffles made fine-textured and fluffy with Carnation Milk. There's cheer in golden brown coffee rich with its creaminess.

Carnation Milk—pure, *whole* milk with a *double* cream content distributed through every drop by "homogenization"—gives a richness and smoothness, a delicacy of texture in cooking unmatched by even the best of bottled milk.

Carnation Creamy Waffles—⅓ cup Carnation Milk diluted with ⅔ cup water, 1½ cups pastry flour, 2 eggs, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. butter (melted), 3 tsp. baking powder, 1 tbsp. sugar. Sift flour, salt, sugar and baking powder together. Beat eggs until foamy, add diluted Carnation Milk and butter. Stir liquid into dry ingredients. Bake in hot, well-greased waffle iron.

Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
238 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
338 Stuart Bldg., Seattle; New York; Aylmer, Ont.

WHAT DID THE DENTISTS SAY?

In the sensible care of beauty and health, authorities now insist on the importance of protecting The Danger Line from acids

TODAY everyone knows what dangerous enemies decayed teeth are to physical well-being. And therefore, the vital part your dentifrice plays in preserving health and charm.

For years E. R. Squibb & Sons have issued warning that the line where gums and teeth meet is in reality The Danger Line. That acids forming in the crevices along The Danger Line strike the most treacherous blow to your teeth and gums.

However, because of the confusion caused by dozens of conflicting theories, we felt that the public should receive confirmation on a question of such importance.

We decided to bring the matter before the only real existing authority, the dental profession itself. We went to one of the greatest dental clinics in the world—where every year more than 100,000 treatments are given. We also asked for the verdict of practicing dentists everywhere. From both sources came almost unanimous agreement on these facts:

(1) *Acids are the most frequent cause of decay and gum infection.*

(2) *The most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums—known as The Danger Line—especially at that part of The Danger Line between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach.*

(3) *The best product known to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gum tissues is Milk of Magnesia.*

© 1927

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Isn't it logical, then, that Squibb's Dental Cream, because it contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most convenient and effective form, will help prevent the danger that menaces your teeth and gums?

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans thoroughly, beautifully and safely. It relieves sensitive teeth and soothes sore gums. You can safely use it to brush the gums—which dentists say is necessary—for it contains no harsh grit.

Each time you use Squibb's Dental Cream tiny particles of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids form. There they neutralize these acids, but remain to give protection long afterwards.

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THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

She and her boy were American as Mary Washington and her son George and his wife Martha could not be. The life and thought of their time had not yet made possible a real American.

I think it indeed most fortunate that as America has expanded till she crowds the coasts in either direction, and pushes them as far outward as Porto Rico and the Philippines, the ideal of Washington has proved adequate to the strain which this development has put upon it; but, still, the actual Washington was of necessity a gentleman dwelling in tidewater Virginia, procuring his dress goods and his ideas largely from across the sea.

THE real American could not be developed till the Appalachians had been scaled and a civilization established in the interior, dependent on its own efforts and not on the importation either of commodities or ideas. The sharp ridge of the mountain ranges that wall in the Mississippi Valley did more than even the Declaration of Independence to cut the umbilical cord and give to America a life of her own.

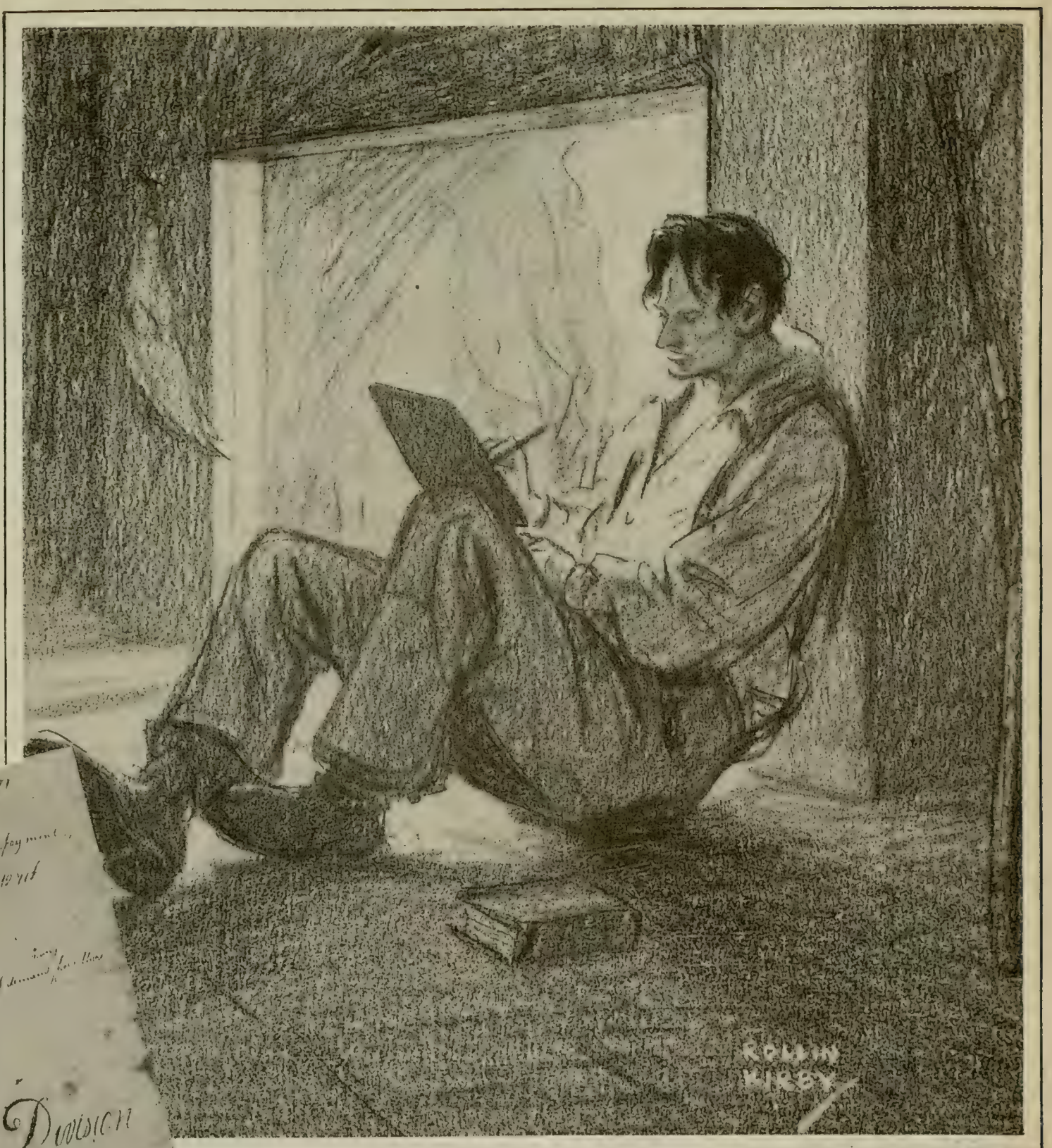
Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay may be deemed in some sort representative of that life, but both of these were born near the Atlantic seaboard. Abraham Lincoln belonged to a generation born and reared under influences almost 100 per cent American. His food, clothing, education, reading, and the life and habits of his associates, all belonged to the forest and soil of America.

Kentucky was politically a part of Virginia; but a type of life and opinion grew up in Kentucky, and later in Indiana and in Illinois, which possessed as one of its constituent elements a degree of isolation that made the American spirit actual.

Now the American of the twentieth century needs to be internationally minded, far more so than most Americans are; but the generation that began life in the first quarter-century after the adoption of the Federal Constitution needed to be self-reliant, and it was. The restraints, mild as they were, of social and civilized life sat very lightly on the men of that time.

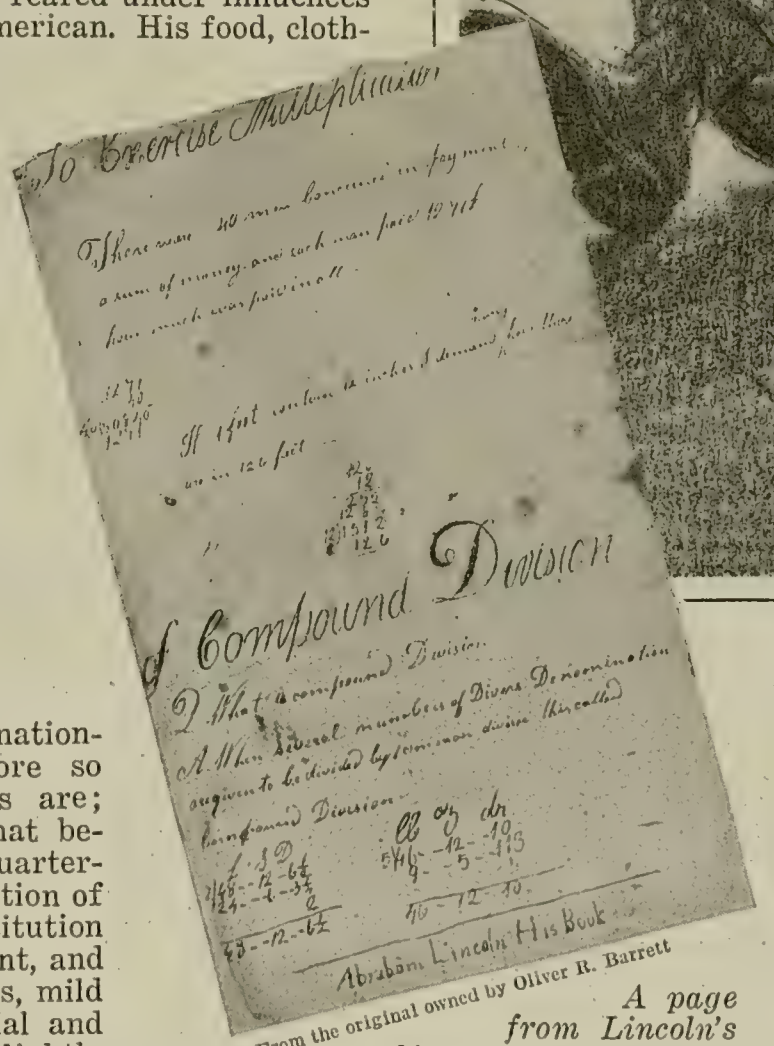
They were very restive under any sort of restraint. They needed to be. They were rough, crude, superstitious, and had other useful limitations. But they had the positive qualities that made possible an Americanism with continental possibilities. Abraham Lincoln was a foremost exponent of that type of American which owes the very minimum to foreign influence; which is really and indubitably American.

Abraham Lincoln showed elements of true greatness, in excess, I think, of those displayed by George Washington, in the method and matter of his education. Both were surveyors, and had the elementary educational preparation for that occupation; but George Washington had no such occasion for a display of heroism and self-reliant persistence in the securing of his education as had Abraham Lincoln. He did not need to go far or to practice self-denial to attend the school of Mr. Hobby or to continue his studies under direction of his brother. He was sent to school: Lincoln went to school. There is an important distinction.



Picture by Rollin Kirby

The picture of Lincoln studying by the light of pine knots and doing his sums on a shovel makes a strong appeal to the popular imagination.



From the original owned by Oliver R. Barrett

A page from Lincoln's self-compiled arithmetic.

The picture of Abraham Lincoln studying by the light of pine knots, doing his sums on the back of the wooden fire shovel, trudging with his sister Sarah long distances to a slab school, and pulling fodder for three days to pay for a damaged copy of Parson Weems' Life of Washington, make a powerful appeal to the popular imagination. As long as the story of Abraham Lincoln and his schooling ring true to American life, aspiring youth in this country need never face the future in despair.

LINCOLN'S eminence in the matter of his education grows upon us when we remember his subsequent attempts to make good, in part, the disadvantages of his early preparation. There is nothing in the career of George Washington that can be cited as a parallel for the way in which Abraham Lincoln studied law in New Salem, nor for the way in which, after his term of Congress, and at the age of forty, he mastered Euclid and the Elements of Logic. When John Locke Scripps wrote his campaign Life of Lincoln in 1860, he enumerated Plutarch's Lives among the books that Lincoln had read. Lincoln had not read that work, but, deeming the inclusion of the title in the list of his supposed accomplishments an indication that he ought to have read it, he did not correct the proof, but obtained the four volumes and read them. After the humiliation which he suffered in Cincinnati at the hands of Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln, hurt to the heart, did not nurse his injury, but went back to Illinois "to study law."

These incidents and the qualities they disclose make Abraham Lincoln a symbol for American life. They give incentive to all who seek self-improvement under adverse conditions. The influence of his humility upon American youth is mighty, and beyond all computation. We realize at once that no other country could have produced a man like Lincoln, and no other country could have afforded him such opportunity for development.

Still further, we realize that such men are potentially present in each generation of American life, and we are continually reminded of the necessity that civilization shall reinforce itself from its rear, and bring forward into the fighting front of our manhood the men who deserve and can improve the opportunities that made Lincoln what he was.

WASHINGTON, from the beginnings of his career, had the assistance of powerful friends. Lord Fairfax made him most generous payment for his surveying. It was not unusual for Washington to earn twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents a day from so liberal a paymaster, and his employment was continuous. He invested in land on liberal terms. If Lincoln got three dollars a day he did well, and his employment was most irregular. Lincoln, too, had friends, and he owed them more than usually has been conceded. But when he first

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

"It was washable . . *but* NOT *the way I did it*"

An unfortunate experience in washing a new chiffon dress

126 East 59th Street,
New York City

"WHEN I BOUGHT IT they told me it was washable. And it was washable, but not the way I did it. It was a printed chiffon—a lovely dress, green and white, one of the newest designs. I washed it myself—*not* in Lux, I must confess. It faded badly—so badly that I wouldn't have worn it again.

"I took it back to the store and reminded them that they had sold it to me as washable. They said of course they assumed I would wash such a delicate thing in Lux.

"The design and style of the dress pleased me so much that I bought another exactly like the first to take with me on a trip to Bermuda. I've *always* washed it in Lux and will wear the dress again this summer. It still looks like new."

—*Janet Taylor.*

(*A recent investigation shows that 71% of the women interviewed in New York City use Lux for washing their silks and printed chiffons, their sensitive woolens and other fine things*)

[These three interesting letters were selected from the 475,000 received this year by Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.]

782 Dudley Street, Dorchester, Mass.

"I WAS INVITED UP NORTH to enjoy the winter sports, only to find that my favorite skiing sweater—a brilliant all-over design—looked dingy and unattractive. And there wasn't time to send it to the cleaner's! My sister told me I was a goose not to wash it myself in Lux. So I did and I wish you could see it! The colors are just as bright as they were originally and it didn't shrink a particle, thanks to Lux. Everyone at the house party admired my sweater—they thought it was a *new* one."

—*Miss Dorothy E. Casey.*

(*76% of the women interviewed in Boston use Lux for washing their fine things, including woolens*)

623 Lake Avenue,
Wilmette (suburb of Chicago)

"HAND-MADE FRENCH UNDERTHINGS are not exactly common possessions of mine! So when I brought two lovely crepe de chine slips from Paris I resolved then and there that no laundress would ever touch them.

"But, as luck would have it, one slip did get into my laundress' hands and she washed it in the good old-fashioned way. Its charm vanished—it became just an ordinary, washed-out looking undergarment.

"Yesterday I washed the other slip in Lux. Really it looked prettier than the day I bought it. I was so delighted I had to sit down and write you a note of thanks for Lux."

—*Mary C. Jarvis.*

(*78% of the women interviewed in Chicago used Lux*)

If it's safe in water · · it's safe in Lux

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]
announced himself a candidate for office he truthfully said that he had no rich or powerful friends or relations. It was true then, and it continued true.

I think it is Carlyle, in his Life of Robert Burns, who says that a dwarf behind a stationary engine can dig away a mountain, but that he is no dwarf who hews it down with a pickax, and only a Titan can remove it with his naked arms. No man ever removed a mountain with utterly bare arms, but Lincoln came nearer to that accomplishment than most men.

I DO not want to discuss here and now Abraham Lincoln's marriage, much less to contrast it with that of Washington, except in one particular. While Lincoln's marriage to Mary Todd was socially an advantage, and I think did more for him in other ways than some authors admit, it did not bring him wealth, nor did it at the time further his political ambitions. It is rather surprising that, just after his marriage to Miss Todd, Lincoln's political fortunes suffered a measure of eclipse.

But no one can doubt what Washington's marriage did for him, not only socially, but in the matter of wealth and prestige.

Abraham Lincoln did not marry any money. He had to struggle against dire poverty. Not till he served as a member of Congress did he get out of debt, and that by economy. In those days they used to sing a song about the love of the Congressman for his *per diem:*

In Washington, full once a year, do
politicians throng,
Contriving there by various arts
to make their session long.
And many a reason do they give
why they're obliged to stay,
But the clearest reason yet adduced
is eight
dollars
a day.

It is not known that anyone denied that this was the real reason for the length of Congressional sessions, and one wonders what reason of equal validity could be given now for their greater length. Eight dollars a day was what Lincoln got, and it enabled him to get out of debt about 1849, when he was forty years old and had been seven years married. He owned a home and had some money in the bank when he went to Washington as President, and he died worth $110,000; but the iron of poverty had gone deep into his soul. Washington knew nothing like it, and surmounted no such obstacles on his way to well merited triumph. After Washington's marriage, he was master of a vast estate, while Abraham and Mary Lincoln boarded at the Globe Tavern at a total cost, for the two, of four dollars a week for room and board.

It would not be fair to contrast Washington and Lincoln in their attitude toward slavery, for though Washington acquired many slaves by his marriage, he believed in freedom. It was Abraham Lincoln's high privilege to give freedom to the slave. I verily believe that under like conditions George Washington would have done the same. But I do not forget that this supreme and perilous opportunity Abraham Lincoln met with nobility and fortitude.

He promised his God, and so told his Cabinet, that he would do this thing; and his high resolution, based on what he counted supreme obligation, silenced the opposition of such of them as were not in sympathy with his proclamation of emancipation or who believed it unwise at the time.

Photo by courtesy of Judge Henry Horner

The Globe Tavern, Springfield, Illinois, where in 1843 Lincoln and his wife boarded for four dollars a week.

Finally, I assign the foremost place to Abraham Lincoln for his almost perfect equipoise of those antithetic qualities which qualify a man for leadership in a republic. I do not forget that Washington was a leader, both in government and on the battlefield; but Lincoln was, I believe, the supreme leader and exponent of American democratic life and thought.

You shall search through ancient and modern history and find few to name in the same group with him. I will presently name one, taking a page out of the lore of ancient time, and he shall illustrate my meaning.

A MONARCHY or oligarchy can raise up a portion of its leadership by the processes of privilege and primogeniture; not so a republic. It must create its leadership out of its common stuff, and, what is more, it must recognize its leaders and exalt them. When it fails in either, democracy is doomed.

In this process there are two great dangers. The first is that a republic shall grow sterile of the stuff of heroes. Isaiah wailed, in a crisis of his time, that the children were come to the birth and there was not strength to bring them forth. Abortive leadership through sterility of the national ideal is a chief peril of a democracy. The glory of individual life is lost in the mass.

The other danger is the familiar one of the Athenian voter who requests a stranger to mark his shell for a vote in favor of the banishment of Aristides. When Aristides, for it is no other who holds the shell and is about to mark it with a vote for his own banishment, asks the voter whether he has ever met the ruler whom he desires to expel, or knows any ill of him, the voter replies that he does not know Aristides and knows nothing to his discredit, but that he is tired of hearing him forever called "the just." It is this attitude that drags democracy down to the level of mediocrity.

But a democracy must conceive and bear and nurture and recognize and set on high its own leaders, and, if it fails, it must die. It nearly failed in the case of Washington. It nearly failed in the case of Lincoln; but not quite.

THE leader must have in greater or less degree a high development of two antithetic qualities. First, he must see farther than the body of the people. Secondly, he must not go so far ahead of the people as to lose their confidence and support.

I promised an illustration from ancient history. It is that of Moses. He needed foresight, prophetic discernment, ability to think out a program by which a mob of serfs could be taken out of bondage and made capable of self-government. But he also needed that other, and strikingly different, quality which gave him the confidence of those same people, and made them capable of fighting successful wars, bearing many and widely varied hardships, and centralized their corporate life around an ideal that could inspire them and unify them and create within them the potency of statehood.

Now, if Moses had had the first of these two qualities and not the second, he might have parted the waters of the Red Sea, and no one would have crossed. He might have turned the rivers of Egypt into blood, but left his people sweltering in the brickyards. And if he had had the second of those qualities and not the first, he would have left their bones to whiten in the wilderness, if indeed he did not lose them all between the unparted waters and the pursuing army.

Of all leaders in American political life, no other man possessed the high qualities of leadership in such perfect equilibrium as Abraham Lincoln.

Great as was Washington, he was not, in this respect, Lincoln's equal.

He is first in the American heart and first in the world's best thought when it seeks to think kindly and hopefully of America.

Our foremost American is swiftly on the way to becoming the foremost among world citizens.

THE END

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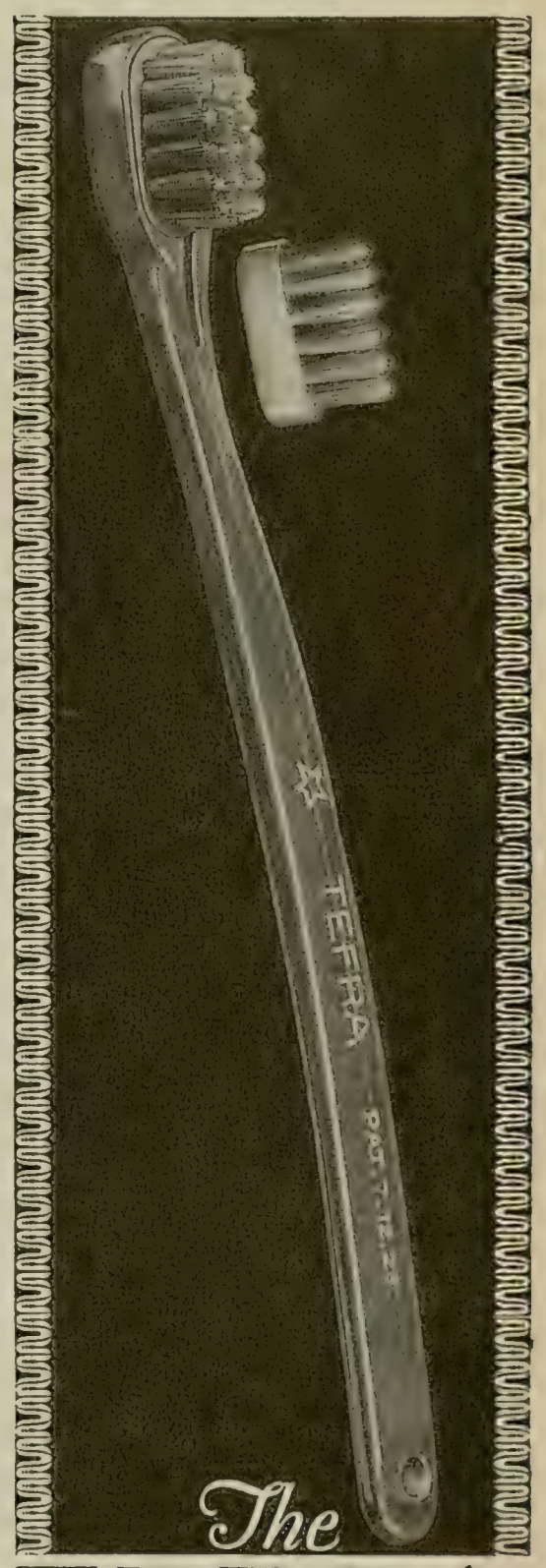

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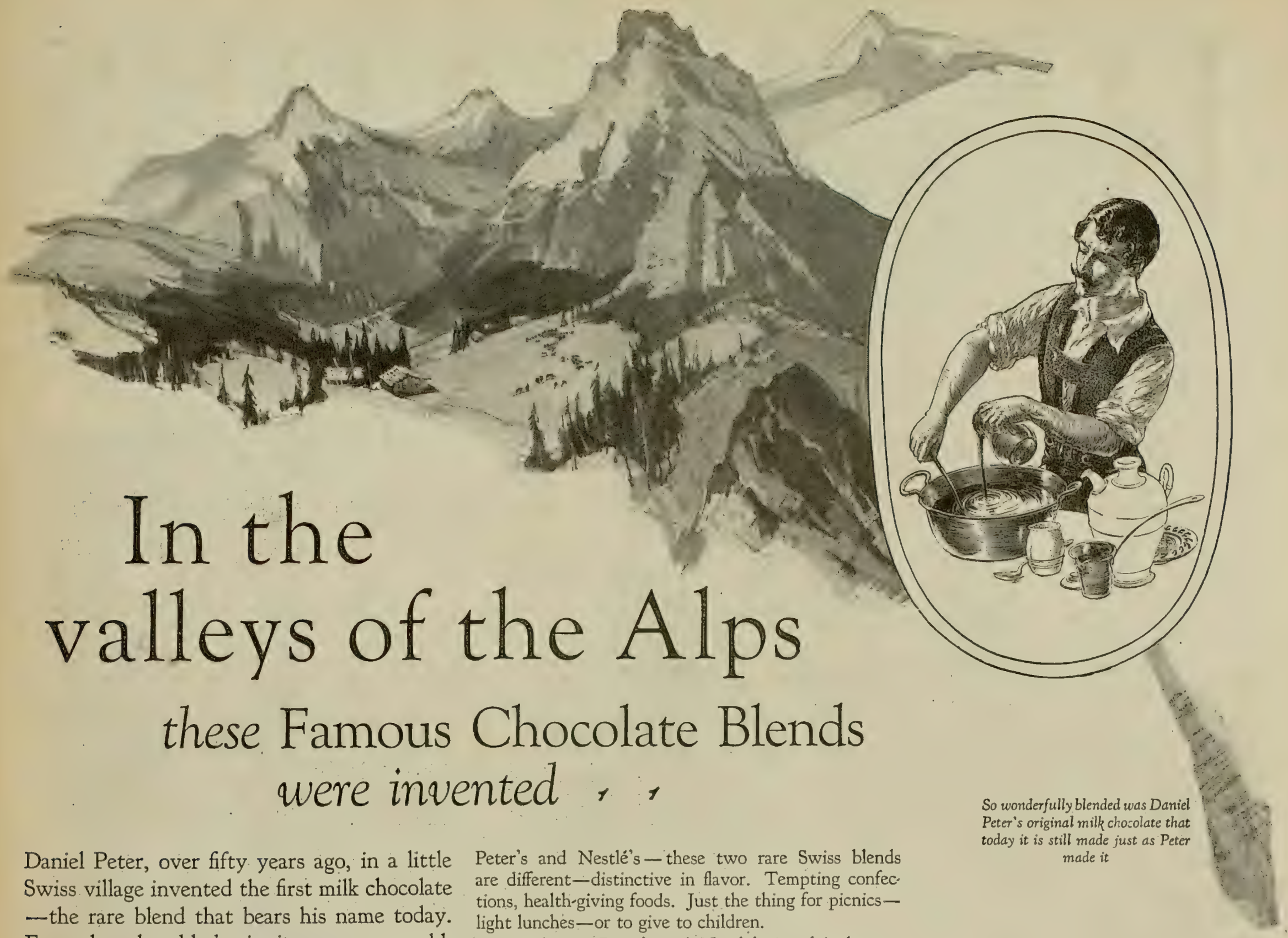

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Daniel Peter, over fifty years ago, in a little Swiss village invented the first milk chocolate —the rare blend that bears his name today. From these humble beginnings grew a world-wide industry.

Of all the varieties of cocoa beans gathered from far corners of the world—the six choicest go into Peter's.

These are mixed and roasted by his secret process to produce a delicious food confection—rich in chocolate flavor. Today in America this famous blend is made exactly as Daniel Peter used to make it, with the same fine rare flavor. Peter's is the favorite of all who love the strong chocolate taste.

Peter's and Nestlé's—these two rare Swiss blends are different—distinctive in flavor. Tempting confections, health-giving foods. Just the thing for picnics—light lunches—or to give to children.

You can get Peter's and Nestlé's in plain bars—crisp almond bars—or in convenient separately wrapped croquette packages. Both are made by the world's oldest manufacturer of milk chocolate, the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Fulton, N.Y.

So wonderfully blended was Daniel Peter's original milk chocolate that today it is still made just as Peter made it

Richest in Chocolate

Peter's is the richest in chocolate flavor of all milk chocolates. Made from the old Swiss formula invented by Daniel Peter and blended by expert Swiss methods, it is irresistibly delicious—the choice of thousands of chocolate lovers who want a full-strength chocolate taste

Another Swiss triumph—the creamiest chocolate of all!

And then for the thousands who prefer a creamy mellow flavor these same experts developed a second blend—Nestlé's—creamiest of all milk chocolates!

Nestlé's, too, is made by the expert processes perfected by the Swiss. Rich pure milk—gallons upon gallons of it—goes into Nestlé's. You wouldn't believe milk chocolate could be so creamy!

Richest in Cream

No other milk chocolate blend is as rich in cream as Nestlé's. Mild—delightful—this remarkable milk chocolate is a triumph of velvety creaminess. Fresh milk with all its cream gives it that smooth richness that makes Nestlé's the favorite of all who love a mellower creamier blend

RENEGADES

A Short Story of a War Bird Who Stretched the Mason-Dixon Line to France

"WHAT ho!" he said, coming out and dropping feet first to the ground.

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

I STEPPED into the bar of the Club in New York one day and caught a glimpse of Bill Walling's back. I joined him and found that he was making a mint julep. He had four or five flasks on the bar, a queer assortment of instruments, and a young forest of mint. One sample was nicely frosted and he passed it to me for a taste. It was terrible and I told him so. He nodded sadly.

"I know it," he said, "but it's the best I can do. And the only man in the world who can make a real soul-sapping julep is gone." He shook his head sadly. "He's not dead but he won't come up and mix 'em for me."

We sat down at a table and I asked him why the julep expert wouldn't come up. And this is the story Bill told me:

ONE day in August, just before the big push in front of Cambrai, the colonel called up and told me to go over to 228 Squadron and talk to their major about a joint patrol. I was with an American squadron, but we were working on the British front in a brigade of the Royal Air Force and were equipped with Sop-with Camel planes. Except for the personnel, we might as well have been a British squadron. We'd learned to eat meat pies and drink warm likker.

I flew over to 228's airdrome and landed and asked for their C. O. Someone told me he was up in the air, so I took off my flying clothes and strolled over toward their mess. I was walking along the tarmac in front of the hangars when I saw something which made my eyes bulge.

A Camel was out on the line, and painted on the side of the fuselage was a large red, white, and blue flag. Any flag on a plane was unusual enough and against all orders, but this was something even stranger than that. It was not the Union Jack; it was not the Stars and Stripes or the Tricolor.

I rubbed my eyes to make sure. It was the Stars and Bars—the Bonnie Blue Flag of Dixie!

Involuntarily I murmured aloud a couplet:

"The warrior's banner takes its flight
To greet the warrior's soul."

Whenever you see a picture of the Bonnie Blue Flag you always find that verse under it.

Then I went on to investigate.

A mechanic was turning the propeller over slowly and I could hear muffled curses from inside the cockpit. A long pair of legs incased in field boots was waving above it—which indicated that their owner's head was somewhere up underneath the center section.

"Whoa, right there," a voice drawled. "Now, gee a bit; no, gee, I said—back up! Right-o! Ain't that the limit? The fool-killer is going to get that cock-eyed gunnery

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

officer. Silly ass! The bloody cam is timed all Ak over Toc. No wonder I've been shooting off blinkin' props as fast as I put 'em on. All right, wash out; tell the gunnery sergeant to come adjust it and I'll strafe hell out of that blasted blighter!"

The accent he used paralyzed me. He sounded like a youth in the throes of adolescence. He shifted in the middle of a sentence from the flat drawl of a hill-billy to the elegance of a Piccadilly dandy.

He came out feet first, dropped to the ground, spied me, and looked me over carefully.

"What ho!" said he scornfully. "Another young democrat come over to make the world safe. Where're your fourteen points? Haven't lost any of them, have you, old bean?"

I refused to be insulted.

"Same to you," I responded, "and many happy returns. But for Pete's sake tell me where you got a Georgia accent with a Piccadilly detonation."

"I've been both places," he told me, smiling pleasantly.

HE wiped his hands off on some rags and then picked up his tunic and cap. I noticed that he was a captain of the Royal Air Force and wore a decoration—the Military Cross.

"And why the Bonnie Blue Flag?" I asked.

"That plane, old thing, represents the entire air service of the Confederate States of America."

"I didn't know they'd declared war on Germany yet."

"Well, you should jolly well read the papers."

"Don't kid me," I told him. "My nervous system won't stand it. What's the big idea—have you escaped from some institution or is it just a minor case of shell shock?"

"You damn Yankees may not recognize that flag as the emblem of a soverign State, but I'm teaching the Germans to salute it."

"Yankee yourself," I snapped back, "and see how you like it. I suppose you're going to tell me next why Longstreet overslept at Gettysburg. Don't Mason-and-Dixon me. I'm from the South myself."

"Well, you don't talk like it," he said suspiciously.

"Neither do you all the time. You sound like a cockney at Oxford. I've been away at school and college and with the R. A. F. so long I've got an accent like a ventriloquist's dummy. But I can give the rebel yell and cuss Yankees just as long as you can."

"That's different," he admitted. "Pardon my French. Come on over to my hut while I wash up and I'll give you a drink. What're you doing over here? Looking for souvenirs?"

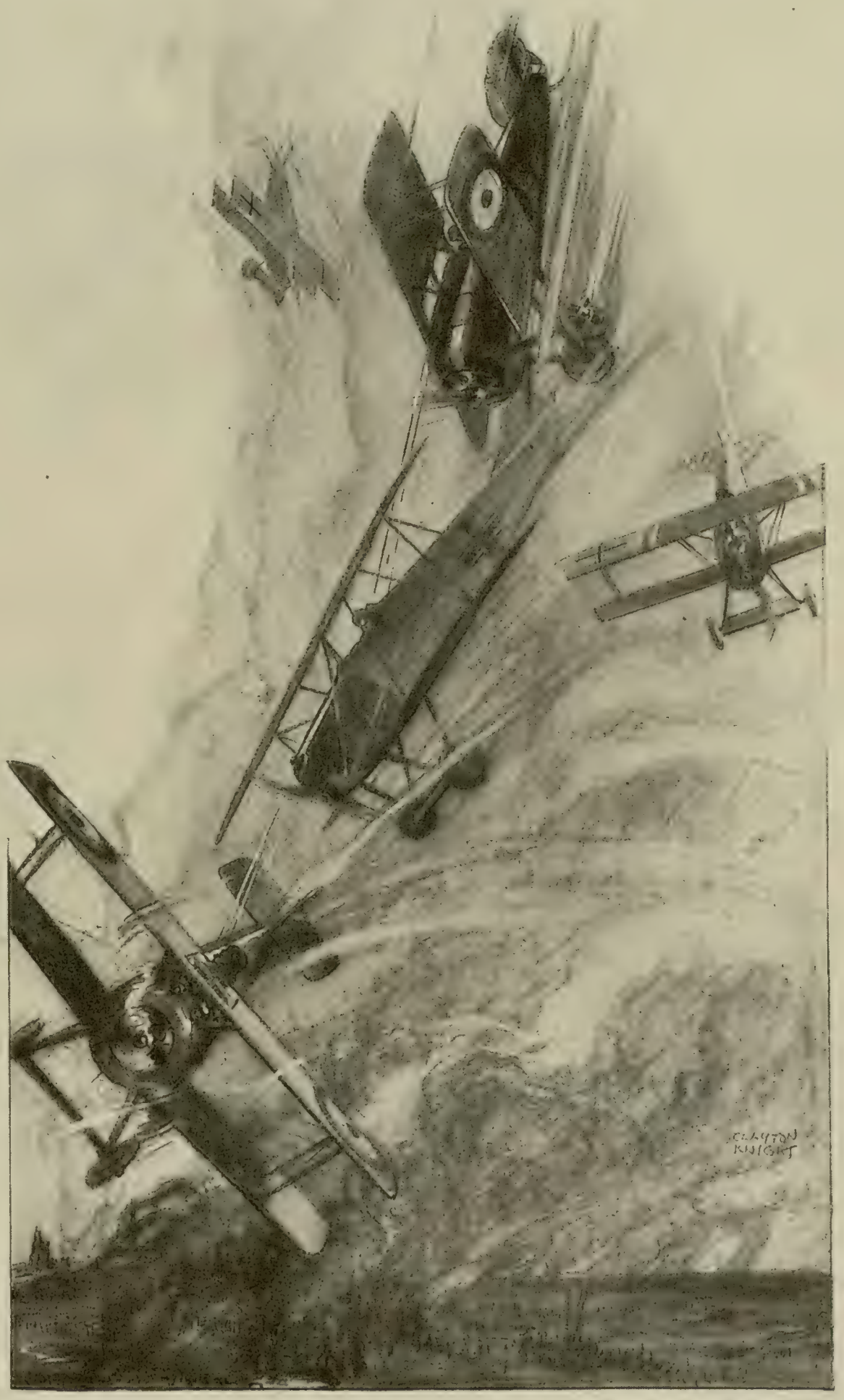
"I came over to see the major about our joint patrols. I'm a flight commander in the American Camel Squadron over at Bugnatre."

"My gawd, you don't say so! Say, what do you birds think you're doing—running a suicide club? I saw some of your men over shooting at a bally balloon on the ground the other day and I saw two of 'em go down and stay down. Ruddy nonsense!"

"Well, that's what the colonel told us to do," I explained. "He said to get that balloon at all costs, so we did."

"Don't you know no better than that? You don't want to take what a brass-hat tells you seriously. One of the simple souls is liable to send you over to Berlin after some beer for him. Pukka fools, some of 'em. Here we are—in here."

We went into his hut and I lighted a cigarette while he washed his hands and face. Then he put his head out of the door and yelled for his orderly, who responded at double time.



I heard a new pair of guns and knew they were ours because they were faster than the Spandaus.

"Yes, sir," said the orderly, snapping to attention.

"Just pluck me a little mint, Jenkins. Be sure and get only the tender shoots. Have you watered it today?"

"Yes, sir," responded Jenkins and made off around the corner.

"Mint?" I inquired.

"Sure. Had the devil's own time growing it. And every time I get a good bed started somewhere we move off and I have to transplant it. Beastly nuisance! One of the Ak Emmas used to be a gardener and he has rigged up a jolly little irrigation scheme for me."

The orderly brought him a handful of mint and we went over to the mess where there was a regular bar, complete with rail and mirror.

Then the captain set about mixing a julep which, according to his method, required about an hour. First he picked off all the leaves and washed them. Then he put them in a cup with some brandy and crushed them with a special tool that he had. Sort of a small pestle.

"Some people don't crush the leaves," he confided to me, "because they say it makes the drink bitter, but it's all right if you don't crush the stem and it saves steeping. I'm a little low on rye now, so will have to use Canadian Club and cognac. The sugar is not the best. I got it from the sergeant's mess and we'll have to do with it. The ice came off the fish in Amiens, but it's been washed good."

An orderly pulverized some ice for him and he soon had two of the largest, coldest juleps that had been made since Andrew Jackson threatened to hang John C. Calhoun. He set them before us in two sawed-off shell cases, handed me a straw, and crooked his arm invitingly.

"Can you sing The Bonnie Blue Flag?" he inquired.

"Certainly. Contact! Lead off with your high C."

So we two scions of the Lost Cause stood before the bar in a British squadron in France and sang with tears in our eyes:

"We are a band of brothers
And native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty,
With treasure, blood, and toil.
And when our rights were threatened,
The cry rose near and far,
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Southern rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star."

That's our national anthem, you know—only Yankees and drunks get excited over Dixie.

NOW, where I came from, babies are reared on the sugar out of the bottom of juleps, but I never tasted one like that before. Possibly it was because I hadn't had one for months and my throat was parched. But I still think it was the granddaddy of all juleps.

We sat down and resumed our conversation. Previously he had been too busy to talk.

"What are you doing in that uniform?" I asked him as my curiosity got the better of me.

"Fighting," he answered with his face buried in the julep.

"What's the matter? Couldn't you wait till we got in it?"

"No. I didn't join until last May."

"Your own State militia is in this scrap; why didn't you join them?"

"I told you I'm the Confederate Air Service."

I couldn't help but smile.

"Guess you think I'm crazy," he told me, "but I wanted to get in this scrap, so here I am."

The julep was loosening his tongue and I urged him on.

"Well, it's this way," he resumed, coming up for air. "I didn't have any parents, so my grandpa raised me. He fought from Bull Run to Appomattox. He had four brothers killed

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

in the war and got hit twice himself. He raised me to hate Yankees. I still do. After the war he swore he'd never cross the Mason-Dixon line and he never did. He made me promise the same thing."

"How'd you get over here, then?" I inquired, as he put his face in the julep again.

"Came over on a boat from Savannah with a load of cotton and mules. But that's nothing. I went to the State University and I had to give up my position on the football team once to keep from going up North to play Yale."

"YOU sure are a good grandson," I told him, "but a rotten citizen and you ought to get over it now. We got licked fair and it's our country until the Germans take it away from us. That's the battle now. We need experienced pilots badly and you can transfer to us. Why don't you? They'd give you command of a squadron down south."

"Transfer? Not me. Not to command your whole air service. You don't get the idea."

"I'm getting along all right," I insisted. "My grandfather's grave is quiet. And it's dug at Antietam, too. And I'm just as good a Southerner as you are."

"Maybe you are and maybe you aren't," he replied.

"JUST pluck a little mint, Jenkins. Be sure and get only the tender shoots."

"When Sherman came through he burned three hundred bales of cotton. That was about all the property we had left."

"He burned our place on the same trip," I said.

"Maybe so. But you're a renegade. Grandpa and me ain't never surrendered. Why, grandpa had loaned a man ten thousand dollars in gold and when the man tried to pay it back in Confederate money just before Jeff Davis was captured he took it. Folks asked him why. He told 'em he could not refuse to honor his country's currency. When he came back home in '65 he didn't have a cent.

"Sherman had burned the railroad bridge over the river just below home. Grandpa built a ferry and got his start by putting passengers over the river to the transfer trains. He was Grand Cyclops of the Ku Klux during reconstruction and had to leave the country for six years. Went down to Mexico. Came back in '76. And you want me to transfer? Why, my grandmother used to walk around four blocks to keep from passing underneath the Stars and Stripes."

I couldn't help but laugh. "So did mine, I guess," I told him.

"But you've got no more reason to hate Yankees than I have. I had to study American history in a Yankee school. Can you imagine that? I had a fight with every other kid after every class. It took 'em a long time to subdue me, of Georgia lightning and my ground work was uncertain. He was to lead the lower flight for 228, so we arranged rendezvous and signals.

For the next two weeks we worked with that squadron on all patrols. The Germans had concentrated a number of Fokker squadrons opposite us and were sending out large numbers of them at one time, so we were driven to using the same tactics. The Fokkers were better than Camels high up and they could raise hell with us. I would take out two flights of five ma-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I hated 'em like poison, but they taught me to respect their ability as scrappers. So I'm perfectly happy to fight beside them now instead of against 'em. They were at least good enough to lick the British that you've signed up with. We're all shooting at the same Heinies now, so what the hell!"

SEVERAL other officers came in and I was introduced to them. They all demanded juleps and the captain set about preparing them. They asked him if I was a prisoner of war he had captured and he explained that I was his ally even if I was a renegade. One of the officers was the major. I explained my mission to him and we withdrew to make plans for our next patrol. After another julep, I decided I'd better get home while I could and left. The captain walked out to my plane with me and helped me to get off. I needed help because those juleps had the kick

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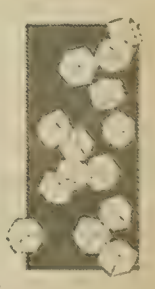

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Some "trivial" abuse of themselves, *every day*. It breaks them years before their time. The average man in America starts on the down hill road at the age of 31!

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[RENEGADES Continued from Page Forty-one]

chines each from my squadron and the flagship of the Confederate Air Service would be leading ten planes from 228. We had Clerget motors and couldn't get above fifteen thousand feet, but they had Bentley motors and would hover above us at eighteen to twenty thousand—hiding up in the sun to surprise the Huns when they dove on us. A nice trap!

We got into a number of minor skirmishes and a few dog-fights, but the Huns were wary and kept out from under the trap. They were using from fifteen to twenty machines on a patrol.

Then one morning something different happened. I was leading our squadron at twelve thousand with five planes and had five more at fourteen thousand. Two hundred and twenty-eight was up at eighteen thousand with nine planes, but the sun was against us in the morning and they couldn't keep invisible.

About eight miles over the line I saw ten Fokkers at the level of my top flight. They came over toward us to see what was going on. I turned parallel to the lines and waited. I didn't have to wait long. Five Fokkers came down and mixed in with us, and my top flight came down on them. The other five Fokkers came down on them and everybody was turning and firing like a regular mob scene. It looked like cold meat for 228 above. I got my eye out of my sights long enough to see them coming down on the top Huns and my heart rejoiced. But not for long. There were about fifteen more Fokkers up in the sun and they came on down on 228. Things looked bad. We'd been caught in our own trap.

By that time the sky was full of planes and everybody had a private war right in his own lap. Some of our Dolphins came up and leaped in and bullets were streaking across the sky in all directions. I saw two of our planes and one German go down. Then I saw a flamer go down, but I couldn't see whose it was—it was burning so fast.

ONE Hun was persistent as the devil and kept right on my tail. I was in a vertical bank, turning as fast as I could, and he wasn't able to get his sights on me. But still he hung on and turned with me. I took a crack or two at him, but couldn't come near him. The boy was good. We were both losing altitude fast and I looked up to see the dog-fight five thousand feet above me. It was breaking up and the planes were separating out. Our machines were easing back. But I couldn't join them—I was busy with this one belligerent Hun. He was sure mad about something.

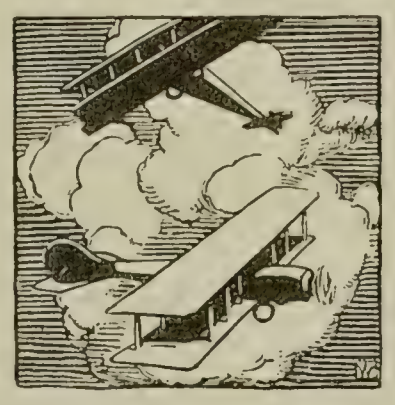
We fought on down—eight thousand, five thousand, three thousand, through some clouds—and then the ground began to loom up big. I did a quick turn and got on the Hun's tail, but he half rolled and stalled up at me. I half rolled and got in good position to get him. My Camel was as good as his Fokker down low.

Just then two of his friends came down to help him. I heard a *crack, crack, crack* behind me

THE Captain set about mixing one of his juleps, which required about an hour.

and saw the tracer going by in front of my nose. I had to reverse my bank and then the other one opened up. So did the gates of hell. I knew I was gone. I looked up and saw some more Fokkers and east of them a bunch of our planes, but none of them were coming down to help me. I went into a tight spiral and the three Huns took turn-about shooting at me. I was still losing altitude and it looked like, if I wasn't hit pretty soon, I'd be forced to land. There was no use trying to straighten out—as soon as I'd come out of that spiral I'd be hit by all three of them.

I looked down to see where I was going to land and got a worse shock. There was a battle going on down below and the artillery was just tearing up the ground. I thought I felt a shell go by me. Shells were bursting everywhere. There was no hope of landing down there. Gas too—and I had no mask. I couldn't surrender if I'd wanted to, so I kept on spiraling. The ground was getting closer and closer and my heart was beating faster and faster.



I was stymied, cooked, euchred, deflated, busted, and fini. I yelled goodby to myself and came out of the spiral for a last fight —I had to do something!

Just then I heard a new pair of guns. I knew they were ours because they were faster than the Spandaus and I saw the tracer going toward the Hun that was nearest me. I turned around and saw another Camel flash by me. The Hun dived and I caught a glimpse of the Camel as it went by and turned toward another Hun. It had the Bonnie Blue Flag on its fuselage and a hand waved to me. I gave the rebel yell and turned toward the third Hun and let him have both guns head on. He turned and I dove to take a crack at the other Hun which was circling back up into the fight. A Fokker flashed by me with a Camel on its tail firing both guns and another Fokker was on the Camel's tail firing at it. I took the second Fokker and poured two guns into him. With each gun firing nine hundred rounds a minute the sky was sort of full of lead for a minute.

MAYBE I wasn't hot! I had on a fur suit for zero weather at high altitude and it must have been ninety on the ground and I was sweating like a julep glass and had to throw my goggles away because they were all steamed up.

By that time it was all over and the sky was all clear except for two Camels. I waved and the other one waggled and we came on back, just clearing the tree tops as we crossed the lines in a shower of machine-gun fire from the ground.

I got back to the squadron and found great excitement among the young warriors. Four men were missing and two of them had already telephoned in that they were down on our side of the lines. Archie confirmed four Huns for us, one of them down low at the last. Two hundred and twenty-eight had two men missing and the Dolphins were short one man. The colonel arrived in a few minutes and began sorting out the details. Everybody told a different story. Each pilot had a different idea of the altitude, the time, and the place. The top flight said the fight was fifteen miles from where the Dolphins said it was and I came to the conclusion I wasn't in the same fight with them.

I WAS bawling the others out for not coming down to help me, but they all swore they hadn't seen me. I wanted to know how one of 228's men up above them had seen me.

Finally the colonel telephoned over to 228 and told their C. O. and the captain to come on over and make a report on the fight. They flew over in a few minutes. I fell on the captain's neck with gratitude and he was much embarrassed. The C. O. said there were over fifty holes in his plane. Mine was like a sieve, too.

The colonel got everything straightened out except who got the Hun down low. I hadn't seen it go down, so I told him it must have been the captain. The captain said he saw it go down, but swore I got it.

"Well," said the colonel, "one of you did and ought to get a citation out of it. Jolly good show! Suppose you toss for it."

"No," I said; "if you don't mind, I think the captain is entitled to that Hun, no matter who hit him, and I don't think I did. He saved my life. I insist he take him."

"Shut up," says the captain to me. "This is a U. S. squadron and if I got that Hun, all right—but I want you to have it so the U. S. will get credit for it in dispatches." Then he turned to the colonel.

"Let it go at that, colonel, and I'll build you a gallon of julep tonight like I did Memorial Day. By the way, you told me once I could transfer if I wanted to. Suppose you take my application now, because I understand this squadron needs a new man."

And that bird kept his promise about the julep.

Strike me pink if I can ever make them taste like he did, though he spent the next two months teaching me how. He took Bob's place as flight commander and when the C. O. got bit by his dog he got the squadron.

But he still won't cross the Mason-Dixon line and come on up here to show me what's wrong with them. This one sure is terrible.

Another story of War Birds by Captain Elliott White Springs will appear in an early issue of LIBERTY. It is called Sore Subjects and in it you will read more of the daring exploits of the men admired by millions of readers of War Birds, the diary of an unknown aviator killed in France.

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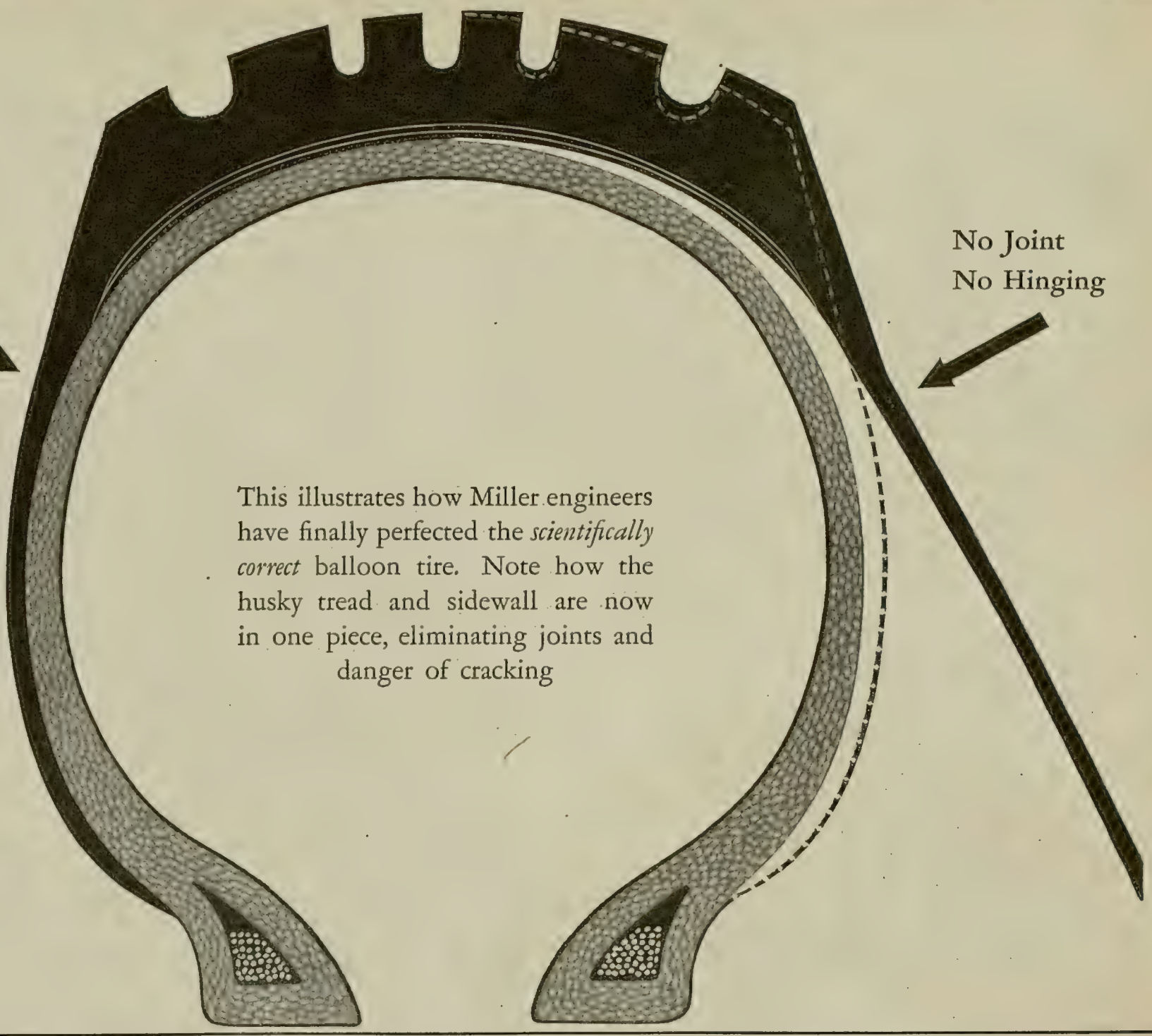

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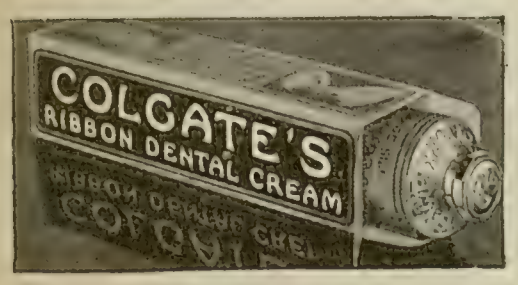

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Now see how many of these you can answer:

1—How much does the field outfit of an American infantryman weigh?—*Mrs. E. H. Wells, Sycamore, Ill.*

2—What was Paul Revere noted for besides his famous ride?—*Kate Rosenberg, Atlantic City, N. J.*

3—What is "fool's gold"?—*H. J. Blumhart, Battle Creek, Mich.*

4—Who is the author of the phrase, "It is much easier to be critical than correct"?—*J. Edward Raiser, Galion, Ohio.*

5—How does the American Sam Browne belt differ from the British?—*J. B. Healy, San Francisco, Calif.*

6—Did President Wilson sign the Volstead Act?—*W. A. Gillespie, Memphis, Tenn.*

7—Does Hawaii send a representative to Congress?—*Mrs. Ben C. Rogers, Des Moines, Ia.*

8—What stone is harder than the transparent white diamond?—*Leonard J. Aue, Toledo, Ohio.*

9—What President never made an address in public during his term of office?—*M. Sandman, Huntington, N. Y.*

10—What is the number of officers and men in a war-strength United States infantry regiment?—*Thomas D. Temple, Scotland Neck, N. C.*

11—What famous painter and sculptor was the first to master some of the principles of mechanical flight?—*R. T. Daniel, Cincinnati, O.*

12—Who was the only President that served in Congress after his administration?—*Curtis S. Jarvis, Virginia Beach, Va.*

13—What woman has her likeness on a postage stamp although not a citizen of the country thus honoring her?—*Louise Wheeler, Washington, D. C.*

14—What animal's fur is known as "ermine"?—*W. J. Logan, San Francisco, Calif.*

15—Who was the first woman Governor in the United States?—*Mrs. A. L. Brawdy, Wilkinsburg, Pa.*

16—When was the ice patrol of the North Atlantic begun?—*George L. Newton, Oxford, Mass.*

17—What famous prison used during the Civil War was made from a tobacco warehouse?—*Clara R. Leedy, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.*

18—With how many nations has the United States a treaty giving the right of search for liquor?—*Frank Gillen, Bangor, Me.*

19—What country recently enacted a law taxing bachelors?—*William K. Schwab, Atlantic City, N. J.*

20—Where are the stone forests of America?—*M. O. Clark, Moseley, Va.*

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What college head besides Woodrow Wilson became President of the United States?—*H. Christen, Buffalo, N. Y.*

A.—Millard Fillmore, chancellor of the University of Buffalo from 1846 to 1874, with the exception of 1850-53, when he was President.

2—What are the weapons of an infantry regiment?—*Herbert A. Smith, Baltimore, Md.*

A.—The rifle, bayonet, rifle grenade, hand grenade, automatic pistol, automatic rifle, machine gun, howitzer (one-pounder), and trench mortar.

3—Who is credited with having first said, "To the victors belong the spoils"?—*Dan W. Brookhart, Hays, Kan.*

A.—W. L. Marcy, of New York, United States Senator, nearly 100 years ago.

4—Where were tanks first used in the World War? Who was commander in the section at the time?—*J. Albert Paradis, Jr., Holyoke, Mass.*

A.—Tanks were employed first in the battle of Cambrai, under the command of Gen. Sir Julian Byng.

5—What American vessel was the first to exchange salutes with a foreign nation, and when?—*J. R. Herman, Pensacola, Fla.*

A.—The Ranger, at Quiberon Bay, France, February 14, 1778.

6—To what ruler—though he never learned to write—do we owe the present type of letters, such as occur on this page?—*Robert L. Cook, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

A.—To Charlemagne, King of the Franks, A. D. 768-814, through Alcuin, the English monk.

7—What is the record for throwing a baseball, when made, and by whom?—*E. E. Bevan, San Jose, Calif.*

A.—Sheldon Lejeune holds the record, 426 feet 9½ inches, made at Cincinnati, October 12, 1910.

8—What diseases are spread by unclean milk?—*Dr. G. E. Jorgenson, Clermont, Iowa.*

A.—Tuberculosis, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, and diphtheria.

9—When was the earliest dictionary in use and in what language was it written?—*Mrs. E. B. Wolfe, Blountville, Tenn.*

A.—In the Chinese language, compiled by Pa Out She about 1100 B. C.

10—What insect gasses its enemy?—*E. Phillips, Chicago, Ill.*

A.—The bombardier beetle.

11—When was tarring and feathering a legal punishment?—*Carla F. Rosenthal, Pittsfield, Mass.*

A.—An ordinance of Richard I of England in 1189 made it a penalty for theft.

12—Which of the United States first adopted compulsory education?—*Leo J. Vincelette, Washington, D. C.*

A.—Massachusetts adopted compulsory education in 1852, and New York in 1853.

13—What fruit cannot be grown without the aid of an insect?—*John B. Buchanan, Charleroi, Pa.*

A.—The fig. The fig wasp aids "caprification."

14—Where did the idea originate to adopt the stars and stripes for the American flag?—*Esther Baumann, Forreston, Ill.*

A.—From Washington's coat of arms.

15—What American college built the first concrete stadium for football?—*Mrs. Caroline F. Pettingell, Cambridge, Mass.*

A.—Harvard Stadium, Soldiers Field, Boston, Massachusetts, built in 1903.

16—When and between what two cities was the first government-regulated postal route established in the United States?—*H. F. Thomason, Gulfport, Miss.*

A.—Between New York and Boston in 1672.

17—What was the first railroad to be given a charter in the United States and when did it start operation?—*Thomas M. Rooney, Milwaukee, Wis.*

A.—The Baltimore & Ohio was given a charter in 1827 and started operation one year later.

18—Who published the first textbook on geometry, and when?—*Emmett J. Leahy, Washington, D. C.*

A.—Euclid; 300 B. C.

19—Who pays the expenses of an immigrant detained at Ellis Island?—*R. E. Rich, Washington, D. C.*

A.—The steamship company that transported him.

20—Are Panama hats made in Panama?—*C. A. Palacio, Ancon, Canal Zone, Panama.*

A.—They are made in Ecuador and Colombia, but are known as Panama hats because they are brought to Panama and traded.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

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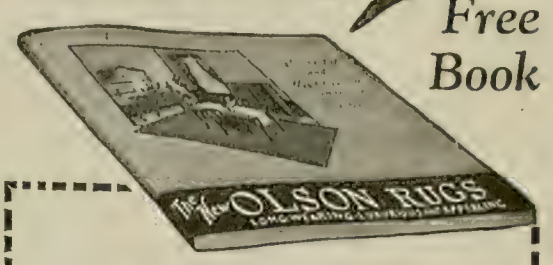

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Portrait of a LADY With Red Hair

The Record of a Flaming Life, Written in Fire

An Autobiography by

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Born to social prestige and reared in luxury, Mrs. Leslie Carter faced poverty, struggle, and heartbreaking work for several years before David Belasco's faith in her ability to become a great actress was justified by her success in The Heart of Maryland. An equally great success in Zaza in New York followed. Next came a great Chicago triumph in Zaza. The social barrier erected against Mrs. Carter because of her divorce threatened to make her appearance there an exceedingly risky undertaking.

In this installment of her autobiography she describes her fear at facing her former Chicago friends, and the amazing ovation that she received on the opening night.

Zaza was so successful that Belasco arranged a London appearance in the title role for Mrs. Carter.]

PART FIVE

PREJUDICE is a terrible thing to overcome. It thrives on the meats of yesterday. It sees only in darkness. Easy to create, it is the most difficult thing in the world to destroy. It seems to rejoice and feed on what first nurtured it and gave it life.

Water it by the sustenance of reason—it sickens. It stultifies progress; it has been so dominant that it has often palsied the hand of art. It is the betrayer of decent impulses; it makes an outcast of justice. If I had begun to believe that now all was clear sailing, I found this great flaming barricade at the outer gates.

One had to have the heart of a Numidian lion to wrestle with the harassments, the grueling, petty incursions into our own particular stamping grounds.

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

MRS. LESLIE CARTER as she appeared in Zaza in 1898.

Brown Brothers photo

A scene from Zaza, with Mrs. Carter talking over her shoulder to Marie Bates.

The world, it seemed, was not big enough to hold me and Leslie Carter at the same time. It was almost as if an unseen battle were being fought between two forces on some spiritual plane.

Billboards advertising me and the play all over Chicago were quickly covered up with white sheeting by hosts of the opposing army. Leslie Carter had become very powerful. He objected to his name being used. Mr. Belasco

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to get 8 hours of Sound Sleep

Now from Switzerland . . a safe, natural way to Instant Sleep—that rests and rebuilds—and gives you renewed energy

Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to instant restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

You go to sleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow—sleep "like a top" until six or seven in the morning—and get up abounding with healthy vigor!

You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

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A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

Not more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

A 3-day Test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

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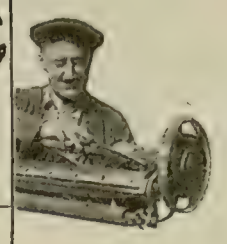

I was in a run-down condition—could not sleep at night. Since taking Ovaltine I feel a 100% better and do not get tired during the day. I take Ovaltine three times a day and now sleep very well.

Claude Mitchel,
Hibbing, Minn.

Many thanks for the 3-day test of Ovaltine. I think it is wonderful. The first night I took it I had a good night's rest. I know it is going to give me just what I want—good sleep.

M. C. Culford
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The Wander Company, Dept. 262
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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine

Name .....

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One package to a person.

[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

just as strongly objected to having his play, representing a great sum of invested money, swallowed up in the maw of the Carter enmity. Swiftly his army would repair the damage of the other.

In the evening the enormous sheets went up, directed by an engulfing and implacable hatred, to obliterate the letters which told the social world of Chicago that a woman's hopes and aims had taken concrete form.

I watched this charade for a long time. It was as if something detached and remote from myself stood there, saying:

"Please, please, don't blot out all that I have worked for. Sometimes it has been very hard, and indeed I have paid. One cannot pay a debt twice over, can one? Every human creature who works has a right to reap the reward of that work. Is there not room enough in the same world for you and for me also? If you walk on the right side, I will take the left; if you walk on the left, I will take the right."

Then, from that inviolate place where such things as bitterness and rancor are not permitted, would come the answer like a shining message; for in the morning once again the brave words in black and red stood there as an emblem of David Belasco's accomplishment and mine.

WE had closed the play for one week, to allow me to recover from quinsy, which was the only time in my whole professional career I ever remember disappointing an audience on account of illness. The newspapers were intimating that this sickness was an excuse—that my courage was not equal to its task.

The night approached for my opening. The day before, I was barely able to stand for weakness. I was sick in body; sick also with a deadly sickness of the soul. The press was against me to a man. I expected this, as I knew of the wheels within wheels.

The Chicago Woman's Club, a powerful and large organization, had never before directed its emasculated energies toward the drama. But now, led by the Medill and Carter contingent, the fiat went out that Zaza should be taboo.

Oh, these women's clubs! Their members herd together like ruminative sheep, keeping close to one another, lest by any chance they receive their knowledge alone and in the open.

Just before I left for the theater—so nervous that the perspiration saturated my clothes—I began to reason that, although people's prejudices were the result of a mass of traditions, whims interlaced with loyalties, associations again interlaced with things half understood, with all their convictions, one way or the other, human beings never yet failed to flare to spirit and pluck. The world never yet had a stone to throw at bravery. Arouse its spirit of fair play and supremely it will rise above itself; on its knees it will render you its

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A shave will *feel* as smooth as it *looks* if you quickly heal the tiny

UNSEEN NICKS

No skin is perfectly smooth! The microscope shows hundreds of tiny irregularities. Some of these are bound to be nicked by even the sharpest razor.

For a cool shave, these tiny cuts must be healed at once. A dash of Pinaud's Lilac on cheeks and chin brings a rush of healing circulation. The quick tingling shows how effective it is! Then you feel a smooth, refreshing coolness!

Pinaud's disinfects, too, and protects against chapping. Get it *to-day* at any drug or department store. Look for Ed. Pinaud's signature on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

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Gentlemen: Please send me, postpaid, one can Seal-Fast Radiator Liquid. 75c enclosed.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

homage—not for your art perhaps, but for your grit.

Not a whisper came back to me where I stood in the wings. Three miles away was a little boy who said, the last time I saw him, both tense small arms clasped tightly around my neck:

"They forbid me to speak of you. Even father says I mustn't mention you when I pray. But," he added soothingly, "don't mind, mamma dear. When I come to the end, I whisper, 'Dear God, just the same,' and I'm sure He knows I mean you."

MR. BELASCO was there at my side, as always. He put out his hand and held mine.

"They are going to crucify me."

I had no power over my lips. I might have said those words; I might only have thought them.

Mr. Dave must have heard, because he watched me closely, never taking his eyes from mine.

"If they do, they'll resurrect you."

Strange, after so long a while, never to have lost recollection of his answer.

"I'm frightened, Mr. Dave—I'm so frightened!" And I would not let his hand go.

The lines of my cue were nearing.

His gaze never left my own. "Good, that's fine—fine!" he said.

Outside was an auditorium full of human beings; the world perhaps was full of them. But no one lived for me. There were just two human beings at that moment—David Belasco and I, in the wings of a theater somewhere on earth.

Finally my cue came. Mr. Dave gave me a gentle push, and my feet bore me on the stage. In the recesses of that confident pressure lay belief unending. With that touch, that bond behind me, I faced them.

I made my entrance to a house packed not alone to its capacity but beyond it. Fire prohibitions in those days did not forbid people to stand. Ranged against the walls at the side of the theater and at the back, they stood three rows deep.

I could not distinguish them plainly, but word had been brought to me that Mrs. Potter Palmer, her sister, Mrs. Fred Grant, and a party of guests were occupying four lower boxes, most of them composed of the Carter clan.

Charles Munn, who married Mrs. P. D. Armour, and some old friends of mine occupied two other boxes on the opposite side.

The last of the '90's, in all its magnificences and splendors of parures of jewels, diamond coronets, collars of pearls! An opening night in those days was a brilliant and beautiful thing to see. Women decorated the audience like gems in a Byzantine crown. The applause that greeted me was half-hearted, fugitive.

Then from out of the blackness—such things never come from light—proceeded a sound like water being dropped into hot fat. It is a paralyzing noise; for that which looms in back of it, if uncontrolled, means destruction. Thumbs were down!

I stared wildly at Marie Bates—the *Aunt Rosa* of the play—and saw that under her make-up she had gone quite white. Rouge or powder never can conceal that pallor which comes from fear.

I began on my first lines—that careless, reckless *Zaza* speech—when again it came, that terrible instrument of man's violence and unforgiveness.

I stopped where I was and made a motion of despair. I looked about the gaudy, blazing stage, out into the negligible blackness—hoping for escape from that deadly tribunal before me—then into the wings. The last thing I saw was Mr. Dave, standing with his head thrown contemptuously back.

THEN Destiny, conscious of her hour, would not allow so pretentious an element as prejudice to interfere with its power of direction. It took me into its own safe, high keeping. Straight into the darkness I walked, down to the footlights.

The house was as still as death—and death is very still. I lifted both arms before me and held them out, palms turned outward, and desperately I waited.

Have you ever been alone with that still, invincible thing which beats in the hidden recesses of the soul? It is what I call the *white minute*. It came when my boy was just born. It is the moment when everything within you is turned inward, when you are completely set apart with it in a great shining light.

You cannot color or move its hour by anything you do or say or think. Your alien body must only wait. I waited.

Then somewhere from out of that cavern of antipathy a voice called on a high, raised, ringing note: "Brayo!" Other voices took it up and shouted it until it beat with a very fury of concentrated, belated emotion.

Ben Roeder said some man who looked like a bartender stood on his seat and yelled: "God! She's going to get her chance if I have any lungs!"

Time, which creates only to destroy, destroyed now only to create; for whatever lay there of bad intent went from it quickly, like a washout from a pan of gold quartz.

AH! Humanity, we are greater than we know. It rallied like splendid legions to a fine cause. It stripped me of my lines by the violence of its generosity. It drenched my face with tears by the tumult and the pandemonium of its stormy *amende honorable*.

The hurricane of sound that flooded the house after the third act was led by Mrs. Palmer herself. She broke her pearl-handled fan in doing it.

After playing Zaza in the large cities of the United States, it was decided that we should take it to London.

Like an ugly garment thrown down at will, I began to shake off those tyrannizing economies that had been a necessity in the past. Always inclined to extravagance, I thought the time had arrived when I could really have what I wanted. A large Georgian house—it might have been put in a museum for the perfection of its architecture—was offered me at Queens Gate, near Hyde Park. Like a child, I chose it for its bigness and spaciousness.

England! Who has words at his command to tell what she is? I have lived in London during two wars—the last time when she was torn by the most terrible one of history. A race of people that decade after decade could keep Covent Garden for you intact, with its memories of Nell Gwynne and Colley Cibber; that would hold to its mediæval Caledonian markets in spite of an en-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Brown Brothers photos

Queen Alexandra and Edward VII when Princess and Prince of Wales.

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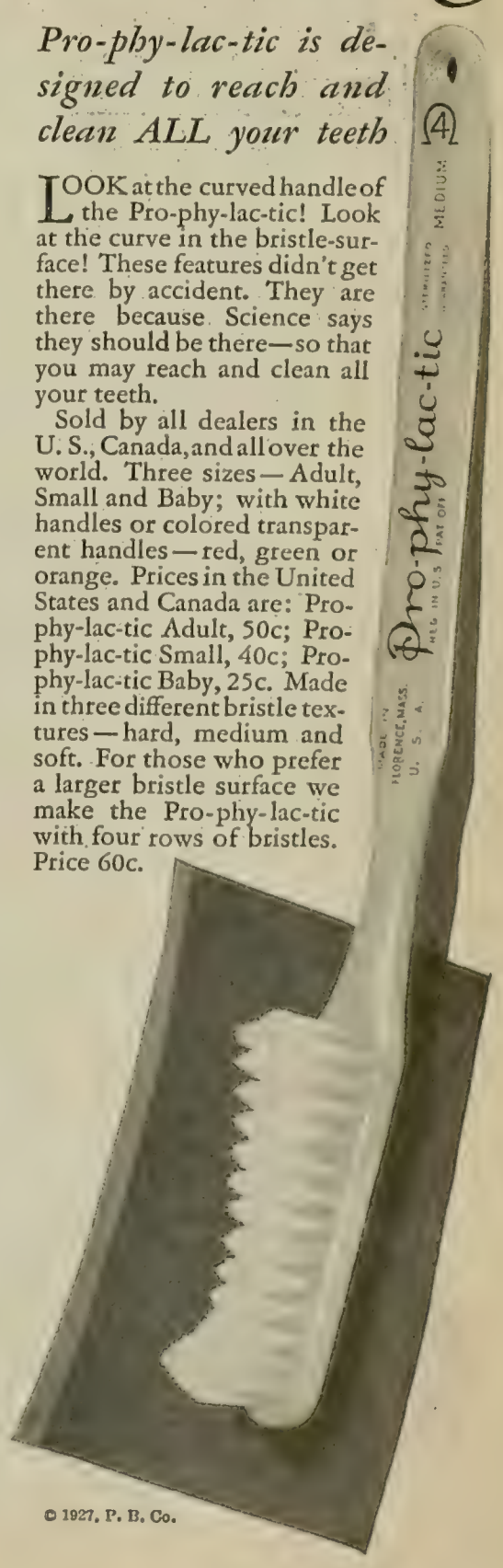

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Next in line—*never chosen*

—perhaps it's *comedones**

FOR three years he had been next in line. They had given the Department Manager's job, with its high salary and prestige, to another. He never suspected that *comedones* kept him "next in line."

* * *

It is unfortunate that many men suffer from *comedones*—the scientific name for blackheads. These disfiguring blemishes keep you from being clean-cut and attractive.

They are often responsible for lack of business success. For while you yourself may not be conscious of them, others notice them. You may have wondered why others are promoted instead of you—why you are held back—why success never comes. Perhaps it's *comedones*.

Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome *comedones*. It gets in where comedones form, rolls out all dirt and oily secretions. It stimulates a healthy circulation, keeps the pores open, and gives you a clean, ruddy complexion.

Try this treatment

After you shave, spread Pompeian Massage Cream generously over your face—and *rub*. Continue to rub until the cream rolls out. Note how dark the cream looks. That's the dirt that was in your pores.

Don't let comedones form. Use Pompeian Massage Cream every day—especially when social or business engagements demand that you look your best. It means a healthy, wholesome skin. It means more joy in living.

Use at Home after Shaving

To get full pleasure and benefit, use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home after shaving. Your face will feel and look like a million dollars. 60c jars at all drug stores.

*WHAT ARE COMEDONES?
(*pronounced cŏm'ē-dōnes*)
Dictionary definition: A small plug or mass occluding the excretory duct of a sebaceous gland, occurring frequently upon the face, especially the nose. It is often called blackhead.

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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

croaching civilization—was not in danger of extinction from any war.

We opened at the Garrick Theater in the midst of the South African conflict. I have never seen so gay or so stimulating a London. The smoky town, the climate, all seemed turned into a shining, radiant glow.

Everyone was living on tiptoe. Englishmen, so ugly in the mass, yet so distinguished in their uniforms, filled the theaters, the restaurants, the streets. There is no breed of man in the world that can wear clothes like a Briton; and when it comes to wearing war apparel, they do it with an unapproachable air and a swagger that is integrally a part of them, because they are born warriors.

Everyone would speak to anyone—market men, drivers, packers, swells, charwomen, cabbies. The question asked would always be, "Any news from Mafeking?"

The siege had just been lifted from Ladysmith by General Buller, but once again the Boers had besieged the English in the small South African town of Mafeking. It was the time of the Paris Exposition also, so London became the center of a ceaseless, restless stream of traveling celebrities, *chevaliers d'industrie*, ladies of the night, visiting rulers, swarthy maharajas with their large entourages of "velvet glancing gentlemen," and citizens of the world.

IN this arena of human action one saw grand dukes, ambassadors, princes, royal highnesses, excellencies, and strange men from far-off lands—from mosques, tents, palaces, bazaars.

One met them in all odd corners, picking their uncertain way—languid, weary-eyed effendis; Hungarian nobles in uniforms and trappings that seemed to have just walked off a painted drop; Jewish merchants from Poland who looked as if they had been pulled out of some mediæval fastness—with their three curls over each ear to show the world, in their orthodox way, they were still unmarried.

The Indian princes were the most impressive, because, with all their colored satins, their sprays of flawless emeralds, their ropes of pearls, they were so terribly in earnest. They would fill the boxes, resembling a lot of decorated idols, with eyes like setter dogs. For all their exotic appearance, they spoke the most flawless English.

Never will one see such an England again, for the pale, lovely archduchesses are no more; the kings and queens I saw are now in exile; the flower of Britain, most of them the last of their race, that swaggered, laughed, and shouted at me, are gone too.

The Prince of Wales ostensibly reigned in England, although Victoria still lived. An Edward of racing stables, winning yachts, brilliant house parties; a Prince who had not lace in his veins, but blood. The definiteness, the precision, the strictness of the British, were loosened under him.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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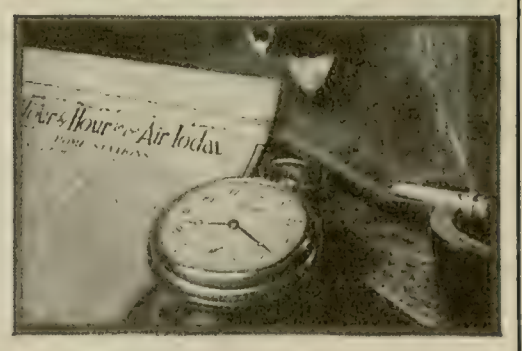

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

I saw enacted at the Garrick, one night, an incident that would have made drama itself, that always remained with me as a memorial of Queen Alexandra.

While the English loved Edward, and in their eyes he could do no wrong, nevertheless the echoes of the Tranby Croft-Gordon Cumming trial had not quite ceased their ominous soundings.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, who were the owners of Tranby Croft—one of the most magnificent country estates in England—belonged to the landed gentry. They were entertaining at this time Edward, Prince of Wales, Lady Brooke, who afterward became the Countess of Warwick, Sir William Gordon Cumming, and a small, distinguished house party of guests.

The story goes—and the stench of it percolated from the messrooms of India to the smallest outlying farms of Nova Scotia—that Sir William was found cheating in a game of baccarat, at which the heir to the British throne was one of the players.

THE real truth of Gordon Cumming's action in the card-room of Tranby Croft that soft English night will never be known, for he denied his guilt on the open stand in a court of law. But there was demanded of him a document, over his signature, saying he would never touch a card again. He signed.

They had promised him that, if he would do so, the whole transaction would never be breathed outside of Tranby Croft. But there you are! They did not reckon on the absence of reticence in the nature of the beautiful Lady Brooke. She babbled, and from then on was dubbed by the public, Babbling Brooke.

It is an old saying, "The greater the height, the greater the fall." Gordon Cumming was an officer in the Scots Guards. For service in South Africa he had received the Victoria Cross. He received a medal from the Crown for distinguished work in the Egyptian Campaign and another medal for notable service while on the Nile. When the affair became a secret of *Polichinelle* — which was everybody's secret—to save his face, Sir William Gordon Cumming brought his case to the British courts to have refuted the charge of cheating at cards.

The Prince of Wales was called to the stand in behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, who defended the suit, and, to quote all the London drawing-rooms, "lied like the gentleman he was." He was asked, I believe, only three questions, to which he answered, "Yes" or "No." His mind, for that occasion, was an extremely clean scroll on which nothing was written.

But associated with him before the public was the name of Lady Brooke. It also associated him with questionable practices, insomuch as just a year before this a law had gone into effect whereby any game of chance (and baccarat was distinctly mentioned) played in a private house was considered a misdemeanor.

Edward was noted for his friendships for many beautiful women, the object of the latest of these being generally in evidence wherever the Prince was. It was wartime. People's emotions and sensations are not held in leash in such days. It is inflammable material, this war feeling, and like tinder may blaze from a group of crippled soldiers, or a weeping woman, or any other incident. Heaven knows what will supply the match.

Brown Brothers photo

Mrs. James Brown Potter, a friend of the author.

Photo from Harold Seton

Lady Randolph Churchill, who was Jennie Jerome of New York.

There was a feeling of excited interest when Mr. Belasco told the company that the Prince and Princess of Wales had graciously informed the management of the Garrick that they would attend a performance of Zaza on such and such a date.

WHEN the night arrived, I drove to the theater early, inspected the red velvet carpet and the canopy arranged for the distinguished guests, went backstage, and dressed quickly so as to have time to watch Alexandra's face, which I intensely admired. It was one of the finest human countenances I have looked on, a combination of great nobility and spiritual beauty. I have never seen another just like it.

In the box to the left were already seated Lady Randolph Churchill and her guests. The men with her were the handsomest I have ever seen. The superb decorations on their coats flung themselves at you and made you feel you were gazing at the *Bertie Cecils* and the *Strathmores* and all the rest of the great Ouida heroes.

Lady Churchill far surpassed any woman in the house that night, except Alexandra, in her brilliant loveliness, in the triumphant assurance of her bearing, in the mettlesome aliveness in the whole of her.

Her face was made up of many battling elements, the eyes tempestuous and stormy. She had the most curious way of turning them suddenly on you—pouring over you their extravagant wildness. They went hand in hand with her perfect, sensitive nose, which quivered slightly, and with her curled mouth, like a scarlet door set in a white secret wall.

BUT when it came to her chin, the mold took on a structure like a man's. The bold line from the temple to the chin was a free, masterful stroke, as if the hand that drew it never faltered. It was the unpaused, strengthful sweep one sees in Mussolini's chin—one saw it in Gladstone's towering old countenance.

I always felt, when I saw her, that if one had said to her, "Come, let us run off to Samarkand, or Vladikavkaz, or God-knows-where," she would turn on one the wild beauty of her face and say, "All right—let's!"

In the box next to Lady Churchill's was Richard Harding Davis, just returned from South Africa, with a party of famous war correspondents. They all might have been penciled studies of some of Holbein's men in black and white. Across their breasts rested the campaign colors that, in their meaningful significance, meant so much unrest. John Singer Sargent—who never lost that fine American air of his with all his Anglicized living—was among them.

Never, on any acting night in my life, have I experienced such tenseness, such inner, quivering excitement. Every minute, every second, was crowded, jammed with a great stride of something that bore no shape or contour to normal feeling. It was the war, perhaps—or royalty.

Everyone, myself included, was transported to some vast, trembling, exquisite plane where all of us could not have desired, would not have desired, to make one step farther upward. It was enough to be what we were and where we were at that particular time.

The orchestra now played the national anthem. The Prince and Princess entered their box, which had been decorated for them, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the King of Sweden, and the old Duke of Cambridge.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your*
Rexall Drug Store
You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also Rexall stores

[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

I had my eye glued to a hole in the curtain. Charles Stevenson, Betty Belknap, Hugo Toland, and the rest of the company peeped from the wings.

The house was jammed to the doors. The audience, like all English ones, *un grand tenu,* was very brilliant. The officers' full-dress uniforms spangled it like high lights of color on a picture. The women's eyes were like stars; the men all held themselves erect.

I was seeing, for one definite moment, a thing it had taken centuries to form. The music stopped, the royalties prepared to take their seats, when from out of the heart of the audience issued a sound I have been saluted with but once in my life. It was a prolonged hiss.

Have you ever heard a hiss? It has menace back of it, and hatred; it is devoid of good intent. I know of nothing that will drain a person's face more quickly of all color than the malice of a hiss.

Edward gave a startled look around him; Alexandra neared her chair, when it came again—venomous, hostile. Without another pause, she took the few steps that brought her to the Prince's side, deliberately placing her hand upon his shoulder.

She might have been England itself—unvarying, ancient, indestructible. She stood there like a symbol of defense built on heroic lines. She waited, gazing serenely and sweetly before her. The sound did not come again.

Before us was pageantry, pomp, and circumstance; but this was a thing wrought out of life itself.

WHEN I was sent for after the performance, and received a few gracious words from their highnesses in the royal loge, as was customary with them in any theater they attended, I wished there had been no barriers between us, so I could have dropped on my knees, saying to her: "That's an action the angels won't forget."

At this period we saw a great deal of the Duke of York from a distance. Rumor was billowing forth great clouds of smoke in regard to his affairs. Back of it there must have been a small flame to give it so much life. He was being forced, it was said, to separate from a woman he dearly loved—Admiral Seymour's daughter, whom he had met in Malta when there was no probability of his inheriting the kingdom.

The story has never really been stamped out. True or untrue, the play of Zaza brought him time and again, to sit quietly with one or two equerries in the shadow of a box. His face always reminded me of a safe harbor, where the features rested like ships with furled sails. I never saw a ripple or a breeze of emotion break its abstracted calm.

I BROUGHT with me from America five servants, supplementing them with seven English ones. My cook, Addie, who prepared everything in the Southern way,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Removes *pain in one minute-*

CORNS

The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, the pain stops. Pressing and rubbing of shoes—*the cause of corns*—is removed. Once healed, corns can't come back. If new shoes irritate the spot again, a Zino-pad ends the discomfort instantly and heals it overnight.

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

How I Keep My Waves

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My hair is ever-wavy, with never a Marcel. It always has a glow. The reason lies in a hair dress which experts made for me.

I apply it on a brush twice a week. To fluff my hair I comb it backward, and the fluff remains. For a curl, use combs or fingers in the usual way, and the curl will last. It keeps a permanent wave in the same way. Or it keeps hair sleek and smooth for those who want it, and does it without grease.

This remarkable hair dress is now supplied by all toilet counters. It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Wave and Sheen. The price is 75 cents.

No girl or woman will go without it when she once sees what it does. It multiplies the beauty of the hair and keeps it in the style one wishes. You will be delighted with it.

For Trial Bottle

of Wave and Sheen, mail this to-day to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 10c for postage and packing,

B-26-L

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

and whose dishes equaled those of Brillat-Savarin himself, was continually complaining of the arrangements in the kitchen for keeping the food hot.

The house belonged to the Duke of C——. He had condescended to rent it for a season. Here was a home filled with what the English for centuries have hugged to their heart—their plate. It was not Sheffield, but solid silver—a service of dishes, platters of all sorts, with no way of warming the food that was served in them!

I learned that an American had just opened a large department store, such as we had in the States, where one could purchase anything from a heating apparatus to a cube of pins. They called it Selfridge's.

I drove there, and had not been long in the establishment before I recognized Gordon Selfridge. He had waited on me many times behind the lace counter at Marshall Fields' in Chicago, where I often bought laces for my baby's gowns.

I went up to him, holding out my hand.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Selfridge?"

"Oh, yes, I do, Mrs. Carter—you are not easily forgotten." What a nice man!

On inquiring for my heating stoves, he told me that had I asked for such a thing a few months earlier I could not have been accommodated.

"You had a different policy when you opened?" I asked. "What made you change it?"

I have never forgotten his answer, it was so good. I have often wished I might use it in a play.

"Well, you see"—he smiled his wide, cheerful smile — "there weren't enough duchesses to go round."

There was an amusing incident in regard to the house which happened a week or so later. There were two Hoppners, four Reynoldses, some Romneys in the drawing-rooms; enough museum-piece furniture to endow a city with; Ming, Crown Derby, Manchester, and other ware so priceless it would have helped buy the Orloff Diamond—yet only fifteen sheets.

HAPPENING to look out of a first-floor window, one day, I saw, alighting from a cab before the house, the most superb individual. Austere, lofty, he carried himself like an Eiffel Tower walking on two feet.

His bowler was the most correct thing in hats. His morning coat was the most perfect of coats in fit. His face was entirely occupied with its air of masklike impassivity one looks for in the faces of the great.

"There," I thought, "is the Duke of C——. He is the only duke I ever saw who really looks a duke."

I hurried to the door, opening it to him myself.

"This *is* nice of you to come yourself, your grace. Yes, we all are quite comfortable, except that you haven't supplied us with enough sheets. I presume it's the agent I ought to talk to. But now that you have come—really, now that you have come——"

Brown Brothers photo

Lord Kitchener as Mrs. Carter knew him.

I held out my hand.

"Madame," answered the dignified figure, holding his arms rigidly to his sides and bowing impressively, "my name is Jelly. I am the new butler."

I threw my head back and laughed and laughed, which did not disconcert Jelly one bit. He continued to stand immovable, self-contained, frigid.

But I understood Jelly and Jelly understood me. He had a part to act, too. He was a good butler.

The world of Bohemia, where people live "whose souls go clad in gorgeous things," is a stimulating one. That other, ruled by an entirely opposite set of opinions, called the social world, is equally as interesting. But the gulf between the two cannot be bridged. If the artist attempts to span it by living in both, he will fall below into the waters of mediocrity.

I SAW very little of the so-called great world. It is a well known fact that artists meet many people—but to *meet* them and to *know* them are two separate matters.

You cannot drive all your horses abreast. You must keep to the one saddle and ride with tightened bit, with every ounce of endurance you have, or you will be unseated.

That is why actresses are so one-sided—they have to be.

The Marquise de Breteuil, an American born a Garner, once said to me: "You have had such wonderful luck!" I have heard the same old saying many times, and I should like to answer it in the words of Max O'Rell:

"Luck means the hardships and privations which you have not hesitated to endure; the long nights you have devoted to work. Luck means the appointments you have never failed to keep; the trains you have never failed to catch."

For me, if I took part in any outside life, it was at my own supper table. I would return after the theater to find there actors, writers, journalists, painters, old friends and confreres of Mr. Belasco's. The hospitality was very much like that of the old California dons. People came and went at will, because they knew they were welcome.

Percy Anderson, the distin-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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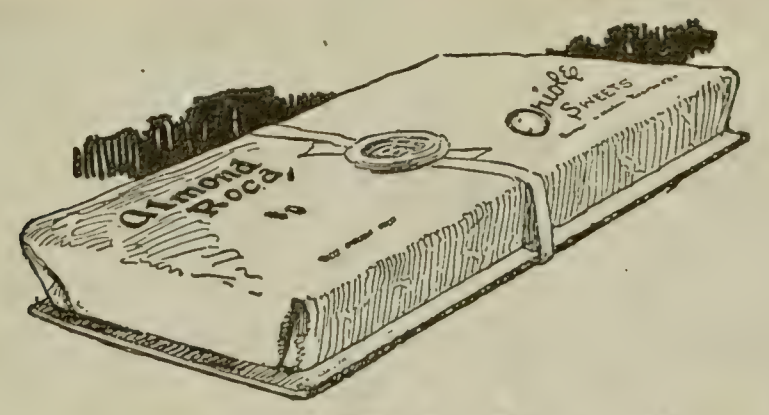

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"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

SMITH BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS

[PORTAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR Continued from Page Fifty-three]

guished painter, who did the designing for Irving and Terry, designed for me an Eastern garment patterned after a Chinese banker's robe—only longer and a little tighter, buttoning straight across the shoulder with any rare buttons we could pick up—lapis-lazuli or jade, sometimes the turquoise matrix.

Under his direction, the heavy silks from China were dyed in his studio. One never saw such colors—all the shades of the quatrocento, orange, vermilion, gorgeous indigo blue.

After the day's work it was easily slipped into and very comfortable. It covered one with beauty, though it was of no period. I wore the style continuously, and do to this day.

A celebrated London critic noted for his rudeness said to me one night, between mouthfuls of Addie's Southern waffles:

"Why do you affect that Chinese garment? Why do you wear your hair in two long braids?"

"To test the manners of the London critics, Mr. B——."

"*Touché!*" he cried in the language of the fencer, rising to his feet, bowing, striking his arm with his hand. Ever afterward he handled me with gloves.

IT is my recollection that during the whole season I never wore an evening dress more than twice or thrice.

The first occasion was in my own house, at a dinner to Lord Kitchener.

Seeing him, brought to my memory a London dinner table years before, when the stage as a career was not even thought of. My ugly but clever American hostess said to me:

"I am going to put you next to a man whom everyone has met, yet nobody knows."

I saw him once after that, when he escorted me to the House of Lords; there he was kind enough to point out to me the prominent statesmen and political celebrities.

Perhaps he had forgotten me. If so, one could not forget him. I sent a letter asking him to dinner. I hardly expected so prompt an acceptance, but Kitchener never did the expected.

My table was strictly an American one. I cabled to America for the terrapin. On the Sunday night the dinner was served, not even the Maryland Club in Baltimore, famous for its Southern cuisine, bettered it.

Except the Marchioness of Anglesey, Robert Baring, Amy Lowther, and the Princess Hohenlohe, most of the guests were Americans. Adele Grant, who had now become the Countess of Essex, I put opposite Kitchener, and Mrs. James Brown Potter next him, because they both were lovely things to see.

Cora Potter looked as if she belonged to the Burne-Jones-Rossetti era. She was very beautiful, but not an obvious kind of beauty. She had a thin, ascetic countenance and a gaunt, lean body. She always wore long, soft draperies that wrapped her closely. There was a poetical air about

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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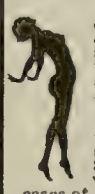
"ARCHLETS"—new invention, just out. Scientific elastic-fabric and sponge rubber cushion that *supports the arch from underneath.* (No metal, no leather, no felt pads.) Stop that painful stretching strain between heel and toe.

Enjoy Real Comfort — Archlets TRADE MARK REG. — Order Yours Now



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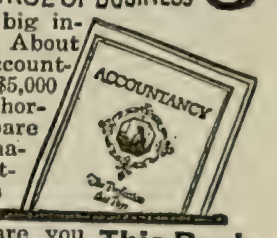

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Use Cuticura Soap And Ointment To Heal Sore Hands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

her. You could attach her face to almost any of your romantic heroines and it would fit perfectly. God made it *Electra, Juliet,* or *Phryne;* you had but to choose.

Nobody ever knew Kitchener—he was always queer. He spoke when you didn't expect him to; when you did, he said nothing.

If some Olympian had wished to destroy England, but said, "I will keep just one man to perpetuate the race," he would have chosen him. Her strength was in the magnificence of his body. Her beauty was in the splendor of his face. What a face! England, indurate, self-contained, guarded, still, was in his manner. The romance, the courage of her, was in his acts. With all this, he was like a beautiful house in which nobody lived.

When he came to pay his dinner call, he drove up in the first motor car I had ever seen used for utility. Later he called frequently. I often wondered why he came—my Americanism, I think. He was too great a man ever to have neared me because of my small hour of greatness.

He would arrive just after that awful institution called "afternoon tea," and sit there with his air of effortless restraint, talking of everything but himself—the only thing to me worth speaking of.

One day, in despair, I turned to him. "X——" (someone we knew attached to the Foreign Office) "told me, when you first went to the Sudan as a young man, you disappeared completely for three years. Is it true?"

He always seemed to be wrapped about with the concealing immobility of the East; now it enveloped him. His eyes were the chilliest blue, like cut steel. They became great, empty spaces of blandness.

"Many people have asked me that," he answered briefly.

I never again questioned him about himself.

His indifference to women was well known.

ONE of my friends was the loveliest creature, an American who had married a title. She had a face like a dignified pansy and was a great *amoureuse.* Women have their hunting grounds, too. My Georgian drawing-room became the scene of the chase. Knowing the precision, the artistry of her methods, I prepared myself in a corner one day to watch her very charming use of the rules of the game.

She began with her "less-than-the-dust-beneath-thy-chariot-wheels" attitude. As for K. of K., he resembled one of his own stone battlements—sculptural and inscrutable.

FINALLY I could stand it no longer. I shouted with laughter. Going to the back of his chair, I raised my hands over him.

"Heavy, heavy hangs over thy head. Fine or superfine? Is it soul? Is it body? Is it love? Is it scalps?"

She left us with the dignity of an outraged kitten; but it ended her hunting expeditions in my drawing-room.

The news of the relief of Mafeking came one late afternoon toward the end of May. All war is a cruel assault on one's feelings: the tension—the starvation of a siege—the false messages that raise one's hopes.

Finally, when this was lifted, London went mad. Omnibuses, carriages, hansoms, nothing could move. The city was paralyzed by the enormous, impenetrable crowd that packed its thoroughfares like silt in the bottom of a dam.

It took hours for some people to reach the Garrick. The curtain went up an hour late. For once, one saw English emotions undressed. We were all filled with the same fullness, the same compassion. No longer did starvation face human beings; it lifted us off our feet. They went wild. Everybody shouted, speaking, weeping, laughing together. I hugged the young call boy whose brother was there in the midst of it, and we all were very happy.

Brown Brothers photo

Mrs. Fred Grant, who witnessed Mrs. Carter's Chicago premiere in Zaza.

That was *Zaza* night in May in London:

When she stood there, her last occasion on the Garrick stage, and the Duke of York, who is now King, had finished applauding her from the front of his box.

When Clement Scott, the distinguished critic, had thrown back his celebrated black cloak lined with red, so that he might have more freedom for his clapping hands.

When Henri Labouchere had done with pounding his ebony lacquered cane.

When Mr. Dave had ended his simple speech, pulling his curl for the last time, he turned to me his face, which looked more than ever like a piece of old ivory, and said:

"In the name of God, what shall we give them now?"

Some theatergoers believe Du Barry *the greatest role ever played by Mrs. Carter. In next week's LIBERTY, she tells of the inception of the play and the painstaking research in France preceding its production.*

I offer you a chance to make $100 a Week!

Simply by handling my business in your locality

I NEED 700 men and women. I need them right now. I need them in every locality in the United States. If you are interested in a high-grade, clean-cut proposition that will bring you an income of $100 a week, I am ready to make you an offer. I don't care what your age, experience, or schooling has been. I need men and women who are ambitious and energetic. That's all. You won't have to work as long or as hard as you do now in order to make BIG MONEY. As soon as you become established as the ZANOL Representative in your locality orders will come in so easily it will amaze you. Your profits will mount higher and higher.

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I will give you the same opportunity that enabled Christopher Vaughn to suddenly increase his income to $125 in a single week; the same offer that caused Frank M. Brown to increase his earnings from $25 a week to $27 in an 8-hour day; the same offer that brought L. C. Van Allen an average of better than $100 a week; and that enabled Mrs. K. R. Roof to make $50 a week in her spare time and $15 in a single afternoon. Yes, you today could be making profits like these. The opportunity is waiting for you. If you want it, write to me at once.

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We are the originators and manufacturers of the famous ZANOL line of products. You have heard of these products before. You have seen them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post and other leading publications.

We have hundreds of thousands of customers located in every city, county and community in the United States. Our established customers bought more than ten million ZANOL products last year. The enormous demand for ZANOL products is already established in every community.

How You Can Make $100 a Week

With the tremendous growth of ZANOL business, we find it necessary to appoint one man or woman in each community in the United States to serve as our Representative and handle our business in that locality. ZANOL products are never sold in stores. If you become our representative you will be given a generous profit on all the business that comes from your territory.

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That's all there is to it. It is your chance to make $100 a week in the easiest and most pleasant work that you have ever done. You will be amazed at how easy it is—at how quickly the money rolls in.

This year ZANOL Representatives should make more than two million dollars, and you will have an opportunity to get your share of this tremendous profit. You will have the same opportunity as Henry Albers, who has made as much as $125 a week, and even $47 in a single day.

No Capital or Experience Needed

We furnish you with complete equipment for doing business. We tell you in detail exactly what to do. We make it easy for you. Everything is so clear and simple that within one week you can be making big money.

This is your chance to get ahead. You do not have to agree to pay anything or do anything. You take no risk whatever. Just mail the coupon. But act NOW!

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Del Herbert, N. Y., made as much as $27.35 profit for 10 hours' easy, pleasant work. Clarence T. Stites, Ill., became a ZANOL Representative only a year ago. Today he has 1,000 customers who regularly order from him. He finds it easy to clear as much as $27 a day.

I will show you how you can make from $8 to $10 a day as our Representative just in your spare time. I will show you how A. C. Adams, of Ga., made as much as $24 a day; how Mrs. G. H. Michelsen, of Nebr., made $16 clear profit in a single afternoon; and how this same proposition has brought hundreds, yes, thousands of dollars of profits to men and women.

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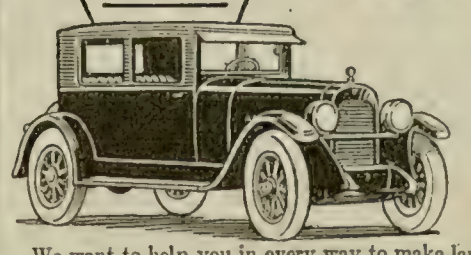

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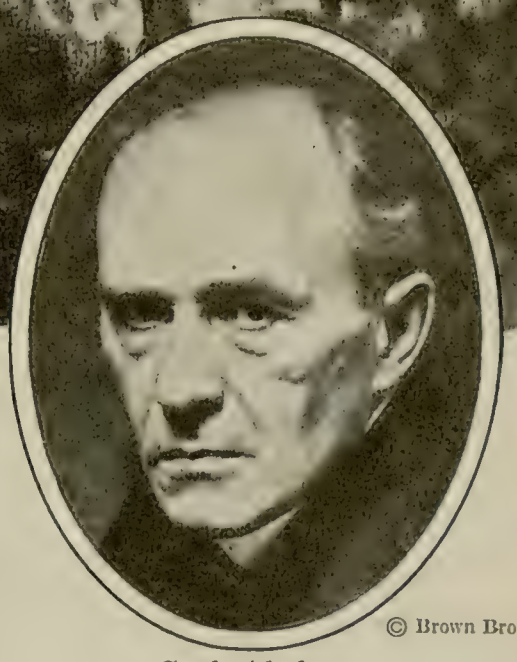
A MIGHTY HUNTER Before The LORD

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

HIS back hit the earth as the tusks sank deeper into the ground.



© Brown Brothers

Carl Akeley

Carl Akeley, Naturalist, Sculptor, Inventor, Goes to the Land From Which No Explorer Returns

An Article by

NORMAN S. HALL

A BOY—he might have been fourteen—sat on a log in a "patch o' timber" not far from Clarendon in Orleans County, New York, and solemnly regarded the fat squirrel he had just shot.

The sun, slanted far down the sky, pushed a brush of light between the trees and touched his features—the serious, rugged features of a lad who had learned the lesson of hard work, including the knack of tipping a plow at the end of a furrow.

The shaft of light slid across his eyes and revealed them as deep, reflective. They were eyes that in dreams had seen a field of grain become a heaving sea, upon which rode a square-rigger with her rail awash under the wind; and 'neath their steady gaze a pasture corner of sumac and blueberry bushes had turned itself into a trackless jungle to be stalked warily, craftily, for strange beasts.

Shifting a cumbersome single-shot rifle to a more comfortable position across his knees, the boy spoke.

"Some day," he said, "I'm goin' huntin' regular; for big game, I mean." He paused a moment. "Maybe I'll shoot elephants."

The man beside him squinted reflectively at the westering sun.

"Maybe you will, son," he replied; "maybe you will."

Nearly fifty years after Carl Akeley, the boy, and David Bruce, a taxidermist from Brockport, with whom the youngster used to hunt, thus discussed big-game hunting, a man with serious, solemn eyes stood on a mountainside in the gorilla sanctuary country of the Belgian Congo.

All of the section is elephant country—jungle land, vast acres of which are still untrodden by man. The solemn-eyed white man, a little while before, had led his *safari* into it eagerly; for here, he knew, dwelt the mighty beasts he sought.

From his vantage point on the mountainside he observed a small herd of bulls; and, attended

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

Pyorrhea still claims 4 out of 5

If you could only look into the future and see the truth, if you could only be made to see the dangers that lurk along the way you have to go, if you could only see the invisible barriers that stand between you and the achievement of your ambitions, how much more jealously you would guard your health!

Pyorrhea, dread disease of teeth and gums, strikes four out of five after forty and thousands younger. They are unfortunate victims who pay the high price demanded by self-neglect.

Buy This Protection

Unless abruptly checked in its frightful course, Pyorrhea may loosen teeth in their very sockets, feed its destructive poison into the system, often causing rheumatism, stomach troubles, anemia and embarrassing facial disfigurement.

You can purchase protection against this sinister enemy of health. See your dentist at least twice a year. Have him examine teeth and gums thoroughly. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, now.

This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., for years a Pyorrhea specialist, wards off Pyorrhea or checks its progress, if used in time.

It firms the gum tissue and prevents the dangers that occur when gums recede from teeth. It keeps teeth snowy white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Don't wait for warning signs, for your gums to bleed. Start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere.

Forhan's for the Gums is health insurance. Get a tube from your druggist, at once—35c and 60c.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE
.IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

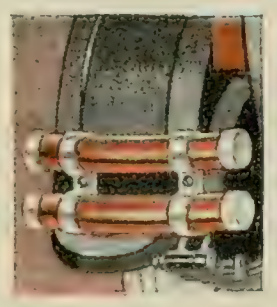
Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

You Can Be Sure Of This

Thousands are keeping their breath sweet and fresh this new way. We promise that you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only conceal unpleasant breath with embarrassing odors of their own after you have used this new Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. Try it.

Dad *knows* they are safe...

For with Balcranks even the car springs protect them!



There is nothing quite like it——the satisfaction that comes from knowing your family is safe. And it is a satisfaction every "Dad" may now have, simply by protecting his car and family with Balcrank "Collision Absorbers."

For Balcranks doubly absorb sudden collisions. First, by the tempered Balcrank springs, and second, by the car springs themselves. This second method is an exclusive Balcrank feature that directs any excess shock into the car springs by a DOWNWARD motion.

Protection against bumpers that are higher or lower than "Collision Absorbers" is afforded by a ten inch fending area.

Balcranks maintain their new appearance. The color finishes are applied by an exclusive process that will not chip and peel like ordinary finishes. The trimmings are made of special nonrustable "balloy" metal, that is always bright.

Balcranks, with individual fittings for your car, are priced from $42.50 to $55.00 per complete set, front and rear.

Up-to-date dealers can equip your car with Balcranks, for bumper equipment is seldom furnished by the car manufacturer. Insist that your new car be equipped with Balcrank "Collision Absorbers." The Cincinnati Ball Crank Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Balcranks carry the Underwriters highest rating and are the ONLY passenger car protection approved as strong enough for one-ton trucks.

BALCRANK

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

COLLISION ABSORBERS

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THE STYLE THAT MAKES 'EM LOOK AT YOUR CAR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

by a single gun-bearer, the hunter descended into the jungle for a close, sure shot.

Keeping downwind, because the elephant's keen sense of smell warns him unerringly of any invader who dares to encroach upon his domain, the hunter and his gun boy worked their way toward the herd. They had penetrated a considerable distance into the jungle when, with heart-stopping suddenness, there arose a hellish, crackling din behind them.

The black gun-bearer whirled, became for a moment a saucer-eyed, mud-colored statue of terror, then hurled the triple-barreled express rifle he carried from him and ran screaming into the bush!

Smashing his way toward the lone hunter was a bull elephant in full tusk, his trunk swung aloft, his little beady eyes red with the fires of hot anger kindled by this puny, pygmy thing before him that had dared to trespass on his domain.

The white man's only defense, the express rifle, was hopelessly lost to him somewhere in the tangled underbrush. He stood unarmed before the most powerful animal this world knows!

The upflung trunk, its exposed under side gray and sickeningly soft, like a serpent's belly, came down, the tons-heavy beast lowered his head to charge, and the hunter leaped to meet him!

Photo by Carl v.n Hoffman

Mount Mikeno, where Akeley is buried in the heart of the gorilla sanctuary he founded in the Belgian Congo; and, in the foreground, Lualonga Mission, near which he died.

SMALL before the elephant as a cat is small before a man, he sprang at the lowered head, and must, by the very nature of his tactics, have gained something by surprise.

You see, he had retained man's greatest weapon—the power to think. He knew there was an infinitesimal, precious chance for life if he could get between those glistening tusks before they bore him to the ground.

The elephant stopped short and blew an amazed blast through the trunk that now dangled between the man's legs. It was the flash of time the hunter needed. Grasping a tusk in each hand, he pulled his body close to the elephant's head and clung there as the animal sank its tusks in the earth.

He felt the great body surge above him, knew the tusks were sinking deeper into the earth, felt his back hit the ground, and was conscious of a mighty nausea.

A suffocating wave of air was forced upward within him. He saw the gray, gnarled head to which he clung and the sky and the jungle go reeling down into a black abyss and remembered no more!

Carl Ethan Akeley—big-game hunter, explorer, sculptor, and inventor—had come to grips with one of the animals that had colored his dreams that day in the Clarendon wood lot.

Nearly five hours after he became unconscious the gun-bearer who had deserted him returned with other members of the party and found him still insensible. Why the elephant had not trampled him into the earth will never be known, nor did Akeley himself ever have an explanation that would account for his escape from other jungle prowlers.

Perhaps they found him there, those jackals and slinking, hungry felines of the forest. Perhaps they crept close to nose him, but, conscious of the feebly burning flame still alight in the limp body, slunk away.

Akeley himself never knew what animals stalked through the trampled glade during those five hours.

His natives resuscitated him and bore him back, proclaiming to all that here was a mighty *bwana* indeed, one whose hands could thrust back the irresistible bulk of a charging elephant. They looked at those hands, muttered wondering gutturals, and went away to tell others.

In the years that intervened between the day Carl Akeley regarded the sleek, fat body of a dead squirrel and his death a few weeks ago in the gorilla sanctuary he brought into existence, most of his dreams found fulfillment.

The detailed chronicle of that half-century cannot be attempted here. It is the story of a life packed to the fullest with drama, sacrifice, courage; a tale colorful as a tropic jungle, startling as rifle fire at dawn.

THE unwinding years found this New York State farm boy farther from Clarendon than even he dreamed when he spoke to David Bruce of long journeys. Strange, savage peoples knew him, respected him because he was brave, kind, humane.

Learned scientists, graybeards who look up and down the centuries, regarding only the mighty marks of time, listened to him and were impressed. A king or two looked upon him, talked with him, envied him, and one was glad to take his advice.

Hundreds of thousands of people have viewed the results of his labors in the country's largest museums and marveled that one man could have accomplished it all.

He was born on a small farm May 19, 1864, but it would be silly to speak of him as "Carl Akeley of Clarendon," the township which included his birthplace. He was Akeley of the wide, wide world and more particularly the Congo.

In 1883 he timidly approached the late Professor Henry A. Ward, who conducted a museum in Rochester, and sought permission to try an experiment in taxidermy. Although his first attempt failed, Akeley's method, which involved mounting the pelt on a papier-mâché framework over a plaster coat, is said to have revolutionized taxidermy. His later work in this medium, for the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago and the American Museum of Natural History in New York, has received extraordinarily high praise.

The great success that has attended the taking of motion pictures of animals in their native haunts is due largely to Akeley's improvements in the camera. These included devices calculated to permit the operator to keep constantly "on" the animal, no matter how rapidly it moved.

His inventive genius again asserted itself when, during the war, he invented a labor-saving concrete gun while he was serving as a special assistant in the concrete division of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. His years in the jungle had developed him into a natural engineer of rare ability and the United States Army used him as a consultant in the division of investigation, research, and development.

MR. AKELEY also was renowned as a sculptor of animals, particularly elephants, and his bronze groups of these mammoths of the jungle are said to be the finest in existence. One group, depicting a small herd of elephants caring for a wounded fellow, has been praised throughout the world.

Despite the excellence of these works, however, his greatest fame as a sculptor arose in the controversy occasioned by his bronze, The Chrysalis. This statue, symbolical of evolution, is of a young man emerging from the shaggy pelt of an ape. Refused consideration by the National Academy of Design, it was finally unveiled in the West Side Unitarian Church in New York City by the rector, the Rev. Charles Francis Potter.

For a time criticism beat about Akeley. Pulpiteers denounced him as an unbeliever, an infidel, an atheist. To all of it the creator of The Chrysalis replied:

"For me it is impossible to argue on evolution any more than

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

© Nicholas Haz, N. Y.

To such charming ladies as

Billie Burke

St. Valentine's Day is dedicated

SINCE the good old days when every gallant picked some lovely lady for his Valentine, the romantic custom has never waned.

Today more than ever, it is proper to send Valentines—not only to our friends and relatives, and of course to the children, but also to those we admire—the actresses, the writers, the artists, the singers—all who have given us happiness and inspiration through their artistry.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IS FEBRUARY 14

The lives of our friends and relatives are full of occasions when the sending of a message of congratulation, praise, love or encouragement is the correct and kindly thing to do.

In any good shop you will find a generous assortment of tasteful cards suitable for each occasion.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

Anne Rittenhouse, noted social authority, has written a most interesting book on the modern usage of Greeting Cards, which includes fifteen pages for lists, arranged conveniently. Simply mail 25¢ with the coupon for your copy.

The Greeting Card Association
354 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Enclosed is 25c. Please send me, prepaid, "Greeting Cards—When and How to Use Them."

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Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Headache	Neuritis	Lumbago
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DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

MOTHER! Help your weak frail Children

Right Way to Put On Good Flesh and Make Them Grow Up Strong and Vigorous

DON'T take any chances when your frail child is underweight and needs the help of vitalizing vitamines. Go right to any druggist and get a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets. You can get 60 tablets for 60 cents and as they are sugar coated, children like to take them.

There's plenty of vitamines in McCoy's—just the kind needed to bring strength and health to your child and give him the happy start in life that is his privilege.

So, Mother, if any of your loved ones are not feeling right, just ask any druggist for a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets——if you are not happy over the good results get your money back.

DEMAND McCOY'S—THE GENUINE

[A MIGHTY HUNTER BEFORE THE LORD
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

I would be disposed to argue on the rotundity of the earth. Most of my worshiping has been done in the cathedral forests of the African jungles, with the voices of the birds and animals as music."

Although Akeley's work brought him into contact with the ferocious, man-killing beasts of the jungle, he went about his labors with an abiding love for all animals. Once, after killing a huge bull elephant, he told members of his party that "it seemed like slapping God Almighty in the face."

This attitude frequently brought him very close to death because he would place his life in the balance rather than kill unnecessarily. To be sure, he was a mighty hunter, but science and education rather than a lust to kill motivated his trigger finger.

It was this affection for animals that caused him to work so hard for the gorilla sanctuary in the Belgian Congo, around the mountains Mikeno and Kenya, where he died.

He had always believed these animals should be protected, and finally succeeded in submitting his plea to the King of the Belgians. Albert, anxious to correct the evils of Leopold's reign and convinced that Akeley's suggestion for such a sanctuary was a sound scientific investment, granted the request.

As a result, gorillas in certain sections of the Belgian Congo are as safe from molestation as the deer in a private park.

ON all of his trips into the jungle Akeley was accompanied by his wife. He was married twice, and both of the women who bore his name were known for their adventurous spirits and courage.

The first Mrs. Akeley is a noted huntswoman and is credited with shooting the largest elephant ever taken out of Africa. But the hunter-explorer's first venture into matrimony lacked the full happiness he extracted from most things, and in 1923, in Chicago, the Akeleys were divorced.

For some time Miss Mary L. Jobe, who had achieved a wide reputation as a mountain climber, had been associated in business with Akeley, and they were married October 18, 1924. The second Mrs. Akeley recently was honored by the Geographic Board of Canada by having a peak in the Mount Sir Alexander region of the Canadian Rockies named after her.

She was with Akeley when he died. They had returned to Africa with George Eastman, the camera manufacturer, and Dr. Audley D. Stewart, all of whom were vitally interested in Akeley's African Hall, which he was preparing for the American Museum of Natural History.

This was to have been, indeed will be — for Akeley's original plans will be carried to fulfillment —a complete collection of African game specimens in surroundings as nearly similar as possible to those in the jungle.

When Mr. Eastman and Dr. Stewart returned recently, they reported that Akeley had suffered

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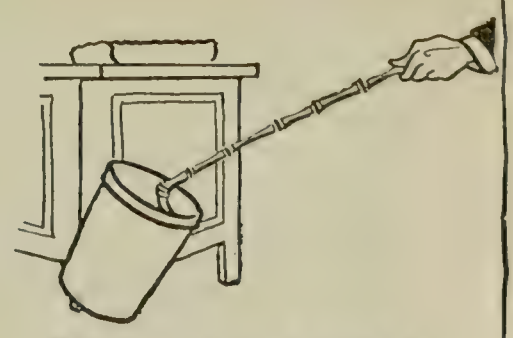

I'll borrow yours!

Miscellaneous trash litters his desk top. He is short a waste basket. Looks around for one. Spies *yours!* Goodbye waste basket! You grit your teeth. Then—lucky day! An efficiency expert requires "one for every worker". Simple solution! Why didn't *you* think of that?

VUL-COT

–the standard waste basket

For office and home. Colors to harmonize with furniture and hangings. Solid sides and bottom. Guaranteed for five full years — *many have been in service for thirty.* Buy them by the dozen—at stationery, house-furnishing and department stores.

National Vulcanized Fibre Co., Wilmington, Del.

Blue Band VELVET PENCILS

A Soft and Very Black Easy Writer - For Sale Everywhere
Write for sample
AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO., 216 FIFTH AVE. N.Y.
Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

stop coughing

It's discomfiting, unfair and dangerous to others. Nothing soothes and relieves the throat and mouth like Thayers Slippery Elm Lozenges.

THEY'RE BAKED

THAYERS OLD FASHIONED SLIPPERY ELM LOZENGES

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear.

Medicated Ear Drum

Address, GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
250 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
FOR COUGHS AND THROAT TROUBLES
BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE
A SUPERIOR TOOTH POWDER
JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, the Heavy-Duty battery that should be specified for all loud-speaker sets.

The Layerbilt patented construction revealed. Each layer is an electrical cell, making automatic contact with its neighbors, and filling all available space inside the battery case.

This is the Heavy-Duty Battery in which the new Layerbilt construction provides greater economy

THERE'S an important discovery in radio economy awaiting all users of loud-speaker sets who have been buying the smaller Light-Duty "B" batteries instead of the large Heavy-Duty size required by such sets. Because the Light-Duties cost somewhat less to buy they seem like an economy, but the surprising fact is that the Eveready Layerbilt No. 486 lasts more than twice as long though it does not cost anywhere near twice as much. It is, therefore, much more economical—we believe it to be the most economical "B" battery ever built. Certainly it has proved this by laboratory tests and the service it has given to radio listeners in their own homes during the past eighteen months.

Eveready Layerbilt's remarkable life is due to its unique construction. All other dry cell "B" batteries are assembled of cylindrical cells, with much waste space between them, and many soldered connections bridging the gaps.

Several years ago we struck boldly out, away from this tradition, seeking a better method. We wanted to avoid waste space, minimize soldering, and get more current and longer life from a given quantity of active materials. The Eveready Layerbilt is the result.

This patented, exclusive battery is built in layers of flat current-producing elements, making automatic connection with each other. Every available inch inside the battery is occupied usefully. You get more battery for your money, and that battery is more efficient.

Remember this about "B" batteries: All loud-speaker sets require Heavy-Duty batteries, and the Eveready Layerbilt has proved time and again to be the longest lasting and most economical Heavy-Duty "B" battery.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night — 9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF–*New York*
WJAR–*Providence*
WEEI–*Boston*
WTAG–*Worcester*
WFI–*Philadelphia*
WGR–*Buffalo*
WCAE–*Pittsburgh*
WSAI–*Cincinnati*
WTAM–*Cleveland*
WWJ–*Detroit*
WRC–*Washington*
WGN–*Chicago*
WOC–*Davenport*
WCCO–*Minneapolis, St. Paul*
KSD–*St. Louis*

Wherever she is on Valentine's Day

Say it with Flowers

They made Valentine a *saint.* He always remembered the *little things* that mean so much to a lovely lady. A bouquet of bright blossoms has helped many a man along the Road to Romance . . . . And no matter where she is, you can *Say It with Flowers* by wire.

This service was instituted by the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association, with thousands of bonded members in the United States and Canada, who send flowers to all parts of the world.

Send 10c (coin or stamps) for beautifully illustrated, helpful book: *How to Care for Flowers.* Society of American Florists, 247 Park Ave., New York City.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

a nervous breakdown, but was making a complete recovery in a nursing home in Nairobi.

Several weeks before his death he sent reassuring cables to friends and, with his wife and the usual native caravan, set out for the gorilla sanctuary to collect more specimens.

P. and A. photo

Akeley's sculpture, The Chrysalis, which has drawn much criticism from anti-evolutionists.

DEATH came to him on the slope of Mount Mikeno, the heart of the sanctuary that a king had decreed at his request. This mountain, on the side of which Akeley was buried, is one of the Mountains of the Moon, about thirty miles south of Lake Kivu, and was the scene of some of his greatest exploits as an African explorer. In speaking of it, Akeley once said:

"What a glorious monument for a dead gorilla!"

He shares that monument now, for a hemorrhage struck him down in the jungle land on the slope of Mikeno, a few miles above the Lualonga Mission—lone outpost of the white man's religion.

His last request was that he be buried there, in the land he loved. The "White Fathers"—that is a literal translation of Lualonga—will mark his grave and weave a legend of the solemn-eyed white man who came to build and not to despoil. Akeley frequently added miles to his journeys to chat with the "White Fathers."

Anything attended by difficulties was sought by him, if for no other reason than to surmount the obstacles. He would devote hours to explaining his orders to a native.

For this and other finesses the natives respected him and will come to hallow his resting place with a legend of their own. Here, they will say, lies a mighty *bwana*—a *bwana* with hands that could halt a charging elephant, and the place will become "big medicine" and a shrine to them.

THE END

For the Love o' Lil

"You Must Talk to Father, Sandford"

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Famous Cover Continuity

By LESLIE THRASHER

WHEN Sandy returned to the office one noon, after dining in the Goldenrod Lunch Wagon, he found a memo from the Boss: "See me after lunch."

Sandy quaked. He knew several people who had been fired after curt notes from the Boss. Was he going to be dropped? No; he'd worked too hard.

Approaching the private sanctum, he now fancied himself manager of some new branch. He thought he had a perfect physique to grace a mahogany executive desk, with its row of pearl push buttons.

"Jenkins, sit down," said the Boss. "And read this!"

Sandy read the telegram:

GET ANOTHER MAN FOR HARRISON AND CLINTON COUNTIES HAMMERSCHLOSSER

"Have a cigar, Jenkins?"

Opportunity seemed to be knocking so loudly for Sandy that he heard the Boss' voice from several miles away. If Lil could only see him smoking cigars with the Boss!

Fairly dizzy with his own importance and the dense fumes of Schlitz Stogies, Sandy left the private office. Harrison and Clinton counties were his to work three days a week! A company car! And a twelve-dollar raise, plus commissions! Glorious! He and Lil could be married soon.

"Lil, great news!" he told her over the phone. "I'll tell you tonight."

Calling at the Morses' early that evening, he found the front door already ajar.

"Say, the door's open," he told Lil, handing her a box of chocolates and kissing her.

"Well, don't shut it yet," Ma called from the pantry. "Lil burned up the fish."

"Yes," Lil giggled. "I got so excited, Sandy. What's the news?"

Then, one arm around Lil, the other gesticulating in the air, Sandy recited his dramatic monologue, composed on the way to the Morses'.

"Oh, I'm so proud!" said Lil, putting a nut caramel into his mouth. "Look, I wore my ring tonight on purpose, for good luck."

"Pop," behind his evening paper in the sitting-room, was listening attentively, and having the best fun he'd had since prohibition.

"Shall we be married soon?" Sandy asked.

"Well," Lil answered demurely, gently pushing him into the sitting-room, "you must talk to father, Sandford."

(To be continued next week)

make us prove this!

Pat'd. Dec. 22, 1925

Pipe Smokers And Those Who Have to Live With Them Are Invited to Investigate This

GUARANTEED TO STAY CLEAN

HESSON PIPE

Madam — if you've ever had to suffer in silence, choking on clouds of strong smoke, if you've ever had your cushions and hangings permeated with stale tobacco smoke —if you've ever picked up a smelly pipe, or if you've ever watched a pipe cleaning operation that threatened to spot your rugs—you'll be interested in the *Hesson* Pipe — the sensation of pipe smoking—the pipe with the patented guard that keeps it clean and dry—and sweet-smelling —forever. Delight him by giving him one.

Sir—if you've ever picked up your favorite pipe only to find it clogged and unsmokable — if you've ever swallowed a mouthful of "soup"—if your pet pipeever gurgled and you threw it away because the juice was almost oozing through the shank—or if your pipe ever leaked at the joint and got your fingers smelly—you will be interested in the *Hesson* — the pipe smokers' notion of Heaven — the pipe with the patented guard in the shank that keeps it clean — always. Delight her by smoking one.

Sir or Madam: Perhaps you find our claims hard to believe. But we can prove them to you. We guarantee absolutely and unqualifiedly that no juices can form or accumulate in the shank of a *Hesson* pipe. We challenge you to take any *Hesson* pipe that has been smoked for a week, or a month, and make this test on it: Stick the corner of your handkerchief way down into the shank. You will be amazed to see it come out unsoiled. We guarantee the *Hesson*. Money back if it doesn't stay clean.

Now—all you get through the *Hesson* pipe is pure, sweet, fresh tobacco smoke. It is certainly worth your while to find out more about the pipe, whether you be smoker or "smokee." *Hesson* Pipes come in two grades, *Hesson* at $7.50 and *Hesson Jr.* at $3.75. Life size photographs of these exquisite pipes of imported briar, the name of your nearest dealer and an illustrated booklet, "Your Pipe and Mine," will be sent free—if you but send in the coupon. Do it now!

The patented metal guard displayed in the cross section of the *Hesson* Pipe, shown at the top of this page, keeps the shank clean, always. In fact, it prevents juices from forming in the shank. You can knock the "heel" from a *Hesson* into the palm of your hand and you will always find it as dry as powder. The tobacco will burn down to clean ashes, and the smoke passes to your lips sweet and mellow.

L-1

THE HESSON CO.,
565 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I'm interested. Send me the free information on *Hesson* Pipes.

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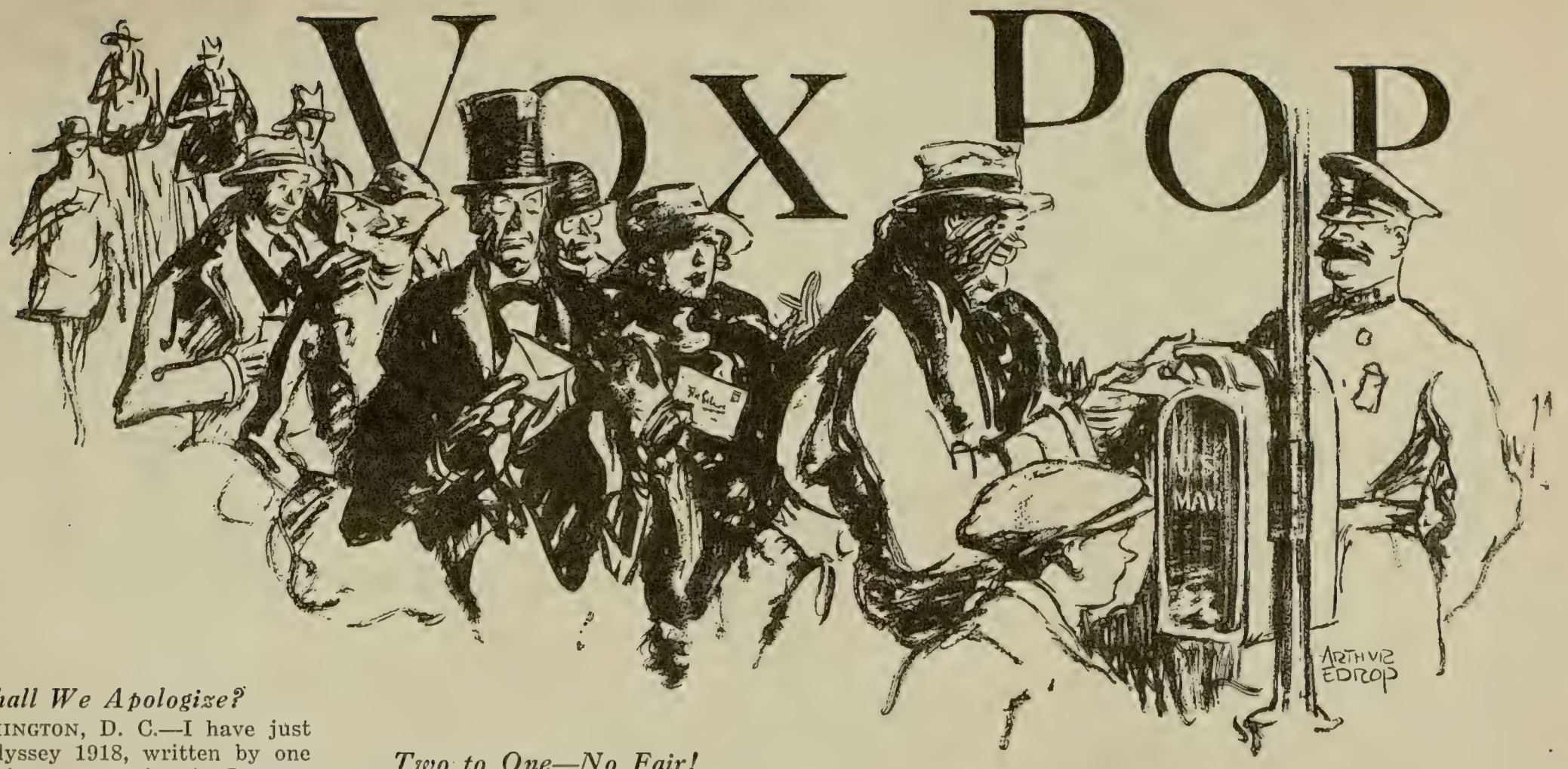


Shall We Apologize?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have just read Odyssey 1918, written by one Mr. Springs, appearing in LIBERTY of January 1. I think you owe the American public an apology for allowing such rotten junk to be printed in a fair-minded man's magazine.—*C. Lockridge.*

Or Shall We Boast?

CHICAGO, ILL.—You have at last published the "ace" of all war stories. In your last issue, Odyssey 1918, by Elliott White Springs, is the masterpiece of all stories that have appeared since the close of the war.—*B. C. Chipley, M. D.*

Portrait of an Ideal Reader

KANSAS CITY, MO.—LIBERTY doesn't seem to have received the inoculation of that stupefying bacillus, conventionalism. It seems to be the endeavor of its broad-minded staff to present *facts*, no matter what the opinion of the dear public. Altogether, it is the wittiest, the wisest, the most tolerant, the most lovable magazine of its kind on the newsstands today.—*C. W. Trubey.*

Those Pictures Cost Plenty!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In one of your past issues there are at least seven pages devoted to the pictures of your advertising staff expressing personal desires in the way of books. Who cares what your staff reads? I'll wager that half of them haven't read one of the three books they recommend. Was LIBERTY too poor to buy a halfway intelligent short story or article to fill in those pages?—*Veit Kaufmann.*

Wow! If These Two—

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.—Why do you mar your otherwise splendid magazine by printing such trash as Billie Burke Laughs at a Thousand Rivals? A million people are laughing at Billie Burke's disgustingly immodest and idiotic revelations.—*H. J. MacKenzie.*

—Ever Get Together!

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN.—The life story of Billie Burke is the most magnificent I have ever read of any woman. It is an inspiration.—*Walter Colvin.*

Two to One—No Fair!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I have been reading Billie Burke's story, written by Sidney Sutherland. Aside from the interest in the story itself, I do not know of anything that I have ever read which has been handled in a finer manner and written in a more beautiful way. It is a classic.—*Ernest Ingold.*

The Biggest Parade of All

CHICAGO, ILL.—What is to be gained by parading the ignorance of your "literary" and office staff in the columns of LIBERTY? A glance at the list of your employees' favorite books is enough to make an educated person shudder with despair.—*H. Carle Peterson.*

Wants Canada Annexed

QUEBEC, CAN.—I noticed in LIBERTY an editorial on the possible annexation of Canada by the U. S. A. In this editorial, annexation was referred to as a foolish dream. It is surprising how little political knowledge American newspaper men have of Canada, and especially of the racial situation in the Province of Quebec. They know nothing of the intriguing to secure what the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier confessed was the dearest wish of his heart: "A French-Canadian Republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence."

Today, in the Province of Quebec, we English-speaking Canadians are regarded as your Negroes are down South. It is a virtue not to speak English in the Province of Quebec, but a crime not to speak French.

Thousands of English-speaking Canadians realize today that the intolerable conditions under which they live would not be tolerated under American rule, and are of the opinion that the sooner we have an English-speaking republic from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of the St. Lawrence the better it will be for all. We will not remain forever under the heel of a race that we are the superiors of.

As things are today in Canada I would be glad to see my own English-speaking Americans inherit Canada's almost untouched vast wealth.—*L. J. James.*

He's Glad to Be Puzzled

LAMPASAS, TEX.—I am a crossword puzzle fan, and I like your prize puzzles better all the time.—*G. D. Scott.*

Our Changing Constitution

NEWTON, N. J.—As a direct hit, LIBERTY'S January 8 editorial, Canada Can Handle Liquor: Why Can't We? was a wow. One thing in it, however, might be mistaken for defeatist propaganda from the "desert." That is the statement, so often met with nowadays, that it is *impossible* to take an amendment out of the Constitution.

Slavery at one time was featured in the Constitution, but it is not there now. We all deplore the attendant events, and the wisdom of extremes is always questionable, but the point is that slavery *went*.—*W. F. Hill.*

A Slam-Bang Article

SULLIVAN, IND.—Some time ago you published an article, by Sidney Sutherland and W. O. McGeehan, called: You Pays Your Money and You Takes Your Choice. It created a big stir that set the people of the world of sportdom into a sort of panic about the Dempsey and Tunney fight. I may say that that issue was read more than any other you ever put out, because of that article.—*A Reader.*

An Anti-Pug

SPOKANE, WASH.—What's the idea of all those articles on prize fighters?

You have inflicted on us the histories of all the champions from John L. Sullivan to Tunney, and now it seems you are going to write up the near-champions.

I am not interested in how this fellow Delaney spends his time, and I don't know anyone who is. We don't care a whoop whether he likes to hunt and fish, or how he spends his money.—*J. T. Taggart.*

Lil's Strange Fascination

ROCKFORD, ILL.—For the love of Mike, consign that For the Love o' Lil stuff to the scrap heap.—*Frank James Croft.*

Same to You!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—You have fooled no one by giving us the choices, in the realm of books, of two pages of "the staff" in the name of "literature." Must you keep on eternally kidding the public? Anyhow, Barnum was right, and I wish LIBERTY a happy and prosperous New Year.—*James R. Wentworth.*

Supplementing Hughie

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Hugh Fullerton's article on basket ball proved mighty interesting, but didn't go quite far enough—that is, he wasn't quite so sure of his names and dates. The game was not invented by Dr. Naismith in Plainfield, Massachusetts. It was invented at the Y. M. C. A. Training School in Springfield, Massachusetts, by a number of men, among whom were Stagg and Naismith, who were searching for something to take the curse off straight gymnasium work. It got its name from the fact that peach-baskets were first nailed up on the wall and used.

It might also have been interesting for Fullerton to have stated the fact that a boxing glove was the first ball.—*Maurice G. Rosenwald.*

A Correction

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.—In your editorial on the liquor question you mentioned Calgary as being a province of the Dominion. We might just as well refer to Portland as a State. Calgary is a city of about 65,000 people in the Province of Alberta.—*David S. Williams.*

Where Ignorance Is Bliss

GALVESTON, TEX.—Your article, The Three Most Interesting Books I Have Ever Read, is, aside from the subject of literature and books, a novel and interesting way of presenting your staff to your readers and this reader appreciates the presentation very much.—*G. Starks.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In view of the flood of interesting letters that is reaching us each week, it is impossible for us either to acknowledge their receipt, or to return them. We print all that we can. For the others we can only express our appreciation here.]

Fashion Says GRAY *for* SPRING

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

AS all of us outsiders have been saying for years, gray is the color of Paris. This truth the Parisiennes themselves are only just discovering apparently, and with the interpretativeness of a very old people, who have grown poetically philosophical, they are voicing it more profoundly than we. Gray, they are realizing, is the color of their historic Place Vendome, of their fashionable Boulevard du Bois, of the hills mounting toward Saint-Cloud. The old buildings also are gray, and gray is the color of the atmosphere filling the courtyards they surround. When the sun shines these become wells of delicately rose-shot gray. Soft gray is the color of the Seine, of the veil on the green leaves in summer, of the stones, the sand, the cemeteries, the race courses, the palaces of kings, the clubs for sport and fashion, of the women's eyes. We have a Frenchman's word for it that these last are a passionate, poetic gray.

For the purposes of this letter the subject is mentioned not for this reason, but because fashion makers are — not combining, because they never do combine—working toward the same definite end of making it the color of the spring mode.

In short-jacketed suits, gray is the color of many backgrounds which are overcast with delicate shadowings of black in the form of small checks traced in fine lines. With them is worn often a bright red blouse, hugging the hips in a line below the jacket length. Needless to say, scarlet is one of the colors that breathe the breath of bright-blooded life into somber gray, and will extend its radiance toward making the latter popular. Gray is also lovely with another color of fashion, which, as we were saying last week, is, or promises to be, light blue.

Many chic women are seen these winter days in pansy purple, and pretty as it is for upholsteries, experts sometimes regard it as not the most fortunate color in which lovely woman may array herself. Perhaps, in a contest for popularity, gray might win over it. The silvery color for afternoon or evening is demure, ladylike, becoming, delicate, and lights up with flowers against it like a snow field in moonlight.

Such a dress is being made on simple lines and "featuring" a long trail of blossoms in white and pinks and yellows falling from the left shoulder almost to the waistline.

A worse catastrophe could happen to us than to be obliged to wear gray for a month or two.

Meantime, black, as we know, is popular, and what can be more chic in its results than to place different surfaces of it together! A satin ciré in ribbon, like patent leather, is effective against the dead dull black of mourning. You will find the two used together in the 5488 model, which is of black crepe de Chine, with bands of black ciré running horizontally across the front as well as the back of the bodice, and another slightly wider band of it hugging the hips tightly. That is to say, this is in a yoke rather than in a belted or crushed effect. Over it the bodice blouses gently, front and back. The sleeves are in a rather new movement, with a wide, square effect at the lower end, and this width above the cuffs is set with ciréd bands.

There is a little collarless square neck to this charming dress, so simple, so adequate, so tasteful for that occasion we never seem to appreciate is going to overtake us, which sometimes is only a meeting of a committee, sometimes of an organization, sometimes, and most important, of only two people. This dress has the further advantage of being perfectly appropriate for almost anything else that comes along life's pathway, short of those occasions that must be covered by the costume for evening and sports.

NEXT to black, we have been stressing the fact that white is the most important color of all, but exceeding either in popularity and chic is the combination of them.

Dress 5489 shows one of the models in which the French have combined black and white, at the same time working in another of their favorite conceits for this and nearly every other season:

Their fondness for lace is so great that they cannot leave it out of their creations for any length of time.

In this gown, a charming dinner and dance frock, the lace is of black and is inset in one of the deep yokes of the moment. This dress also has the band hugging the hips and it is emphasized by two others beneath it on the skirt. They are of black lace.

In spite of a concerted effort on the part of designers to keep kasha off the market, its popularity is asserting itself.

One sees it everywhere in Paris and the resorts for recreation.

5491
34
36
38
40

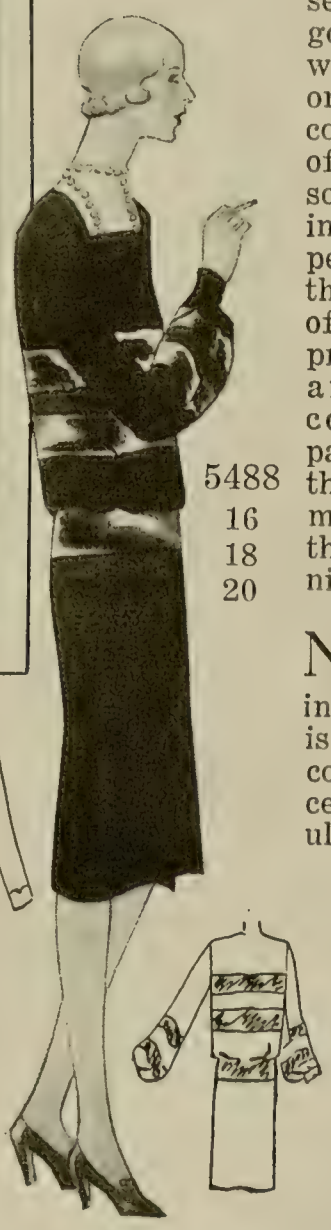
5490
34
36
38
40

DARK green flamenga, a new material, was used to make the spring coat at the left.

5489
16
18
20

THIS dress is of white crepe roma trimmed with black lace in a yoke effect.

BEIGE crepella made the dress shown above at the right; it has a smart bloused bodice, and scallops of braid are arranged in the outline of a bolero.



5488
16
18
20

A DRESS of black crepe de Chine with insets of wide black ciré ribbon.

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Send me the *Kissproof* Beauty Box containing a week's supply of *Kissproof* Lipstick, *Kissproof* Rouge, *Kissproof* Face Powder and Delica Brow. I enclose 20c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Underline shade of Powder
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Kissproof

The THREE AGES *of* BEAUTY

An Article by EILEEN BOURNE

TO man, along with his threescore and ten, are allotted seven distinct and separate ages, we learn from the copy book. In so far as woman is concerned, three ages will do, thank you.

Three will see her through a prolonged beauty career, with the maximum amount of satisfaction to herself and those with whom she has contact. They are, in order of succession: the Appealing Age, the Fascinating Age, and the Interesting Age.

The actual term covered in each instance cannot be established arbitrarily in years. But to found a near-age chart that will embrace the three periods, let us agree that the first, the Appealing Age, begins when the coverlet is lifted back and "Isn't she adorable?" exclamations issue from those around the cradle, and continue until she is twenty-five.

THE Fascinating Age begins where the Appealing Age leaves off, and endures, with proper care, until around forty. After that period, with the bloom of youth more or less dimmed, the Interesting Age sets in and may be sustained indefinitely.

As with our standard weight charts, one is permitted a slight leeway above and below the given numerals to provide for the unusual individual.

Of recent years, due to the emphasis on youth in America, women have been guilty of greater crimes against beauty than ever before, chiefly through "playing hooky" from the age in which they properly belong. And to this is due the sight of shingled, dyed, girlishly dressed, and fluttering fifty-year-old flappers.

Far be it from me, for the sake of my own popularity, to suggest that women act and be their age to the letter. But, for their own greater popularity, it were better to substitute for dyes a beauty formula in which charm, dignity, and brains are the chief ingredients.

The older women, however, aren't the only transgressors of laws applicable to the three beauty ages. The sinner that hurts more than the others is the young, *blasé* thing who hurdles the teens in one high, sophisticated leap—rouged, fingers nicotine-stained, looking everything, in fact, but the appealing young ingenue.

The Appealing Age really begins about the seventeenth birthday, when the girl brings down applause—or the reverse.

When it is the reverse, we weep over the loss of something that will never again be recaptured. Isn't it cause to weep when young women sacrifice that glorious charm to sophisticated airs, dress, make-up, and conduct?

Time and again, questionnaires have gone out on the most beautiful age of woman.

Every observant man has his favorite, naturally, but the popular vote unquestionably gives to the woman of the Fascinating Age the honor of attaining the high peak of attractiveness. Still endowed with the magnetic energy of her younger sisters, enthusiastic, wise in the art and science of making every good point tell, groomed to the last polished hair, intelligent, tactful, interested, alive, she is the flower in full and gorgeous bloom. Yet sometimes we find her playing the kittenish pranks of an earlier age, succeeding only as a flop of a flapper.

Sadly enough, there comes a time in the affairs of women when they have to relinquish the idea of the romantic appeal. But life isn't over, by a good many admirers, if one has built wisely and well toward that age we call Interesting.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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26

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PARIS Learns *a Thing or Two from* LONDON

By BETTINA BEDWELL

London, January 9, 1927.

EXCITING, seeing styles in London. You land at Victoria Cross Station, where you see ladies who remind you that there is still a market in London for the old-time straight front and the pompadour.

You head for the West End. Even a novice knows that styles are to be found in that quarter, though somewhat scattered. You look around—Hyde Park, Claridge's, Regent Street, and Hanover Square. So there is a British chic, after all.

You observe that Paris has learned a thing or two from England. Why not? How to combine tweed and tricot, for instance. They have a veah-ry saucy way of achieving this union in London.

London ladies are wearing the sweetest tailleurs of Harris tweed—everybody, from Princess Mary down to the last feminine name in Burke's Peerage. Harris tweed. It's made in Scotland, and the way to tell really truly Harris tweed from its host of imitators is to use your nose. Smell it! If it has the perfume of the heather and the peat fires of the peasant hut where it was woven, it's that princely fabric, real Harris tweed. If it hasn't it's a charlatan.

You can't fool the English ladies. They won't have anything else but the real thing, and they all have at least one Harris tweed suit, and they wear it both in London and at country social events.

Every single, solitary suit is made the same way. They should worry about standardization! According to the London tailor, there's only one way to cut and make up a tweed suit.

And I must admit that the one way is hard to improve upon. Take a look at it, as illustrated here. I got it from the Honorable Barbara Brand, who is just about the prettiest, daintiest bit of English ladylikeness that ever stepped out.

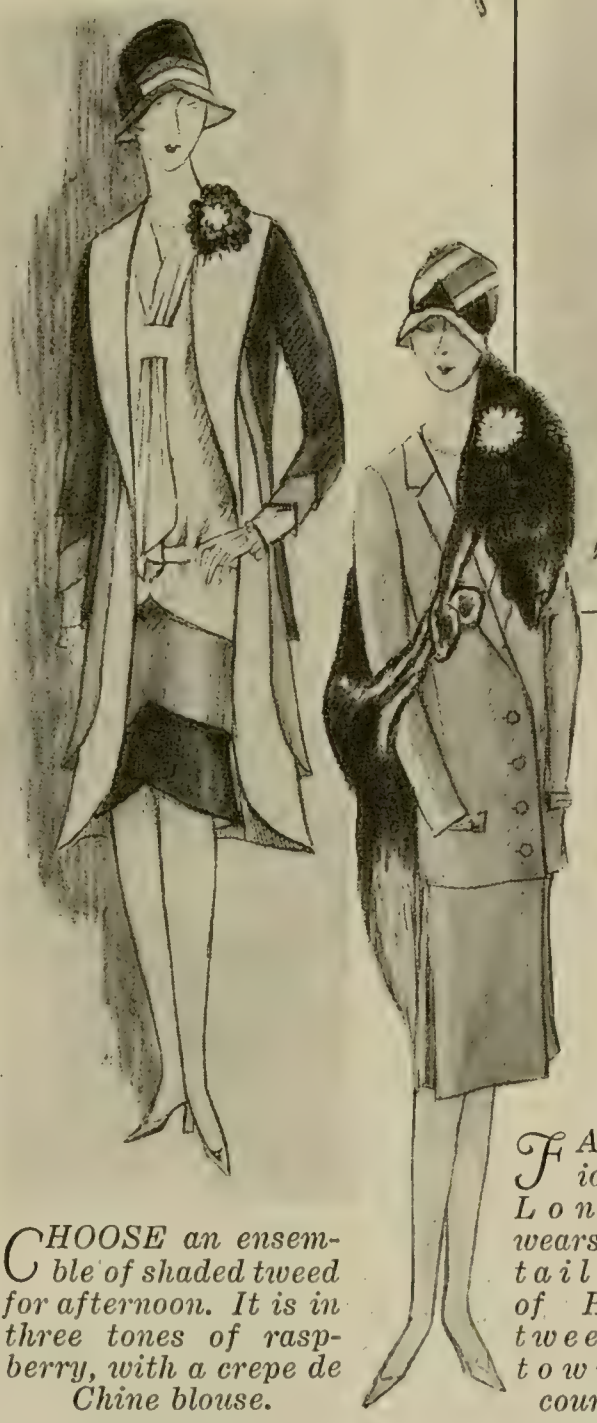
This model is composed of jacket and skirt. The straight jacket, made by a tailor who inherited his talent from his grandfather, and farther back than that, is of blue-gray Harris tweed, with four buttons, and having two unassuming pockets into which to tuck frost-bitten fingers on a cold day. (London is on a par with Iceland when it comes to the kind of cold that settles in your bones.)

Of course, there's a skirt with two inverted box plaits at the sides. And that is all. But I forgot something—the English costume flower. If you have a tweed suit, you have a flower of tweed, too. This one is a carnation with gray-blue tweed and blue georgette petals alternating. It is perfect, nestling in the soft darkness of silver fox. And the blouse that goes with it is a blue-gray tricot—a stockingette something like jersey.

The hat is a soft gray felt with diagonal stripes of blue, gray, and black.

Now, for real sport—and the Englishwoman is enthusiastic about the hard labor of hiking, tennis, and golf—leave off the frivolities of flower and fur and get into a serious sports costume. Our two sports models show you the proper thing. They are from Reville, one of the great court dressmakers of London, in Hanover Square. They show that common sense is not at all incompatible with chic. And, too, these typical sports clothes reveal the supreme achievement of tricot and tweed in combination.

TRICOT and tweed combine to make this smartest of English sports ensembles shown in the left-hand model. For the serious business of the game, London wears the plaid tweed skirt and a jumper, as shown on the right.



CHOOSE an ensemble of shaded tweed for afternoon. It is in three tones of raspberry, with a crepe de Chine blouse.

FASHionable London wears the tailleur of Harris tweed in town or country.

THE three-piece sports costume is all in rose-beige, with a plaiding on the tweed half in brown and red.

There is a sweater in jersey bouclette, that smart rough-surfaced silk jersey, rose-beige in color and with a narrow string tie made of plaid tweed. Over this is worn a sleeveless jacket of the same stuff, banded in plaid tweed. There is a plaited skirt of tweed, plaid of course, and a hat of rose-beige felt, with a wavy brim and a band of red and brown velvet to trim it.

It was the English who started out with the sleeveless-jacket idea, and their Paris high priests, Worth and others, have taken it up in no halfway spirit as a part of the spring sports costume.

In the two-piece sports dress illustrated the plaid skirt is of the wrap-around variety, the plaids placed diagonally. The jumper blouse is of beige jersey, or stockingette, as the British call it. The jumper is trimmed with lines of silk stitching. The sleeves have a fullness above the cuff, in tucks, as you see. This is the kind of sports dress in which you can be in the game as well as in the picture. The hat is of beige with a band of jersey to match the blouse.

And now, what does the Englishwoman wear for the serious business of taking tea, making good at a reception, going away, and what not? Shaded tweed! What could be better? Paris couturiers have taken inspiration from this idea, inaugurated by Norman Hartnall, a young Englishman just out of Oxford, with salons on Berkeley Square.

Our afternoon tweed model, designed for and worn by Lady Hamond-Graeme, presents three shades of tweed. The coat is 75 per cent raspberry red, with borders of crushed raspberry and raspberry rose. The tiered skirt uses two tones, crushed and red, and the blouse gives us rose, this time in crepe de Chine.

The hat uses the three tones in felt, and the flower is made of these three shades in tweed, the same as the dress.

The English, just across the Channel from the world's fashion leader, have the courage to create their own fashions, and thus inspire the rest of the world.

Pictures by
ROBERT A. GRAEF

A Sad Little HEN-CANARY

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story for Children

By ALINE KILMER

"BUT it's too much!" Carlotta wailed. "This house is like a zoo. Three dogs, a cat, two fish! Ain't that enough? An' now Mis' Holt goes an' gives Emmy that bird! How we goin' to keep 'em all apart?"

Well, to tell the honest truth, I didn't know. Fido, the cat, was deeply interested in the fish. She would sit for hours watching them, and once Nicky had found her with a paw in the oblong glass aquarium. One eye was on the door and the other on Mouser and Towser, the fish, which were still darting about, showing clearly the fear in their cold-blooded hearts.

Nicky's coming into the room spoiled her fishing. She snatched her paw out of the water at once and fixed both eyes on the sunset, but we all knew that she was only biding her time.

AND now here was Emmy's new bird hanging from a hook in the ceiling of the sun room. The bird was a small pale canary. The cage was cylindrical, of black lacquer with dull gilt wires. It looked safe enough swinging there, five feet above the floor. The only difficulty was that it couldn't get enough sunlight where it hung, so at certain hours every day we had to take it down and set it in the window. And you can't watch a cat *all* the time, can you?

We had quite a time naming that canary. Mrs. Holt had said her name was Liza, so I called her Liza. But the children preferred their own names for things. This time they couldn't agree.

So Emmy called her Chee-chee, Nicky called her Zaza, Greg called her Fifi, and Ben called her Willy.

Now, Chee-chee, or whichever name you prefer for her, was quite definitely Emmy's bird, so I said that Emmy must take care of her. Emmy did. For two weeks. Then she suddenly made a present of canary, cage and all, to Greg. So Fifi became Greg's bird.

Greg was very proud of her. He had had no pet of his own for a long time. But I never saw a lazier person than Greg. I had to drive him to do everything that was done for that poor bird.

One day, as we had all foreseen, Greg left the cage down too long. Fido came in and made a pass at Fifi through the wires. Fido got two tail feathers and Fifi curled up her claws and fainted dead away on the floor of the cage. Fido made off for the kitchen as hard as she could go when we rushed in.

I never saw a bird faint before. At first we all thought Fifi was dead. She lay so limply in my hand that Emmy burst out crying. But pretty soon she stirred faintly. Before long she was as well as ever, and Emmy dried her eyes and began to scold Greg.

"Well, if you sink—if you're so smart," cried Greg angrily, "you'd better take your ole bird back again!" So Chee-chee was Emmy's bird once more.

For another little while Emmy took good care of Chee-chee. Then she began to weaken. And in ten days she had given her to Nicky. And Zaza was Nicky's bird.

One morning we were all amazed to find, lying on the floor of the cage, a small, pale egg. Zaza seemed just as astonished as we were. Emmy ransacked her treasures and found a wren's nest she had brought from Buttonwood. She put a bit of cotton wool in it to freshen it up, and placed it in a corner of the cage with the egg in it. Then they all—Emmy, Nicky, Greg, and Ben—stood round to watch.

But Zaza didn't seem to know at all what was expected of her. She put her head on one side and looked at the egg with such a puzzled, inquiring expression that we couldn't help laughing.

On the third day, looking very gloomy but determined, Zaza dragged the egg out of the nest and ate it. This discouraged Nicky so much that he gave her to Ben. So Willy became Ben's bird.

THE lacquered cage had stood up pretty well under all the changes of ownership. But about the time Ben became keeper of the cage, the wire loop that held the drinking-cup gave way. Emmy came to the rescue with the coffee-pot that belonged to her set of doll's dishes.

Ben took better care of Willy than either Nicky or Greg, and almost as good care as Emmy. But his job didn't last long. Willy was worn out. One day Emmy found her, head down, in the coffee-pot, completely drowned. The children all thought it was an accident, but I have never been sure.

Loud was the grief over Liza, Chee-chee, Zaza, Fifi, and Willy; loud and inconsolable, until Emmy remembered that she had to be buried. This cheered them all up. Carlotta provided a neat little casket; Nicky, Greg, and Ben dug a hole in the frozen ground; and Emmy attended to the decorations. When I visited the grave all was over. A piece of cardboard tacked on a rectangular block of wood marked the spot. On it was written:

HERE LIES
CHEE-CHEE
THE HAPPY BIRD

No one had made any protest against Emmy's claim. Chee-chee in death was her bird. That night, instead of doing her lessons, Emmy wrote the following elegy:

ON THE DEATH OF CHEE-CHEE

On the edge of a coffee-pot, short and fat,
A little canary-bird solomly sat.
But, alas! she knew not where next to fly,
So she lost her balance and fell in to die.

You'll enjoy reading about the sly trick of Fido, the cat, in next week's LIBERTY.

Nicky, Greg, and Ben had dug a hole in the frozen ground.

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Sellers meets the demand for more color with cabinets in fascinating period styles

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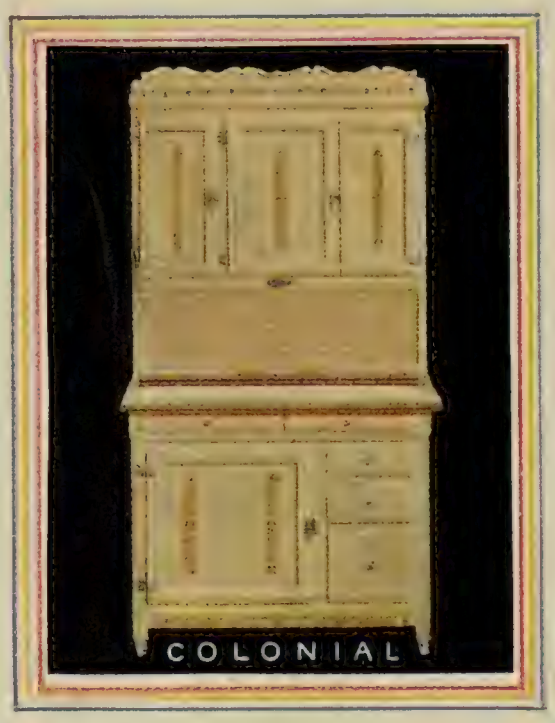
A type to harmonize with any home. A design that will add the smart, fashionable touch of color to any kitchen. And prices that are surprisingly reasonable—that any average family can easily afford.

But the Sellers KITCHENAIRE is far more than pleasing to the eye. It is the greatest of kitchen helpers. Every ingenious labor- and time-saving feature for which the Sellers Kitchen Cabinet has long been famous, is included.

The Sellers KITCHENAIRE will help to shorten kitchen hours—to lighten meal-time tasks—to eliminate fatigue—to preserve youth. In thousands of kitchens these facts are proved each day.

Now being shown at the better stores

Soon the Sellers KITCHENAIRE will be the topic of lively interest among your friends and neighbors. You will want to know all about it, of course. Then visit your local Sellers dealer. See the beautiful models—the exquisite colorings. Observe the smart styles—the wide range of Sellers designs and prices. And remember that *most dealers sell on very easy terms.*



The SELLERS Kitchenaire

A FREE BOOK! To study the Sellers KITCHENAIRE leisurely, at home, you will want our newest booklet, "Apostles of Style." All the Sellers KITCHENAIRE models are illustrated in colors. Also typical examples of the latest modes in kitchen breakfast sets and utility closets. The book is free. Merely send your name and address.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., *Elwood, Indiana*

MODERN AMERICAN

Be Prepared for

SNOW • RUTS • MUD • ICE

Emergencies come unannounced. You never know when skiddy, slippery roads are ahead —when you'll need "traction", and need it badly. Get ready for the emergency by having a set of tire chains in your car ALWAYS.

McKAY TIRE CHAINS ARE BUILT TO LAST

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McKAY TIRE CHAINS

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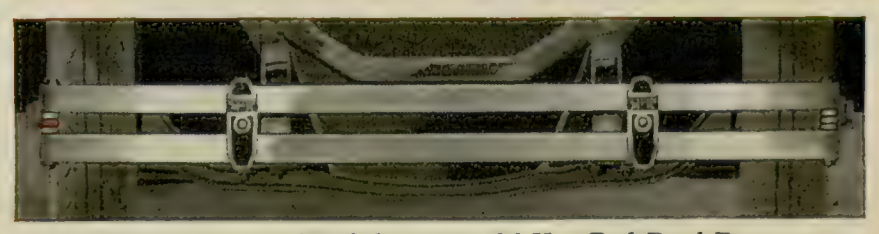


Be FULLY prepared with bumpers—McKay Red Bead Bumpers. Beside the element of safety, they'll "add good looks and protect good looks." There's a McKay type that will exactly suit your car.

That night, while Nicole was undressing me, we heard a most horrid howling outside: the Huron Indians coming in.

The Story of a Man Who Defied His King for a Woman's Honor

A SERIAL *by* ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of The Maid-at-Arms, The Fighting Chance, The Firing Line, The Girl Philippa, The Restless Sex, Slayer of Souls, etc.

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

Decorations by *W. FLETCHER-WHITE*

I MARRIED a man I loathed, to save the life of one I loved. Strange were the events that had brought me to such a pass. My father, a French colonel, had been forced to flee for his life into Canada, during the Huguenot persecutions. I, motherless, fled into England, in terror of persecution and of Armand Gribouri, a royal spy who had pursued me with attentions.

In an English pleasure garden three masked roisterers offered me indignities. Sir Harry Quarles' sword flew to my defense. He killed one man and wounded another.

The dead man proved to be Louis de Frontenac, son of Quebec's fiery Governor. And he who was wounded—Holy Virgin!—was Gribouri!

Sir Harry and I, escaping into France, fell into the midst of Huguenot disorders, and were thrown into prison. We were released, at length, on condition that we go as emigrants to Quebec.

When we were herded on to the ship, who should be a passenger but Gribouri! Appointed to the position of Intendant under Frontenac,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

he vowed he would expose milord. To buy my dear love's freedom, I promised to marry Gribouri.

On landing, I had a grain of comfort. Our ship was met by Colin, who had been my father's drummer boy. I learned that he had married my maid, Nicole, that our old regiment was in Canada to fight both the English and their Indian allies, and that my father was still free, though an outlaw in the forests.

In sorrow, I kept my promise and was wedded to Gribouri. Wandering away after the ceremony, I found my Nicole, and was strengthened by my talk with her to bear my bondage, called "wedlock."

PART TEN

I HAD come to a final conclusion when at last I arrived under the great arch of the palace gateway. I had made my stations; my Calvary was at hand.

I passed through the quadrangle until I came to the door in the long palace facade which led to the Intendant's residence.

Soldiers on corvée straightened up and kept their heads turned stiffly toward me until I had passed them. I said: "Good evening, friends."

A soldier on sentry presented his piece. I said, "Good evening," and walked on. Up the Intendant's staircase I passed leisurely, no longer afraid. At the head of it some superior servant bowed, retreating backward, and opened both gilded doors. I almost laughed—for they open *both* doors at Versailles only for the most exalted. And through them I moved serenely in my prison garb of gray. Through anteroom, salon, dining-room I walked, into my own cabinet, and entered my bedchamber.

Of my maids, who, while not forgetting their manners, clearly did not know how to take me, I commanded a bath. There was no bath in the palace. So I bade them go to the kitchen and fetch a copper of heated water.

When I had bathed, I let them show the finery to me, then bade them lay all this aside and bring me my own chemise and stockings which I had worn when first arrested in Dieppe, and which, in prison, I had washed and mended. They combed my hair and

GRIBOURI straightened himself and took an uncertain step toward the window, which was now all lit up by the flames of torches in the court below.

dressed it in anxious silence. Then I dismissed them, and dressed me in my prison garb and buckled shoes.

As I stood in the candlelight, tying the latchets, there came a scratching at my door, and I knew who it must be, aping the custom of a court I never was to see again.

"Well," said I, "if it is not the cat, come in, then!"

GRIBOURI stood there, ablaze with silk and cloth of silver and scented like a garden.

He looked at me, looked around at the finery and tinsel trailing from bed and chair and sofa to the polished floor.

"Madame," he said sternly, "this is your wedding night! Be so good as to clothe yourself suitably and shame me no longer before my servants!"

"I wear what suits me," said I. "If you think I shame you before your servants at table, why, I should very gladly sup here alone to spare you mortification."

"Will you obey me?" he demanded sharply.

"No," said I, "I will not."

He struggled with his irritation; contrived to control it.

"Michelle, I request—beg——"

"Quite useless," I interrupted; "you waste breath. I owe you nothing, and that I shall pay you always on demand."

I finished tying my latchets, then gazed quietly at my angry husband.

"Well," said I, "will you send me a dish of broth here? I require no more. Even less if you choose."

His face was red with rising wrath, and he licked his loose, dry lips continually.

Now, behind him, appeared the knock-kneed major-domo—he of the silver chain and staff of office; and when he had bowed three separate bows he told us that we were served. The petty pretense of ceremony and fashion in this poor savage land amused me.

I looked at Gribouri and laughed. For an instant a flash of devil's fury lit up his black eyes. Then, with his underlip hard bitten, he gave me his hand, and we went to table in our silks and peasant wool.

IT was a death's feast, for all the lights and flowers and fruits and wines, and servants behind our chairs and others always running.

He was afraid to speak to me lest he show his rage to the servants; yet was also afraid not to speak, fearing their ridicule.

At last the mockery was ended. Basins and napkins were presented, and so, with ceremony, to the silent salon, where I seated myself tranquilly upon a taboret and sent a servant to fetch my sewing.

Gribouri had his wine and a pack of cards to amuse him, and dice too; and thus the evening passed in silence, save for the rattling dice and the sound of some soft, distant bell tolling the death of hours. When 10 o'clock sounded from the *hôtel Dieu* I passed my needle through the hem, folded my linen, and rose.

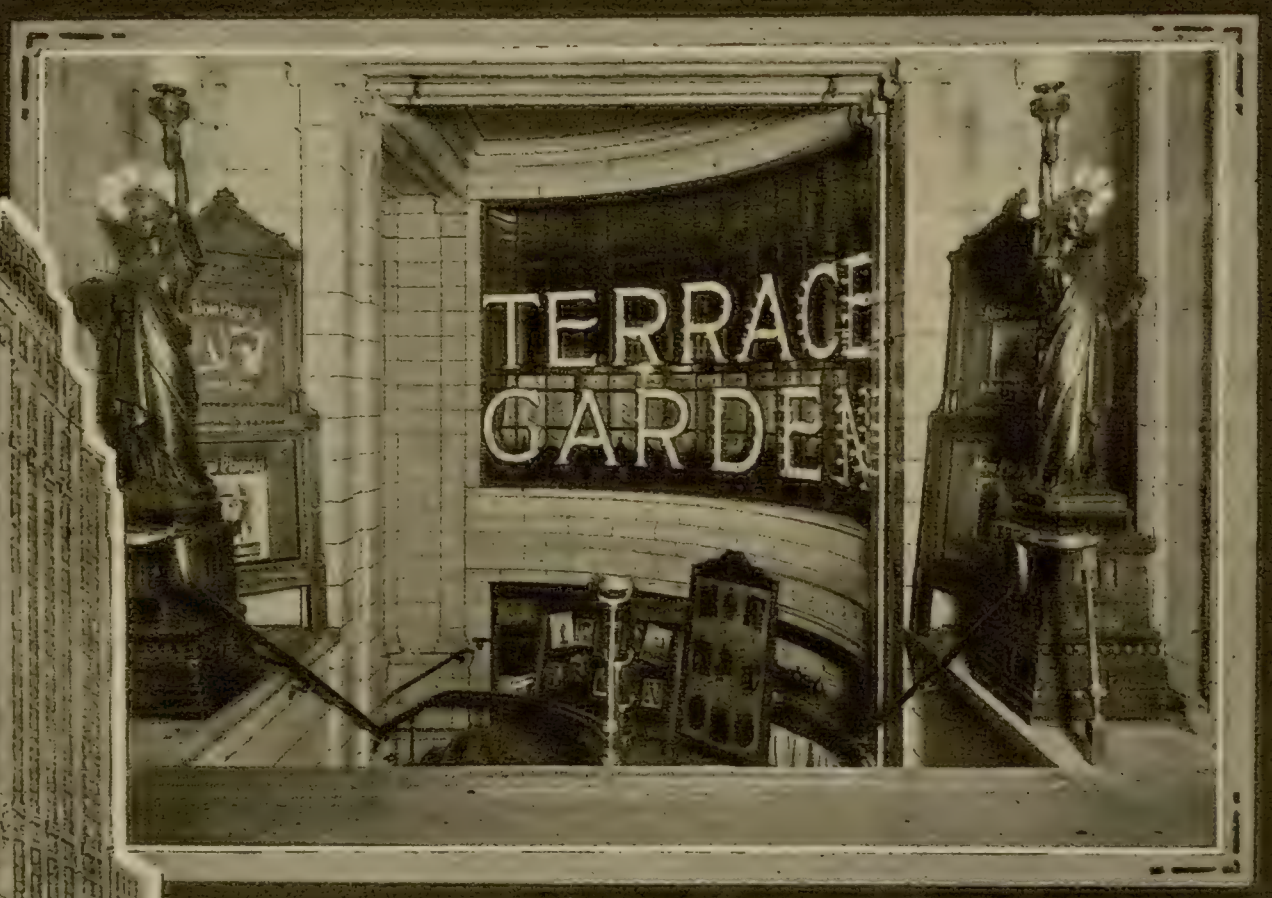
[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE]

Vast in Size, Yet Intimate in Service

Chicago's 46-Story

MORRISON HOTEL

The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms



Exterior Stairway to the Terrace Garden

IN all parts of the world—Montreal—Hong-Kong—Buenos Aires—Melbourne—whenever travelers speak of Chicago, the conversation turns with marked frequency to the Terrace Garden, Boston Oyster House, and other celebrated features of the Morrison Hotel.

An Expression of Character

Each of these features has a recognized individuality; they emphasize the delightfully "personal" character of the hotel, where every guest feels as though he were being entertained by old friends.

Rooms $2.50 Up, Each with Bath

Every room at the Morrison is outside, with bath, running ice water, Servidor and bed-head reading lamp. Every floor has its own special housekeeper, and all guests enjoy the privileges of the hotel's garage. Yet $2.50 to $5.00 will engage rooms that would cost $5 to $8 in any other leading hotel.

Chicago's Most Central Hotel

These economies are due to the location—closest in Chicago to offices, theatres, stores and railroad stations. Here the sub-rentals defray the *entire ground rent*, and the saving is passed on to the guests.

Write or Wire for Reservations

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and **TERRACE GARDEN** CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

How much of a husband's success is due to his wife?

Read a famous answer

DID YOU ever see the play about Maggie Wylie who knows what every woman knows? She's a plucky little Scotswoman who declares that she hasn't any charm.

"What *is* charm exactly, Maggie?" asks her father.

"Oh, it's—it's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else, and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have. Some women, the few, have charm for all; and most have charm for one. But some have charm for none."

Then this modest little woman proceeds throughout the rest of the delightful Barrie play, to give as captivating an exhibition of charm as could be imagined. She is not good-looking. But everyone surrenders to her spell. And the most endearing of all Maggie's traits is her delicious power of "management." Quietly, skillfully, unobtrusively, she dominates the household and helps her husband by doing superbly the things that only a capable, loving wife can do.

"Every man who is high up," she says, "loves to think he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that. It's our only joke. Every woman knows that."

Management. "The little things" which are really big things, after all. The eagerness to learn and put to use everything that makes the home brighter and happier and more comfortable. All that contributes to cheerfulness and good health and high spirits. This is the true charm which so many women exert as their share in the success of the family. They have the gift of the right touch.

Have you not noticed that they begin their meals with the warmth and cordiality of delicious, invigorating soup? With their genius for putting everyone in a happy mood, they never miss such an unfailing invitation to the appetite. They know the value of the first glow. They are careful to commence with the irresistible flavor of a splendidly blended soup—piping hot and refreshing. They consider it the first rule for serving a successful meal.

Relishing a good, hot plate of soup means that you are eating beneficial food readily and quickly assimilated into the body tissues. It also means—and this is very important—that your appetite is stimulated and the digestive juices respond to the hot liquid. Digestion is promoted. All your food tastes better and does you more good.

Consider how easy it is for you to serve the best of soups on your table every day! Campbell's Soups are available to you everywhere for they are sold in every food store in the United States. Money cannot buy better ingredients than are blended in these famous soups. They are within everybody's means and they are so convenient—already cooked by the celebrated Campbell's French chefs.

Thirty-two different ingredients in one soup. How many housewives would care to spend the time and money to make it? Yet Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains all of these ingredients, of highest quality and deliciously blended, at 12 cents a can!

Fifteen choice garden vegetables. Invigorating beef broth. Substantial cereals. Flavory herbs and seasoning. A soup so attractive to the taste, so satisfying to the hunger that it is frequently considered enough for a luncheon or supper.

Decide today that soup is to be a regular "fixture" on your table, especially if you have children in the family.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

The Perfect Shortening

Cudahy's Puritan Lard has won distinction as "The Perfect Shortening" because of its unequalled baking and cooking qualities. It has that essential grainy texture which assures perfect mixing with other baking ingredients. ***Puritan Lard makes light,*** fluffy, fine grained cakes, and pies with rich, tender, flaky crust that melts in the mouth. Unequalled for deep frying as it quickly forms a golden brown seal around the food which keeps in all the natural flavor, prevents absorption of lard and assures rich, tasty cooking. ***Puritan is 100% pure*** leaf, open kettle rendered and free from moisture. It does not smoke at cooking temperature, will not absorb food flavors and may therefore be used again and again. At your dealer's.

"The Test Tells"

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

"Monsieur," said I, "today you had my promise that this night I should not lock my door against you."

"Yes," he said, his black eyes narrowing on me.

I took from my bosom the key to my chamber and laid it on the gilded table. Then, from my bosom, I drew the little dagger that Count Frontenac had given me for my wedding gift.

"To carve a pigeon's breast," said I, showing it to him. "So—I leave my door unlocked."

A heavy flush surged over his face.

"What do you mean?" he said, wetting his loose, parched lips.

"I mean that this little blade is tempered to cut tender things, monsieur—as tender as a —*pigeon's* breast. Ah, monsieur, it is keen enough to sever the frailest filament—frail as the thread of life itself. Look, monsieur! It glitters like a lancet! And, like a lancet, it is also an instrument to probe bruised honor and relieve it of all pain."

I smiled at him and dropped it into my bosom.

Then, making my manners exactly measure to his quality and degree, I bade him good evening, and went leisurely to my chamber.

IT was nearly midnight when at length he came a-scratching. I had not undressed. I lay upon my bed, thinking of milord and of my father.

When I made Gribouri no answer, he knocked loudly to awaken me. After a while he opened the door, and his candle light fell across my bed.

"Michelle," said he, in a thick, unsteady voice.

"It is quite useless," said I, "if you think to use your strength. Because, when you are gone, I promise you to end it all. And you know I keep my word."

He came toward me, muttering and mumbling like a drunken man, and took me by both wrists, pinning me there upon my pillow. Then, in a crazed voice, he fell to pleading, then to cursing me, then broke down and sobbed and sobbed until his wrath and passion flamed again and he clutched me and poured out wild, broken, breathless words that scorched me to shame and kindled in me bitterness, contempt, and scorn immeasurable.

I could not move, so brutally he clutched me and set his knee across both of mine. To the pain I seemed indifferent.

I said: "I shall not survive the degradation of this night. And in after years you shall never doubt that it is you who do this murder, and not I—God forgive me——"

"Better this way," he panted, "than to endure a barren life starving for you——"

"Mary Mother! Have a care what you do——"

"By God, you shall love me——"

His voice was lost in a deafening clap of thunder, and the whole room flashed crimson for an instant.

Still pinioning my arms, he turned his head in a stunned way and stared at the window; and instantly the windowpanes flashed crimson again and the whole palace shook with the awful shock of a cannon shot. From the bastion opposite it came again, and plaster fell on my bed in a cloud of dust.

Suddenly, in the palace barracks, a woman flung open a casement and began to shriek. High above her, on the fortress, a drummer beat the alert. Almost instantly the court echoed with the racket of drums; hoarse voices were shouting; doors burst open, shutters rattled and slammed. There came a rush of feet below, the noise of horses, and a child's thin, frightened wail.

"Oh, God, the Iroquois!"

Gribouri's weakening clutch fell away from me. He drew his knee from my body, straightened himself with a stupefied air, and took an uncertain step toward the window, which was now all lit up by the flames of torches in the court below. To the deafening noise of drums beating the alarm, and the shrieking and shouting, and the galloping of horses, now was added the deep, terrifying warning of the *bourdon* booming out an iron summons through flame-shot darkness.

Three high beacons burned upon the fortress; a bright tongue of fire shot up from the gallows cage above the Rock.

GRIBOURI came back to me where I stood by the table in the middle of the room, striving to light my candle from the one he had left there burning.

He took hold of my arm and shouted in my ear: "If it's the Iroquois or the English, or both, this is no place for you—on the river strand!"

Our poor servants, half naked, came running through the salon with streaming candles.

An ensign of militia came in looking for my husband. When he saw him he saluted coolly.

"What is this alarm?" demanded Gribouri, blinking at him out of inflamed and swollen eyes.

But the ensign knew nothing, only that the cannon of Fort St. Louis had awakened him and the city outside was frantic with fear.

Gribouri turned to me and said that he would dress, and that I should take my people to the salon and await him.

I told my servants to go back and dress and then join me.

The ensign, who seemed calm enough, went with me to the salon, carrying my candle.

"I know not what has happened, madame," he said respectfully, "but the people are wild with terror. And one can hardly blame them who stood upon the strand below La Chine but a few months since and saw men and women and little children agonizing in the Iroquois fires across the water——"

He passed his hand across his eyes as though to clear them of the horror. Gribouri came in buckling his sword belt.

"Everybody is leaving the lower town," he said. "The tide is in, and nobody knows what may be coming out of the darkness across the river. And we are stripped, here in Quebec; for yesterday the Regiment d'Aulone marched again for Three Rivers. If the English and Iroquois are upon us it may go rudely for the lower town."

I spoke a word or two of reassurance to the servants, took my two maids each by the hand, and followed Gribouri and the infantry ensign down to the torchlit quadrangle, where a troop of horsemen was forming, and the teams for three pieces of light artillery were being saddled and harnessed.

As I led my frightened servants across the courtyard I saw Gribouri mounting a horse which a soldier brought from the stables on a quick trot.

The cavalry also were in motion. I waited for them to pass, and heard somebody say that they were going to cross at the bridge-of-boats and raise all the *côte* below.

Carrying my people with me, I climbed the acclivity to the Ursulines', where we found a throng of people from the lower town.

An officer and two soldiers in the old Carignan uniform were trying to keep order. The square was surging with refugees from the strand, who came into the city driving cattle and geese and hogs. And over all flickered the crimson light of blazing beacons on the Rock.

The Carignan officer saw us and beckoned us. I told my servants to go in, but would not enter the Ursulines', and turned again to force my way out of this surging mass of people who were suffocating me.

Clear of them at last, I leaned against the tavern wall of Jacques Boisdon to recover strength and breath, for the noise and pressure were making me feel a little faint.

Some very young officers, who seemed gay enough, came out of the tavern, and I asked one of them to tell me what all this noise meant and what was happening, for I did not know.

"Why," said he, smiling, "messieurs the English are coming up the river with a great fleet of warships, and we shall soon have noise enough to suit everybody."

"To cannonade the city?"

"Certainly, my pretty lass." He patted my cheek.

I shrank aside to avoid him, but he caught me and kissed me and let me go, while his comrades laughed and rallied him, and they all went swaggering off. As I wandered about through the swarming streets I had no slightest fear.

To descend to the lower town was difficult, but I thought I might encounter Nicole there, and take her with me to the Recollettes. And God was kind, for I saw her almost immediately, standing near a battery of twenty-four-pound cannon, where some messengers of the canoe service were gathered to await dispatches and orders for Montreal.

Seeing me, she uttered a passionate little cry and ran to me to kiss my hand.

"Oh, mademoiselle," she said, "I have been in the upper town to look for you, but nobody seemed to know you there——"

"Where is Colin?"

"Gone to Montreal with dispatches for Monsieur our Governor. He must come to our aid quickly. The English fleet is already above Tadousac. And if the Iroquois have surprised the upper forts we do not know. That is what I fear for Colin."

"The Regiment d'Aulone is at Three Rivers. Colin will be safe, so far," I said gently.

"Oh, yes, mademoiselle; but we desperately need our Governor to hearten us."

"He will come, darling. Did you have to leave your cows and chickens in Beauport?"

"No," said she. "Colin was obliged to go instantly to Montreal; but a poor bateauman helped me, and we got all our stock and household furniture and some sacks of flour and apples and a cask of cider into his boat; and, it being flood tide, carried everything up the river to a safe *côte* beyond Cap Rouge."

"Where do you mean to sleep and eat, Nicole?"

"God knows."

"Yes, and so do I. Come," said I, taking her by the hand, "the Recollettes' always is open to us of Aulone."

I WAS deathly tired. I longed for a bed as a lost soul longs for heaven. Yet one paramount and blessed thought sustained me—that milord must soon encounter this English fleet, and find at last, among his own people, that safety for which I had trembled and prayed and wept so long—oh, Mary Mother! so many, many bitter days and sleepless nights.

We lay late, I in my old nest, Nicole upon the sofa at my feet. It was she who awoke first and went to fetch my chocolate and tartine and grapes.

Sunshine filled the room, but outside the October air was keen and smelled already of frosts to come.

All the news and gossip of the little cloister my foster sister brought to me, which was this: that every hour our Canadian and Huron scouts were coming in from Beaupre and below to warn us that the English fleet was standing up the river; that the Puritan Admiral, Sir William Phips—he who had taken from us Port Royal and from Meneval his silver spoons—led all the fleet in his great flagship, The Six Friends: which strange name meant the English and their allies, the Five Nations of the Iroquois, and was designed in compliment to these murderous savages.

Further, it was said that the English fleet

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

carried an army which was to land and assault the city while the ships of war lay in the basin and knocked our Rock to pieces.

And so much for the enemy.

As for us, our horsemen, scouts, and Indian runners were hurrying through the province to call into Quebec every soul outside Montreal and Three Rivers. Messengers were on their way to Montreal to summon our Governor and to recall the Regiment d'Aulone from Three Rivers.

Our Town Major was cheerful and indefatigable and had called all incapable of bearing arms to work on the fortifications.

From all this I gathered that although the danger was real and near, it was not pressing.

Nicole talked of Colin and of her cows and pigs and chickens, and her big eyes sometimes filled with tears. She wished to go to the Cap Rouge *côte* to caress her cow. I also desired to go to the Intendancy and gather my effects, for never again would I remain there, even if I had to starve in the forests alone.

So Nicole and I hastened to Mountain Street and there separated, she to go by canoe and I afoot along the log fortifications.

There was not a soul in the apartment. I gathered together into a bundle the articles with which I had landed. Of the sentry at the gate I made no inquiry, but he recognized me and informed me that the Town Major had sent Monsieur Gribouri to Beauport by water with three hundred sharpshooters to drive off any English or Iroquois who tried to land there.

I was grateful enough to be rid of him. I took up my bundle like any peasant and climbed to the upper town. The *hospitalières* and Ursulines were feeding hundreds of refugees in their gardens with bread and soup and apples. In the square some militia had made a great fire, where two sheep and an ox were being roasted whole.

AS I entered the garden of the Recollettes I heard the drums of the Regiment d'Aulone returning from Three Rivers; and from my window I saw refugees and militia from the *côtes* above and across the St. Lawrence hastening to enter the fortified *enceinte*.

Madame d'Aloste stood beside me, watching the constant stream of these unhappy people, with their cattle, sheep, hogs, horses, ducks, geese, and turkeys, toiling across the plateau. All around the gallows on the Buttes-à-Neveu these beasts were pastured, and tall fellows in deerskin guarded them with guns.

Here, now, I first saw the *peau rouges*—Indians of the Ojibway and Ottawa nations. They were in their paint and feathers, and seemed like demons to me. Such cruel eyes! Some of our scouts were with them, and they, too, had smeared their features with paint and wore the gaudy savage finery of their red allies.

Nicole came from Cap Rouge, having embraced her cows to her heart's desire.

Evening approached, and no sign of an enemy. An angry sunset clotted with clouds threatened rain; and that night I was awakened by thunder which, at first, I took for distant cannon. But when I went to the window I saw lightning over the river; and it had begun to rain a little.

Rain fell almost every day for nearly a week, and during all that time not a sign was seen of the English or of any Iroquois. Nor, alas, had we heard a word from Monsieur de Frontenac. But it is a long way from Montreal to Quebec, and we knew our doughty Governor never would abandon us.

He should have had the news from us by the 10th of October. It was now the 13th; and no Frontenac; and, thank heaven, no Admiral Phips, who, they say, robbed poor Meneval of his very breeches, and even took all his nightcaps, four pair of silk garters, and three wigs! And it seems a disgusting thing to me that any man should wear another man's wigs and breeches.

However, I heard in the convent and in the streets many amazing tales of the English, and that they were cold, treacherous, brutal, and often drank blood instead of soup. Which both amused and angered me, because I knew something of these people, and one of them was my lover.

Also I knew that he would certainly volunteer aboard one of Sir William's ships. I knew it as I knew God lived in heaven. And it thrilled me with a strange and passionate pride that this man should once more set his stern young face against this city where he knew I was. I saw his face when he left. And I knew he was coming back unchanged and still in love; and, perhaps, because of love. For he was no brawler or adventurer, and England had cast him out as Old France had cast my father out, and me.

Well, let him come. Life was not so kind that it mattered any longer. Happy for us if we could die, he on his smoky deck, I among the ruins of Quebec.

THAT night about half-past eight some horsemen came to our gate. Gribouri was with them, but I sent word that I refused to see him except in the presence of the Lady Superior.

He came into the little antechamber reserved for visitors, where Madame d'Aloste and I awaited him.

Briers had torn his clothing and he was wet and muddy. He was sufficiently polite, made excuses for his condition, and behaved as though all were well between us. But now and then I caught a stealthy glance directed at me and his black eyes seemed malignant in the shadowy candlelight.

He said that he had been scouting below Beauport and had seen the English vessels—forty sail—and that four great ships led them. He told us that the English fleet had no pilot and was coming up slowly, feeling its way; but that it was not far off.

Our sharpshooters followed them abreast along the shore, reinforced by Abanaki Indians and some armed settlers, but they were not enough to prevent the English from landing, and that was why he had returned to Quebec to tell this to Major Prevost.

Madame d'Aloste asked him very quietly whether he had seen the Town Major.

"Yes," he said; "and though he pretends to be confident, everybody knows that Quebec must fall unless this noisy, bragging Frontenac arrives with troops and Indians in time to reinforce us."

"Is it very likely that Monsieur de Frontenac will abandon us?" I asked, astonished.

"How can I guess what such a person means to do who denies me my government of Montreal?" replied Gribouri sullenly. "Who can understand the caprices of such a mind? He may abandon Quebec and march to the Mississippi for all I can tell."

"That is not like what I hear of him," said I coldly.

"Monsieur Gribouri"—Madame d'Aloste spoke with the poise of a great lady—"the courage of our people in Quebec depends upon the cheerfulness and self-sacrifice of those who lead them. If you have any misgivings concerning the situation you could best serve us by leaving us."

"M-madame," he stammered, "I do not understand you!"

She said quietly: "God does not give normal understanding to everybody, monsieur," and she turned her back on him and led me from the room.

That night, while Nicole was undressing me, we heard a most horrid howling outside, and we ran to the window and saw the Huron Indians coming in—dreadful shapes in the torchlight, brandishing their guns and hatchets, screeching, dancing in the smoky glare. There were scores and scores of them; and they raised a terrifying yell when our Indians from the St. Francis Mission advanced to meet them—these, too, as daubed and smeared and feathered and naked as the savages from the upper lakes.

Mary Mother! I think that I have had a glimpse of hell, for no scene could be more dreadful.

All through the night, lying abed, I could hear peasants and Indians from remote districts arriving at our gates. All night long the battle lanterns' lurid light shone over the ramparts of Fort St. Louis and the batteries at the Sailor's Leap and the Windmill.

I slept, but waked continually, dreaming of drums and a cannonade, of tall walls falling.

About 8 o'clock in the morning a cannon shot brought me bolt upright in bed. Another blast from the Windmill battery, and I sprang out of bed as Nicole entered with my chocolate tray and the last rose from the garden.

"Mademoiselle!" she cried. "Our Governor is arriving from Montreal! All the town is running down Mountain Street to greet him!"

I swallowed my chocolate while Nicole bathed me and got me into my clothes. Then I pinned the rose to my bosom and we ran out and across to Mountain Street and down toward the lower town, where a long line of canoes, coming down the river full of officers and soldiers, was just landing.

"Which is he?" I cried breathlessly, and could scarcely hear her for the roar of cheers where people waved hats and scarfs in a frenzy of welcome, and soldiers tossed up their muskets, and Indians screeched and fired their guns into the air and capered like red devils in the pit.

I saw a man coming up Mountain Street carrying his plumed hat in one hand and his buff gloves in the other. He was of medium height, fine and straight of body and limb, and his handsome head was of purely military type, with small mustache upcurled, keen, brilliant eyes under a slightly lurking frown, and a mouth that sometimes was leonine, sometimes humorous, sometimes charming, fascinating, almost tender in its expression.

HE was seventy; he looked fifty or less. Oh, Mary Mother! I knew the type—knew it and loved it—all that was of France most nobly French!—Louis de Buade, Count of Palluau and Frontenac, Seigneur of the Island of Savary, Colonel of the Normandy Regiment, Marshal in the armies of the King, Governor and Lieutenant-General in Canada, Acadia, Newfoundland, and other dependencies of France in the Western World!

As he passed us I tore off my little starched cap of the hospital and waved it above my head, and cried with all my ardent voice: "*Vive notre Général! Vive l'ancien régime! Vive l'armée!*"

He heard me in all that uproar; he turned his head swiftly, and his whole face sparkled.

"Mademoiselle with the pretty red hair," said he, "you are very kind to the old régime and to an old man. Give me the rose from your breast to renew my youth!"

Swift as I could pluck it I gave him my flower, murmuring: "A rose for a dagger, my General, and a poor girl's prayers forever."

"Oho!" cried he with the gayest of laughs. "So it is a daughter of Aulone who cheers for the old régime? I might have known!"

And he made me the most charming salute that ever I have had from any man, and walked on through the thunderous acclamations of the crowd.

All the way to Fort St. Louis his progress was an increasing triumph. Everybody joined, whether politically or religiously opposed—Jesuits, Ursulines, Sulpicians, Intendant's bodyguards. I saw the seven gentlemen of the Council drawn up at the fortress gates to pay their respects to the man who had humiliated them more than once. I saw the Bishop bestow his blessing, forgetting what this fiery Governor had done to every ecclesiastic in New France, from Fenelon to himself. Magistrates whom he had bullied hailed him rapturously as the savior of Canada. The Superior of the Jesuits and the former Bishop, Laval, appealed to him in the name of God, His Holy Mother, and all the saints and angels to stand to the last against the Puritan soldiery who would desecrate their altars as they had at Port Royal, and promised to die in their chapels if the heretics should prevail.

In the Place d'Armes the Governor mounted a horse, waved his plumed hat gayly to impose silence, and, standing in his stirrups, surveyed the throng with a merry, mocking eye.

"What a noise are you making," he said, "to bid *bonjour* to a man old enough to be the grandfather of you all!

"Well, then, I salute you, *mes enfants*.

"They tell me that the English are coming to pay us a little visit of politeness. I have come from Montreal to put myself at your head to receive messieurs the English with every fitting ceremony. See to it that you remember your manners and do not try to get ahead of me.

"Be of good courage and gay heart. If we are not many, we are, nevertheless, enough.

"And I have to tell you that Monsieur the Governor of Montreal is marching to our aid with a thousand men. As we all are French it is not necessary for me to remind you to do your duty.

"*Allons*, then!—with good will and light hearts for the honor of God, the King, Canada, and Quebec!"

AMID the storm of cheers he laughed and wheeled his horse slowly along the crowded street; and to the brilliant staff of mounted officers who surrounded him he pointed out this spot and that to be fortified and defended.

I saw Gribouri on horseback with Prevost and the Intendant Champigny and a troop of horse. Frontenac gave Gribouri an ironical look.

"Monsieur," he said, "your news from Beauport does not alarm me; it pleases me. Because, the more Englishmen, the better we shall fight. Be good enough to take your horsemen back and bring me a really terrifying report."

Gribouri, scarlet with mortification and rage, jerked his horse around and spurred it brutally, followed by his riders at a gallop; and I saw them disappear in the direction of the heights of Sainte Genevieve.

Our Governor rode on in his tour of inspection. The crowds followed, Nicole and I among them; and we saw the new battery of eight guns and the barricades around the palace, the batteries of the Saut, and the Windmill battery.

At the gates of the hotel Dieu I caught sight of Madame d'Aloste, who stood in conversation with Madame de Champigny, Mother Juchereau, and some Ursulines and nuns of the hospital.

When Madame d'Aloste perceived me she beckoned me.

"Here," said she to the others, "is a daughter of Old France who has become very dear to me, and who is ready to aid us in this hour of trial."

If they noticed my garb at all these ladies were too well bred to show surprise, and all spoke to me with the utmost courtesy and told me something of the situation—how the vast cellars of the Ursulines and the hotel Dieu were filled with refugee women and little children, and that it was probable the seminary would be turned into a fort.

I said to Madame de Champigny that I would very gladly help in feeding the poor or caring for the sick and wounded, or would wash and cook or do any servant's work.

Before it was decided what I should do, we heard the clanking of artillery and the trampling gallop of the gun teams and of horsemen.

THE Governor said to me: "I think the Regiment d'Aulone will fight more gayly when they hear that their old maître de camp is in battle beside them."

Cannon were coming up the street, and Monsieur de Frontenac and his staff were with them.

When the Governor saw us he got off his horse and came to us, hat in hand, and we all curtsied with every possible respect.

He said to Madame d'Aloste: "I am sorry to park my reserve artillery behind the Recollettes'," he waved his hand toward the passing cannon; "but necessity knows no respect, madame. So be good enough to bring your nuns to the chateau, where they will be safe until this affair is ended——"

HIS restless eyes caught sight of me and his delightful smile made his face brilliant.

"Well," said he, "did you carve the pigeon's breast?"

I blushed violently: "No, monsieur the Governor——"

"What, was there no banquet, then?"

"Untasted, sir."

His amused, ironic gaze was piercing me, and my face was burning up.

"Where are your quarters?" he asked abruptly.

"At the Recollettes', monsieur."

"Come to the chateau with Madame d'Aloste. Be there in half an hour, if you please."

He bowed to the ladies, got into his saddle, and rode away toward the western gate, followed by the gold-laced, gayly uniformed youngsters in his train—Clermont, Sainte-Helene, Valrenne, and others whom I did not know by sight.

On St. Louis Street I heard the drums of the Regiment d'Aulone saluting him.

While I was in my little room at the Recollettes', preparing to pack my few belongings and go with Nicole to the chateau, a nun came to me and said that our Governor was in the visitors' room and desired to see me immediately.

I left Nicole and ran downstairs, and there was Monsieur de Frontenac in his brilliant uniform and muddy boots, standing alone in the visitors' room.

When I entered he saluted me and closed the door.

"MADAME," he said bluntly, "the Aulones never dread the truth, because they deal in it only. I never heard of a coward among them, either."

"Nor I, monsieur."

"Very well. Then listen to the truth, madame: I shall have no more than a thousand regulars to defend this city. The militia may not stand; the peasants and the Indians are of very small value. Hurons and Ottawas are likely to run; the sound of cannon makes them sick.

"Well, then," he came and took my hands and looked me straight in the eyes, "help France in this hour, madame! I ask it."

"Oh, Monsieur de Frontenac, tell me how, in God's name, I can do the humblest service for France and for you——"

"Sit there at that table. Write to your father to bring his coureurs-de-bois to our aid. Tell him that the Governor who swore to catch him and shoot him needs him in this hour. Tell him that his King, who offers a price for his head, asks him to help us save Quebec to France.

"Madame, with the coureurs-de-bois under my command I undertake to hold this Rock! Say that to Monsieur the Count d'Aulone. Will you do this for me, madame?"

I flew to the table, where was ink, quill, and a ream of paper; and I wrote to my father to come with every forest runner he could discover.

The Governor took my letter, read it, went to the door, and called to an officer:

"Make copies and send them by different routes, using the swiftest messengers."

I went to the door and walked with Monsieur de Frontenac to the gate where were horsemen. He kissed my hand, reminded me that I was to go to the chateau; got into his saddle.

As he gathered bridle he leaned over and said to me: "I think the Regiment d'Aulone will fight more gayly when they hear that their old *maître de camp* is in battle beside them."

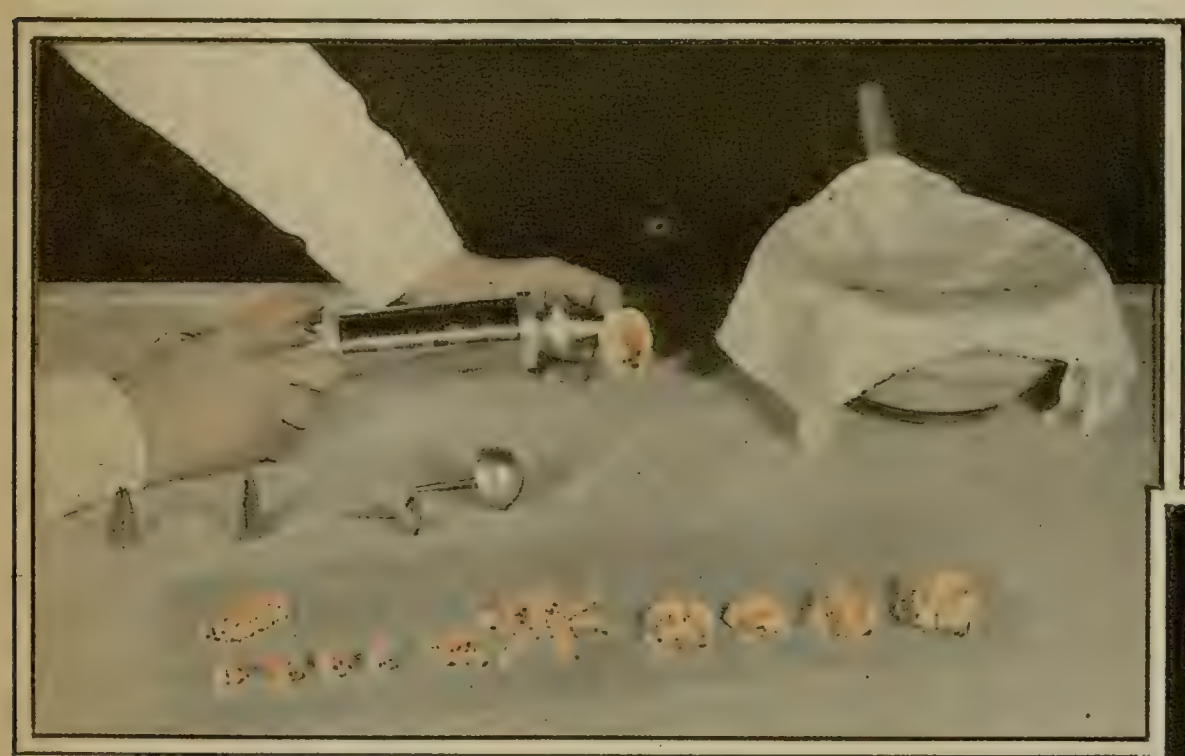
Then he took off his brightly plumed hat to me, wheeled his horse, and galloped back into the city, followed by his reckless, laughing youngsters.

Michelle is now at the heart of New World struggles. With French, English, and Red Indians fighting to the death, she has become "the woman in the case." About her, history swirls. You can't afford to miss next week's installment.

Eat to St. Valentine

By Ethel Somers

PERHAPS no party is easier to plan and present delightfully than a St. Valentine's luncheon or dinner. The menu below may be either elaborated or simplified, depending on whether you are planning a dainty party, a spread, a dinner, or a banquet.



MANY kinds of flowers and figures may be made directly on the cake, or on so-called pastry nailheads.

MENU

Tomato Bouillon
Creamed Shrimps in Heart Cups
Spinach Timbales
Pickled Beet Heartlets on Lettuce
Hot Buttered Rolls
Marble Cake Ice Cream
Coffee

RECIPES

Tomato Bouillon

1 medium onion, minced
2 tablespoons diced bacon
2 cloves
Sprig parsley
½ bay leaf
1 teaspoon sugar
1½ cups tomato juice
1½ cups strained tomato pulp
1/16 teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon celery salt

BROWN the minced onion and the diced bacon until savory but not crusted. Add the tomato juice, pulp, and seasonings. Cook over water one hour and strain carefully through a fine sieve, or several layers of clean cheesecloth, before serving. If desired, the soup may be thickened by mixing from two to four tablespoons of flour smooth with the onion-bacon mixture before adding the tomato.

Creamed Shrimps

3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
1 cup cream or rich milk
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups shrimps (broken, if large)
2 tablespoons butter
4 drops red vegetable coloring
1/16 teaspoon paprika

MELT the 3 tablespoons of butter. Remove from the fire and stir in the flour. Add the milk, stirring to form a smooth mixture. Cook and stir until thickened. Add the cream and seasonings and cook over water 20 to 30 minutes. Saute the carefully selected shrimps lightly in two tablespoons of butter, not until browned, but simply to heat them through and make savory. Add the sauce prepared as directed, and add vegetable coloring. Heat over water until ready, and serve in heart-shaped patty shells. A few drops of anchovy essence and 1 beaten egg yolk may be added to the hot mixture 1 minute before serving.

Spinach Timbales

½ peck spinach
½ cup bread crumbs
¾ cup hot water
¼ cup butter
5 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
1/16 teaspoon pepper

STEAM the well cleaned spinach over water until wilted and tender (about 15 minutes). Chop very fine. Moisten the crumbs with the hot water and let stand. Cream the butter as for cake, and stir in the unbeaten egg yolks one at a time, stirring constantly to prevent any separation. Then add the bread crumbs, chopped spinach, and seasonings. Carefully fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in greased molds or ramekins and steam 30 minutes. Turn out on service plates, or serve in the ramekins garnished with pimento hearts. If desired, this course may be baked in a pan of water in a slow oven (300° F.) from 30 to 35 minutes.

A WOODEN or steel meat skewer, pierced through the lower layers and extending slightly into the upper one, will hold the cake firmly.

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Pickled Beet Heartlets on Lettuce

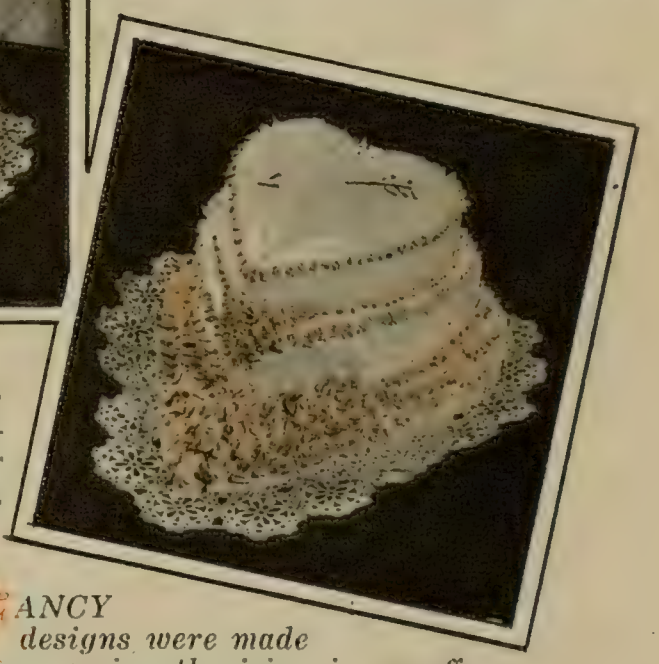
½ to 1 tablespoon brown sugar
1 cup vinegar
½ tablespoon well mixed pickling spices
½ medium onion (if desired)
2 cups cooked beets, cut heart shape

ADD the sugar and pickling spices to the beets and pour in the hot vinegar. Drain the beets from the liquor after standing overnight or several days. Serve on lettuce with crackers or cheese sticks. If desired, French dressing may be substituted for the pickling mixture in making beet salads.

Marble Cake Centerpiece

I	II
3 cups flour	3 cups flour
1½ cups sugar	1½ cups sugar
1 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda	4½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ cup butter	1 cup butter
4 egg yolks	4 egg yolks
1 cup sour cream (18 or 26 per cent)	¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla	1 teaspoon vanilla
4 egg whites	4 egg whites
1 ounce melted chocolate or	1 ounce melted chocolate or
2 tablespoons cocoa	2 tablespoons cocoa
Pink coloring	Pink coloring

CREAM the butter well, gradually work in half of the sugar. Beat the egg yolks well. Gradually beat in the other half of the sugar. Then slowly but thoroughly blend this egg-sugar mixture into the butter-sugar mixture. Mix and sieve the dry ingredients several times. Sieve a small quantity into the butter-sugar-egg mixture, adding a little of the milk or cream alternately with these, beating thoroughly to maintain the smooth mixture. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and vanilla with as little stirring as possible. Divide the dough into three parts, leaving one as is, adding the pink coloring to another, and the melted chocolate or sieved cocoa to the third. Place alternate dabs of these colored batters in a greased sheet pan. Whirl a fork through the mixture to give the marble effect. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) from 15 to 45 minutes. Before icing, cut each layer in a heart shape, each progressively smaller. For a large party or dinner service, the recipe may be multiplied three times. This triple recipe was used in the cake pictured and served fifty guests. If a heart mold is available, the top tier may be baked in this mold, greased. This, of course, produces a better shaped top layer, and the others should be cut proportionate to the molded heart and progressively larger. Cover with boiled white frosting (see Liberty's 100 Standard Recipes, page 59). Decorate with pink icing made as follows:



FANCY designs were made by squeezing the icing in an effective pattern.

⅓ pound confectioners' sugar, sieved
⅓ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 egg white

PUT all the ingredients into a bowl and beat with a spatula or wooden spoon until thoroughly blended. Continue beating until the mixture is so stiff that when the batter is drawn up the icing comes to a point and retains that shape. Then use this via a pastry bag or tube for decorating the cake as desired, keeping the bowl *tightly* covered with a damp cloth all the while.

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Cover Chow Mein Noodles with Chop Suey made with LaChoy Sprouts and flavored with LaChoy Chinese Sauce. Chicken or any kind of meat may be combined with the tender sprouts.

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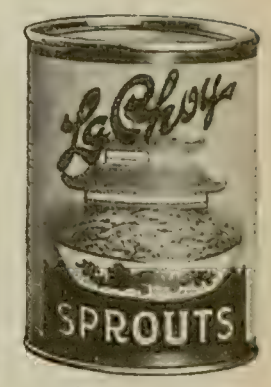
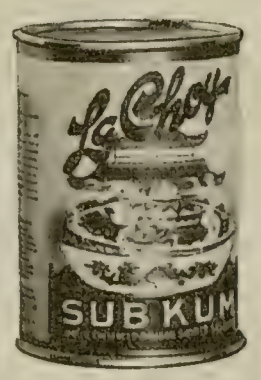
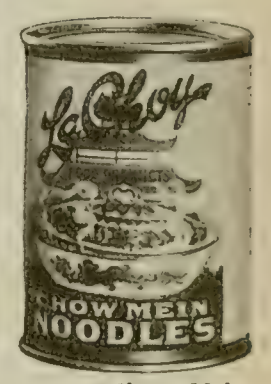


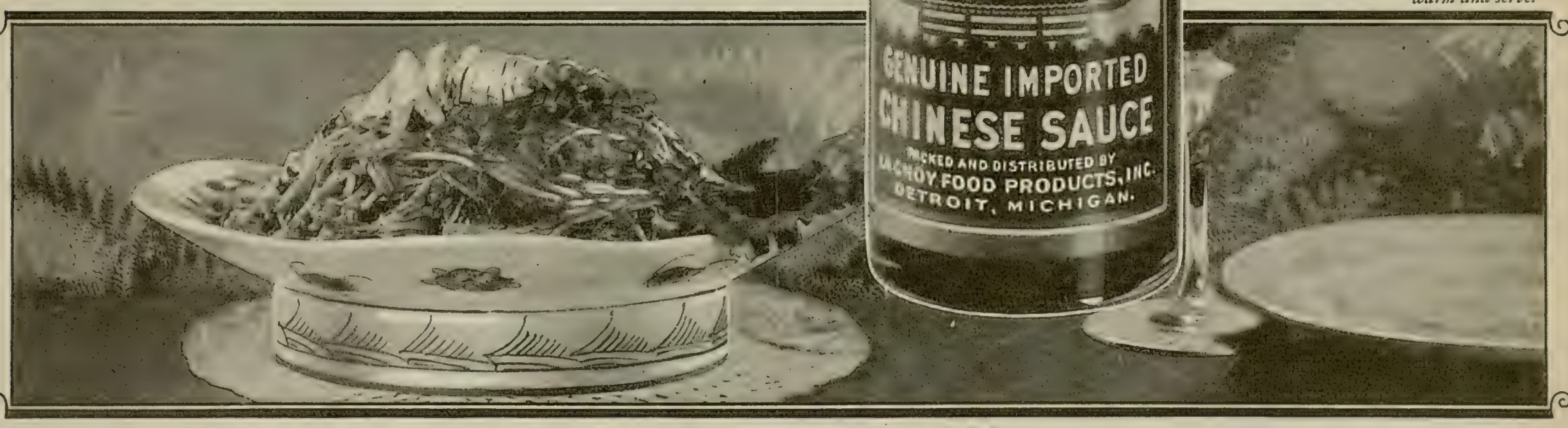
LaChoy Sprouts—essential to Chop Suey—can also be used for soups, salads, etc.



SubKum contains Sprouts, Water Chestnuts and Bamboo Shoots in combination.



Crisp Chow Mein Noodles—simply warm and serve.



Chow Mein for Four Persons

Prepare Chop Suey, according to directions on label of LaChoy Sauce, using any meat desired. Empty a can of LaChoy Chow Mein Noodles into a pie tin and warm in oven for few minutes. Next cook the Chop Suey ingredients as directed. Mold hot noodles on a platter or plates and cover with Chop Suey; decorate with lettuce and sliced cold boiled eggs; sprinkle with chopped nuts and serve while hot, with LaChoy Sauce as a condiment.

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Mushrooms—Brown Sauce—Kumquats

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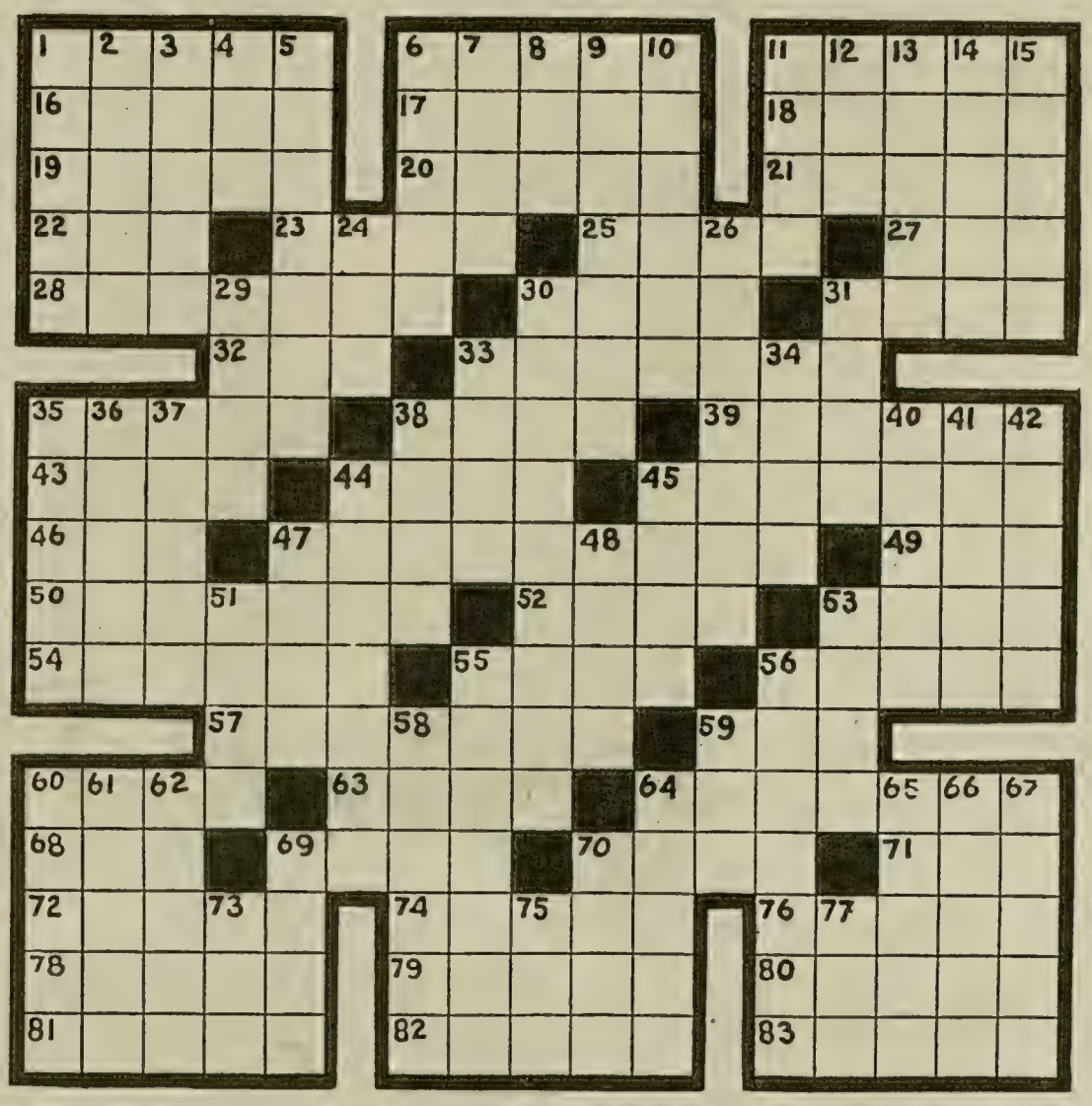


Prize Puzzle No. 23

By SAM H. BEAN, Asheville, N. C.

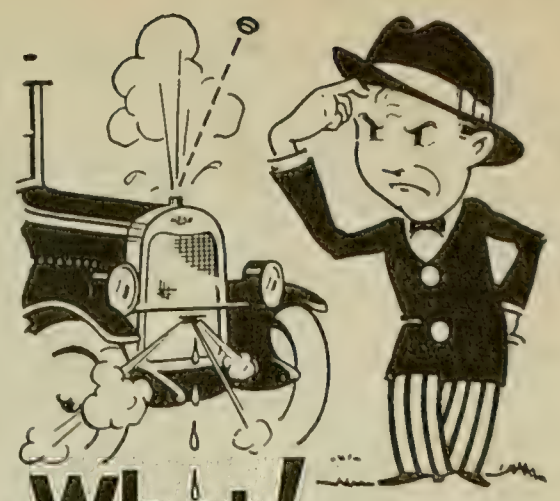
HORIZONTAL

1 To strike and rebound
6 Members of a race to which Russians belong
11 Hereditary class of society in India
16 A sphere of action
17 Feminine proper name
18 Citrous fruit (plural)
19 Serious in demeanor
20 The tarsus
21 Portentous signs
22 Large Australian bird
23 A flat edible fish
25 To careen
27 A masculine proper name
28 A handbag
30 A panel
31 To plunder
32 A propeller
33 A body of troops
35 In collision
38 Early
39 The north wind
43 Part of a shoe
44 A minute particle
45 A model
46 A constellation
47 Enmity
49 Spanish word for river
50 A savant
52 Units of weight
53 Litter for bearing the dead
54 Drinking vessel
55 Rhythmical cadence
56 Tuft on the head of a bird
57 American Indian or Eskimo
59 Edible seed
60 A Javanese tree
63 Intone
64 A feline
68 Protuberance
69 A deer
70 To pursue
71 Hail!
72 Wrathful
74 A metric measure of capacity
76 Journeys in a vehicle
78 One-tenth
79 Monarchs
80 In respect to
81 Emir
82 Large Mediterranean food fish
83 Endures

VERTICAL

1 Special state of affairs (plural)
2 Fragrance
3 To oppose by argument
4 Individual
5 High military official
6 Diminutive
7 Passageway
8 Repository of the Ten Commandments
9 Scoundrel
10 Observing
11 A coagulation
12 Purpose or design
13 Daub
14 Time expressed by form of a verb
15 Endeavor
24 Over
26 Batfish (plural)
29 Unexpected device or stratagem
30 Advancing in rank
31 Saucy
33 Deep hollow sound
34 Discolored by partial decay (variant spelling)
35 Stop!
36 Comedy
37 A city in Nebraska
38 Agitate
40 Weird
41 A sign of the zodiac
42 Force air violently through the nose
44 Poetical foot
45 Liquid measure
47 A styptic and astringent
48 Disposed of for a consideration
51 South American wood sorrels
53 Contemptuous word for child
55 A mode of treating certain diseases
56 Of the middle
58 Famous bridge in Venice
59 Small shallow vessel
60 Bring together
61 A Jewish festival
62 Lessen
64 To pucker
65 The nether world
66 Occurrence
67 Reposes
69 Prophet
70 German equivalent of Mister
73 Definite article
75 Shoe latchet
77 Feminine proper name

Answer to Puzzle No. 22



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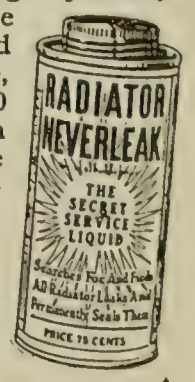

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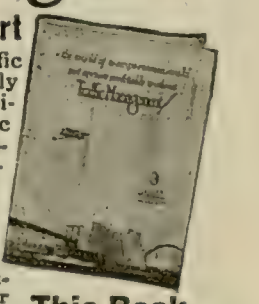

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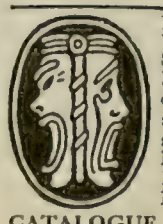

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Harry-Carrie

Just One of Those Things that Happen to Trusting Girls

A Short Story by
VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

Picture by
KENNETH CAMP

"Carrie happened to walk down Ful'on Street to look in a jew'ry store, which if she hadn' of done she wouldn' of met up with Harry, and there wouldn'a been no tradegy."

"NO," I says to Belle, "you can't tell me there ain't a Superficial Bean that direcks the affairs of this spear, accounta sci'nce don't explain, satisfactory to me, why, if you're destitute to do a thing, you're gonna do it, irregardless."

"Well," Belle says, "I think mos' of them superstitious happenin's on'y looks that way, and is jus' a case of pullin' the leg of quincidence. D'ju use' to know Carrie Gahagan?"

"Wasn' there a Carrie Gahagan stole from her firm, but they hushed it up accounta not wantin' no scannal?"

"Firs' place, they hushed it up accounta her mother paid back the money. And, secon', she never stole it. But outside them few discrepitudes, your story is correck. Carrie Gahagan never had the guts, if you'll excuse me for interducin' physics, to look her boss, Guggenheim, in the eye, let alone steal from him.

"But if there is a Fate, it cernly wen' outa its way to be dirty the day Carrie was on her way to the bank and run into Harry Michaelis——"

"That yeller-belly?"

"I didn't know you knoo him that innamate," says Belle.

"He gimme the heavy rush," I says, "before I give him the bum's."

"Well, Carrie was fit to tie in a cuckoo clock over him. Insteada goin' straight to the bank, she happened to walk down Ful'on Street to look in a jew'ry store, which if she hadn' of done she wouldn' of met up with Harry, and there wouldn'a been no tradegy.

"Harry tells her he's up the creek without no oars, and unless he could have the loan of a coupla hunnerd berries for one day, he's gonna pull a Brodie. Which she falls for, forgettin' that barkin' dogs don't drownd.

"Maybe if she'da had time to think she wouldn'a swallered that boloney, skin and all; but it all come so sudden, before she knoo what she was doin', he got her to cash one of the checks that was all indorsed for depositin', swearin' she'd have the money back tomorrer, so what harm? The pain teller knowin' her by sight, it was a fur-lined pipe.

"Well, jus' Carrie's luck, the head stenogafer was a frien' of the pain teller, and he happens to mention how nervous Carrie was, drawrin' out that money, and did she bring it back awright? So the nex' mornin' Carrie is affronted by Miss Haliburt——"

"No foolin'," I says, "is that a name?"

"Of course——"

"Sounds fishy to me," I says; "but precede."

"Well, Miss Haliburt, likin' the kid and knowin' what a tough egg Guggenheim was about money, gives her till the nex' mornin' to make good.

"Poor Carrie spent that day and evenin' tryin' to dislocate her boy frien', which she finely does in a pool-room. And she breaks down cryin', so he promises on the Bible he'd be at her house eight o'clock the nex' mornin', or Gawd could strike him down dead. But I guess Gawd had other things on His mind.

"Carrie's mother was waitin' up for her, very auspicious. She was an awful snooper, awways wannin' to know where was you, and with who, and what'd they say, and Carrie was awful scared of her and had a hard time gettin' her off the cent.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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INSIST UPON KEMP'S BALSAM for that COUGH

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-ONE]

"The poor kid didn't sleep none that night, jus' prayin' Harry'd turn up. However, eight o'clock come, but Harry didn'. Which makes me think if there was a Gawd, He shoulda got busy.

"Well, the ole lady kep' pumpin' Carrie about why didn' she hustle off to work, and Carrie pulls a stall about waitin' for some papers she was s'posed to take down the office.

"Carrie was so nervous she near went into appleplexy, a-scared to go down the office, and a-scared not to; hopin' against hope Harry'd show up; and the ole lady sniffin' aroun' like a gas leak.

"The poor kid decided sewer-side would be easier than facin' the disgrace of Miss Haliburt tellin' Guggenheim, and him sennin' for the p'lice and all——

"So, rememmerin' about her brother Ed havin' a gun, when her mother finely got busy heavin' the ice offa the dummy, she sneaked in his room and foun' it. It was loaded, too. She jus' got it to her room and unner her piller when her mother come along.

"WELL, there was on'y one hope lef', and that was phonin' Harry, so she beat it down the drug store. And out his house they tole her Harry lef' town, havin' struck it rich!

"Well, poor Carrie, thinkin' how she's los' her job and Harry done her dirt, and she'll have to go to prison, puts her han' unner the piller, and there's the gun. And, jus' as she decides to wait till they sen' for her and then put a bullet through her brain, there's a ring at the bell. Can y'imagine?

"Carrie watched down the long hall while her mother opened the door, and guess who was stannin' outside?"

"Harry!" I guessed, on tender hooks.

"No," says Belle; "a p'liceman! He talked to Mrs. Gahagan a minute, and then the ole lady calls out in a mad voice:

"'It ain't true! *Carrie!*'

"But Carrie didn' wait for no more. She picked up the gun, put it insida her mouth, and pulled the trigger."

"Gawd save us!" says I.

"And the wors' of it was," says Belle, "what do you think the copper was sayin' to Mrs. Gahagan?

"It seems the people downstairs was complainin' that garbage was throo down the dummy, and she called Carrie to prove it was the fam'ly upstairs. But Carrie was on'y a bundle on the floor."

"Gee'z," I says, "*what* a quincidence!"

"Wait," says Belle; "here's what *I* call the quincidence: Jus' the night before Mrs. Gahagan had a dream of fallin' teeth, which, in her fam'ly, awways means a death."

"And still she didn' do nothin' to stop her?" I says, aghasted.

"Sure," says Belle, "she did. While Carrie was in the drug store she foun' the gun and took the bullets out. So when Carrie pulled the trigger, she on'y fainned."

"Well!" I says. "And do you mean to say it wasn' the Hand of Gawd sen' Mrs. Gahagan that dream?"

But you can't convince a septic.

"It seems to me," says Belle, "it woulda been a lot practicaler, as long as It was goin' in for the supernational, if It had of sent the money."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Leading the Criminal On

Little Rollo had risen late and was eating his breakfast of toast and eggs alone, when his brother Bobby came in with an all-day sucker and began teasing him by taking small bits of his toast and eggs. He persisted in this until his mother told him that unless he stopped he would have to give his sucker to Rollo. Rollo sat perfectly still for a moment and then looked up at his brother and said:

"Bobby, take anuzzer bite."—B. E. C., Parshall, N. D.

* * *

Not a Trace Remained

Little Ted, five years old, was continually losing his pencils in school. Seldom an evening went by that he didn't come home in tears because he had lost his pencils again.

To put an end to it, his mother wrote Ted's name on them one morning. That evening he came home weeping as usual.

"What's wrong?" asked his mother.

"They're gone again," stammered Ted through his tears; "name and all."—J. C. M., Moosehart, Ill.

* * *

Buddy Was Doomed

My two children were sitting on the porch, eating dry puffed rice. Buddy, aged three, dropped some on the floor and, as he picked it up, he ate it.

"Buddy! You mustn't do that. It's all dirty," said Virginia in a shocked voice. "You'll die!"

"Me don't care," answered Buddy, as he kept on eating it.

"Well, good-by, Buddy," said his sister in a resigned tone.—A. W. B., Chelsea, Mass.

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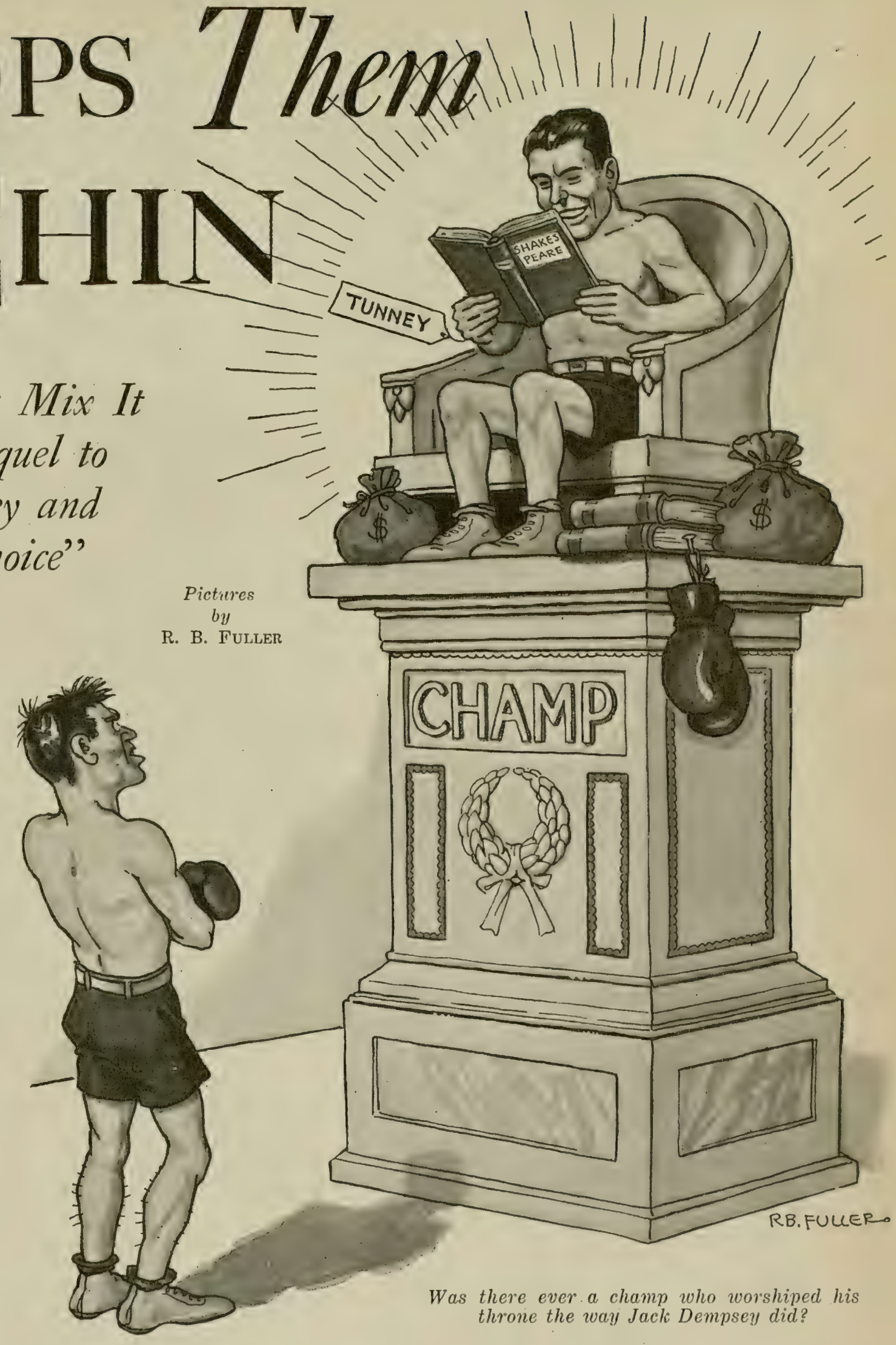
LIBERTY'S Readers Mix It in a Free-for-All Sequel to "You Pays Your Money and You Takes Your Choice"

Pictures by R. B. Fuller



Was there ever a champ who worshiped his throne the way Jack Dempsey did?

LIBERTY, in its issue of December 4, published two articles on the Dempsey-Tunney fight. One, by W. O. McGeehan, maintained that the Sesqui mix-up was on the level. The other, by Sidney Sutherland, looked at the big show with a fishy eye.

McGeehan contended that Dempsey had been the victim of his past—as a hobo and underworld character; whereas Tunney had had the flawless foundation of victory in his clean living from birth, and an honest yearning for better things. In short, virtue triumphed—as it always should.

But Sutherland quoted James Aloysius Durk, a Broadway wise-cracker of renown, who explained that his hair was not gray, as its appearance led one to suppose, but had been bleached white by the lights at a thousand ringsides. In all his vast experience, the Durk said, he had never witnessed such a sad performance.

This Dempsey, said Durk, was, and is, one of the hardest eggs that ever taped a mitt. He would have killed Tunney if he'd ever let go! The Durk was sore at seeing this gorilla of the underworld—this killer—lay down, as he expressed it, before a second-rate fighter like Tunney. Not that Durk had suffered privately. He admitted betting on Tunney in the last few hours before the gong. That's the way all the "smart money" of the big gamblers went, Durk said.

Readers of Liberty were invited to express their opinions of the Durk's and McGeehan's conflicting views. Hundreds took up the fight. They began climbing into the ring from every mail sack, and started socking heavily in all directions—at Gene, Jack, Sutherland, McGeehan, and Durk. They even socked each other, and the letters are still coming in.

So far, neither side has the decision. But the fight-was-a-fake boys have a slight shade on the fight-was-on-the-level contenders. We will endeavor to report the hostilities as impartially as possible. Referee, tap the bell!

THE spectators will observe that a gentleman from 'way out West is edging in Mr. Sutherland's direction. It isn't altogether fair to Sid, but we will let him open the battle royal:

Dear Editor: Sidney Sutherland is at his best when he drops into the loose jargon of the underworld.

Go back over the records of the champs of yore. Was there one of them who worshiped his throne as did Jack Dempsey? Would or could Dempsey, or any man of his peculiar complex, barter these things off for mammon? No. He didn't need money—not that bad. For Jack Dempsey would sell his soul right now for the title Gene Tunney holds.—*N. H. Howell, Anaconda, Mont.*

That's one way of looking at it. But here's the navy dipping in an oar:

Dear Editor: I am inclined to believe the article by Sidney Sutherland. To my way of thinking, Gene Tunney never had a license to lick Jack Dempsey the best day he ever lived, or ever will live. Things were probably something on the order as given by Sutherland. If Dempsey comes back next year, I think I shall win a few more shekels on the fight.—*W. K. Stickney, R. M. T. C., U. S. N., San Diego, Calif.*

Fair enough for the marines. But it takes the gobs to produce real naval literature. Consider this one:

Editor, Liberty: I'm a sailor here in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Because I'm a sailor and the sailors are known to have it in for the marines, that isn't the reason why I'm going to say what I am. Well, here goes:

Any sap that thinks that Tunney is a fighter *is* a sap, because he never did win that fight and I saw both them boloneys fight before the big fight. Dempsey is the wise boloney though, because he got his out of the fight.

Tunney hasn't got a chance with the next guy that fights him, because Tunney couldn't lick a two-cent stamp. In the history of fighters have you ever heard of one that was brought up in a church or at the ends of his mom's apron strings? No, you haven't. And what is said about Dempsey being a hobo

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[VOX POPS THEM ON THE CHIN]
Continued from Page Eighty-three

and a slacker is a lotta bunk, because it takes nerve to be a hobo, and I know because I've been one. The fight was a big *fake.—Jack T. Gob.*

Attaboy, Jack! And here's another for Sid and the Durk:

EDITOR: The match was either a frame-up or else Dempsey was poisoned. Dempsey is the greatest fighter of all times. He defended his title against contenders who were as good as almost any of the former champs. Tunney has nothing whatever to recommend him as a champ.—*Floyd E. Weldon, Birmingham, Ala.*

The ladies come elbowing in. Here's one with a hatpin aimed at Jack:

DEAR SIR: The "tough egg" who entertained Mr. Sutherland on the way back from the fight knew a thing or two. Let me tell you, the ladies who were rooting for Tunney were accepting him at his "face" value. Gene Tunney is a really fine young fellow, but no fighter. Jack may not be handsome, but then fighters are not picked because they are pretty. Dempsey either lost of his own free will, or someone dropped a love potion into his food.

In my estimation, prize fighting is one of the most cruel and stupid of sports, anyway.—*Charlotte C. Curry, Hoboken, N. J.*

Hats off to the ladies—we're for 'em, right or wrong. And now listen to the Mayor of Manson, Iowa:

DEAR EDITOR: The pictures of the fiasco which I saw at Philadelphia while attending the Legion Convention showed that if Jack was extending himself, then I am a mighty poor judge of fighters and fights. His stalling was so plain that a blind man could have seen it with his cane.—*J. M. Cole, Mayor.*

Stand aside, boys. Here's another lady:

DEAR EDITOR: Of course, being a Utahan, we may be a little prejudiced in favor of Jack Dempsey. We've always been proud of him, and we don't regard him as such a tough underworld character.—*Mrs. E. A. Hardy, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Here's a bird who thinks he knows more than Durk did. He writes:

DEAR EDITOR: I think it was the biggest fake that ever was pulled off in the history of the fight game. I have facts and experience to back up my statements.—*Nat Presberg, New York City.*

But on top of that comes a fast one that sends both the wise-cracker and his chronicler to the ropes:

DEAR EDITOR: I believe the fight was on the square. I think W. O. McGeehan's article regarding Mr. Tunney is one of the best I have ever read. But, on the other hand, Article No. 2, by the Broadway wise-cracker to Sidney Sutherland, is bunk. It's the same old story: When a champion is defeated,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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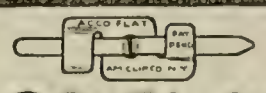

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

somebody will holler "fake" or "dope."—*Joseph Dubois, Portland, Ore.*

McGeehan stands up to take his bow, but, as he does so, this one lands right on his proboscis:

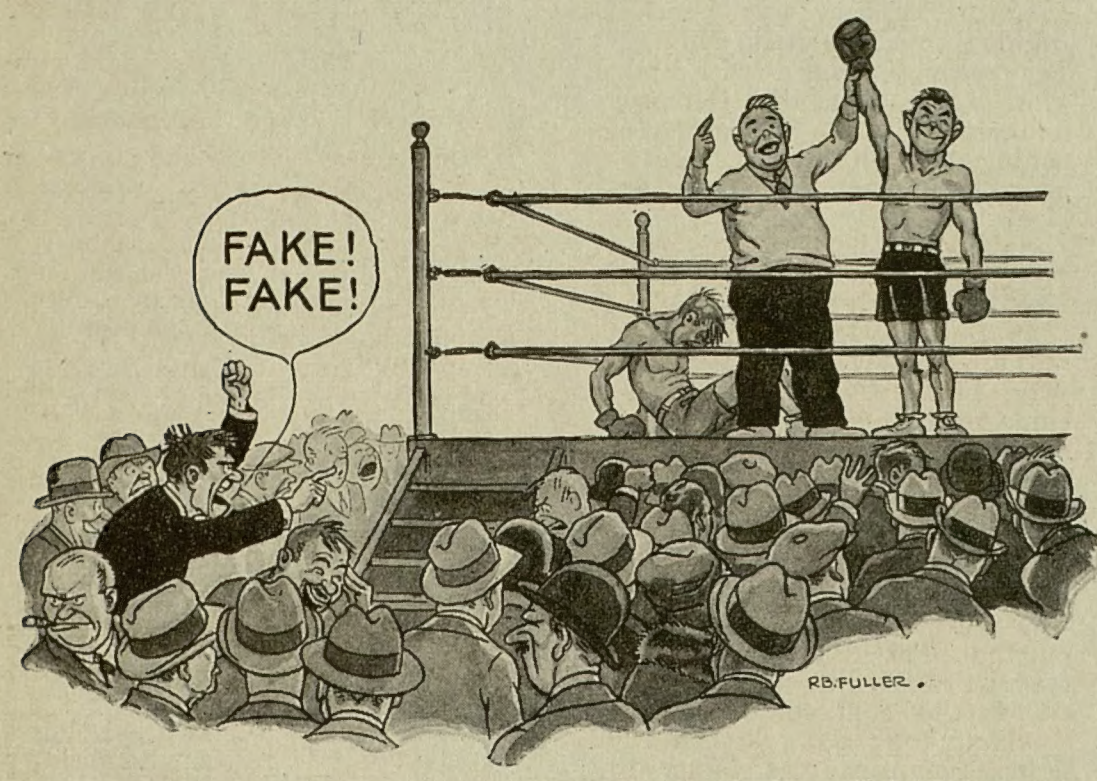
EDITOR, LIBERTY: If you revert to the Associated Press story of the fight, you will find that in the fourth round Dempsey almost forgot. What he forgot, I do not know, but he knocked Tunney into the ropes and Tunney was being punished.

to know there was at least one man in the fraternity of sport writers who had guts enough to come out and write something about it.

How could any person that has followed up fighting in any way, shape, or form figure anything else but that Dempsey sold out?—*G. W. L., Eureka, Colo.*

And also this:

DEAR ED.: The guy that talked to Sid Sutherland knew his dewberries. He is right when he says Tunney is a second-



When a champion is defeated, somebody will holler.

I must hand the cookies to Sidney Sutherland and James Aloysius Durk, and the lemon to McGeehan on his attempt to make Tunney a prize-ring hero and Valentino's successor.—*Walter P. Clark, Lafayette, Ind.*

Here's an eye-witness:

MY DEAR SIR: All this talk of the Tunney-Dempsey fight having been prearranged sounds like so much hokum to me. I watched the fight and saw not one move that appeared suspicious. It was simply a case of an up-coming fighter, like Tunney, against a champion who had been away from the ring for three years and was sliding downhill. — *Harry B. Smith, Sporting Editor, The Chronicle, San Francisco, Calif.*

And now Hiram has to horn in:

DEAR SIR: For goodness' sake, why clutter up a perfectly good magazine with Sidney Sutherland's bunk, especially the Dempsey - Tunney - James Aloysius Durk (false-alarm) story? The only place Sutherland should occupy in a paper is the comic strip. Tunney was just *right*—that's all.—*Hiram B. Smith, St. Louis, Mo.*

And another:

SIRS: If there is anything as disgusting as Mr. Sutherland's one-sided article, I have it to see. He probably lost a dollar on the fight, and then began his howl that the fight was crooked. —*Ray "Casey" Jones, Waco, Tex.*

Sid's folks all come from Texas, too. But wait. Hear this:

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I've been wondering since the fight if there ever was going to be any light thrown on it, and I'm glad

rater. Stan Ketchel could whip him more ways than a Kansas farmer can whip a mule. Jack Dempsey is the greatest fighter that ever skidded his feet through the rosin. But I think he did a swell job of kidding himself when he slipped the boy from Greenwich Village the title. He sure didn't fool anyone else.—*F. Brown, Pittsburgh, Kan.*

This gent seems to speak with authority:

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I was there at the Stadium in Philadelphia and saw the fight, and I want to say that, if it was a frame-up, Dempsey and Tunney did not know anything about it. —*P. Herman, Portland, Me.*

And this one brings up more talk:

DEAR SIR: What is the fighting game coming to? When preachers preach their Sunday sermons about the clean young man we have for a champion, and old ladies talk about Tunney at their sewing-circle clubs: "What a sweet boy he is, and, do you know, Mrs. So-and-so, he doesn't smoke or drink?" And some other old hen chirps up: "Yes, it's lovely, and I've heard he reads the best of books and never swears, and—oh, girls, isn't it wonderful?—he beat that terrible Dempsey who married that awful actress!" And they keep up that blah-blah for several hours.

Dammit, I ask you what-the-'ell kind of a champ is it we've got, anyhow?—*Charles R. Stanley, Madison, Wis.*

Yet—

EDITOR: What the devil is the difference, anyway? Sound-minded people don't pay any at-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

—*Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C*

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"DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You are silly to even think about it. Why it claims to teach music in half the usual time and *without a teacher*. It's impossible."

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. But how I *hated* to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For *they* could entertain their friends and family . . *they* were musicians. I had to be satisfied with only hearing music.

I was so disappointed. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me so much that finally, half frightened, half-enthusiastic I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting my husband know.

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Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a "crazy course" had taught me. So one night when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. "Why . . . why . . ." he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon Jack insisted that I tell him where I had learned . . . . when . . . how? So I told of my secret.

One day not long after my husband came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music."

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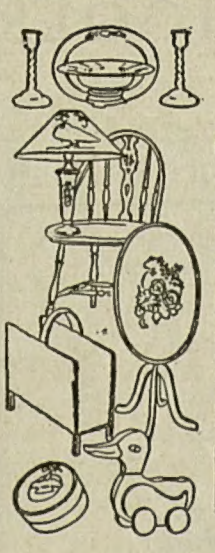

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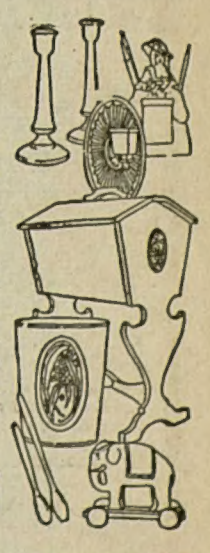

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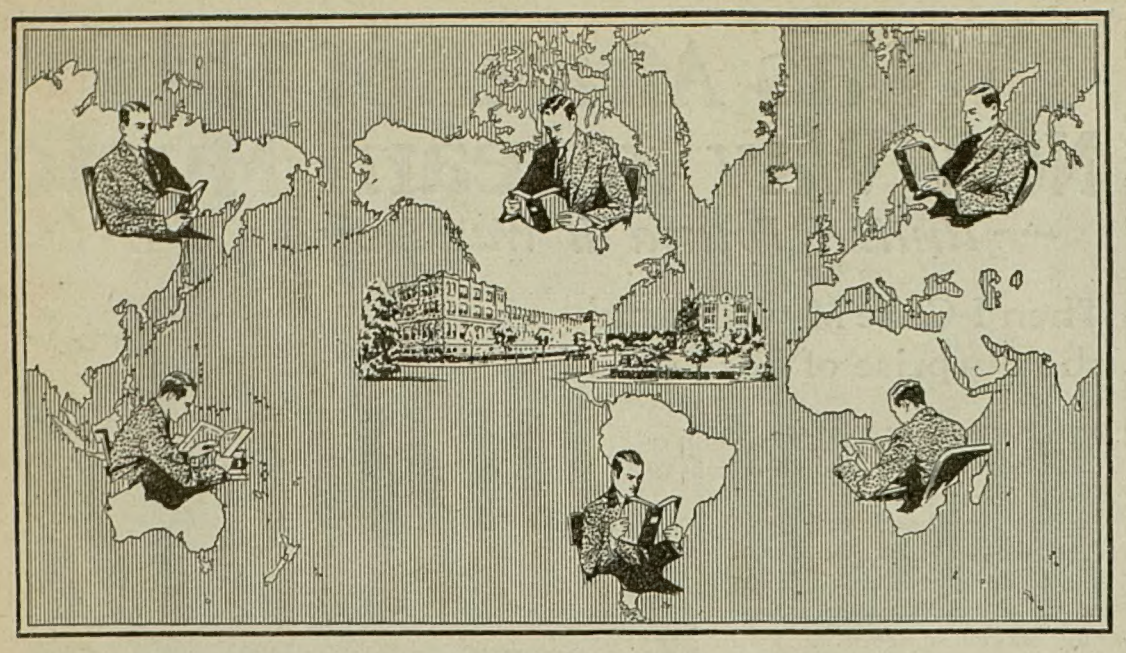

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United Kingdom (England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland)	200,000
Australia	40,000
South Africa	22,500
New Zealand	16,000
India	7,500
Straits Settlements	4,000
Egypt	2,000
Burma	1,000
Philippines	15,000
China	4,000
Spain	8,500
Hawaii	1,100
France	700
Argentina and Chile	24,000
Brazil	3,100
Colombia	1,800
Cuba	7,200
Mexico	11,000
Panama	3,000
Peru	1,100
Porto Rico	2,400

Branch offices are maintained by the I. C. S. in many of these foreign capitals (*as in leading cities in this country*) and they have proved of great help to ambitious students. More than two hundred and fifty people are employed in the London office of the I. C. S. alone.

When you read over such imposing figures as these, you begin to realize something of the tremendous size and influence of the International Correspondence Schools and the part they are playing in the educational programs of many nations.

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[VOX POPS THEM ON THE CHIN]
Continued from Page Eighty-five

tention to prize fights. But I think that Tunney can lick Dempsey any time, anywhere, and with one arm tied behind him.—*"Doc" White, Dayton, Ohio.*

Speaking seriously, Frank G. Menke, New York sporting expert, writes:

GENTLEMEN: Since September, 1919, I have assisted Dempsey in the authorship of articles that have carried his by-line in the newspapers of America.

Since Dempsey was knocked off his throne, the world suddenly has become peopled with individuals who insist that Dempsey deliberately lost. No calm reasoning man who saw that battle ever could reach such a conclusion.

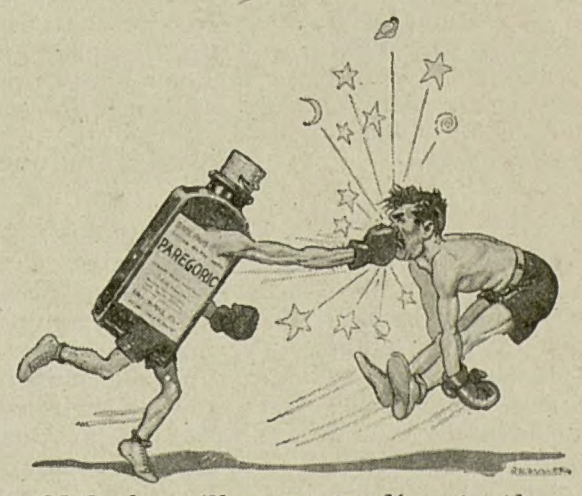
Sidney Sutherland quotes a more or less fictitious character, who expresses the conviction that Dempsey was doped that night. Sutherland's story, in a way, bolsters up reports that came to me after the fight, and supports my own conclusions as I sat in Dempsey's corner.

Sutherland's story is that hyoscine, a drug that dulls and deadens the nerves and muscles and makes one yearn for sleep, was secretly given to Dempsey on the fight day. Sutherland may be right, but my information is a bit contradictory.

About four days before the fight, Dempsey was taken ill with vomiting and dysentery. I do not know what caused that. It may have been induced by some sort of poison, as some folks have contended. But the greater likelihood is that it was created by nervousness and worry.

The dysentery continued through four days in diminishing form, but Dempsey was still troubled with it on the morning of the fight day. My information is that he took a dose of paregoric to check it completely. And, as is generally known, paregoric is loaded with opium. Even as it checks dysentery it produces a languor and a complete relaxation of muscles and induces a desire to sleep.

My conclusion is that Dempsey, if he did take the paregoric, made the mistake of taking too powerful a dose, which dulled his speed and sent him into the ring far removed from an alert, powerful, and energetic champion. And I also think that Dempsey, rather than reveal that he executed the "boner" of an overdose, has preferred to remain silent on that angle.



Nobody will want to dispute the fact that paregoric has a mighty wallop.

Nobody will want to dispute the fact that paregoric has a mighty wallop. But—

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I favor Sidney Sutherland's article, and the consensus of opinions of those I have met in this section does likewise. I've been in and around the boxing game since 1898, when I became a pupil of Dan Hickey, the trainer of Bob Fitzsimmons.

Being a "heavy," I have been associated with almost every champion since Corbett, but this Jack-and-Gene contest was the shell game. I think Dempsey simply lost by request. I don't think that Gene was in the deal, but it sure looks as though Jack was through before he entered the ring. It will always be my opinion that there were two men that Jack did not try to K. O., and they were Gibbons and Tunney. He never went to them in his famous killer fashion.—*Fred Schrader, Keego Harbor, Mich.*

Here's a chap who holds up his decision as Durk says Dempsey held up his punches:

GENTLEMEN: If Dempsey ever defeats Tunney in a return match, it will be time enough to suspect that the first Tunney-Dempsey bout was a fake. Until then I shall believe that Dempsey was overrated and Tunney underrated.—*Walter P. Abell, Wollaston, Mass.*

And now hearken to these gentle phrases from Oklahoma:

DEAR SIR: Again nature speaks. Mr. Tunney reaped the harvest of self-preservation. His pursuance of scientific strength piloted him into the harbor of success.

The only irregularity existing during that fight was the clean, manly consideration of Tunney to allow Dempsey's passing to appear in its best light.—*T. A. Phillips, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

Here's another sock at the Durk:

LIBERTY: It is truly astonishing that a man of Sidney Sutherland's literary standing should allow to be published over his name such a mass of putrid slush as poured from the mouth of James Aloysius Durk. Dempsey was bribed, Durk intimates, by a crowd of New York and Chicago gamblers.

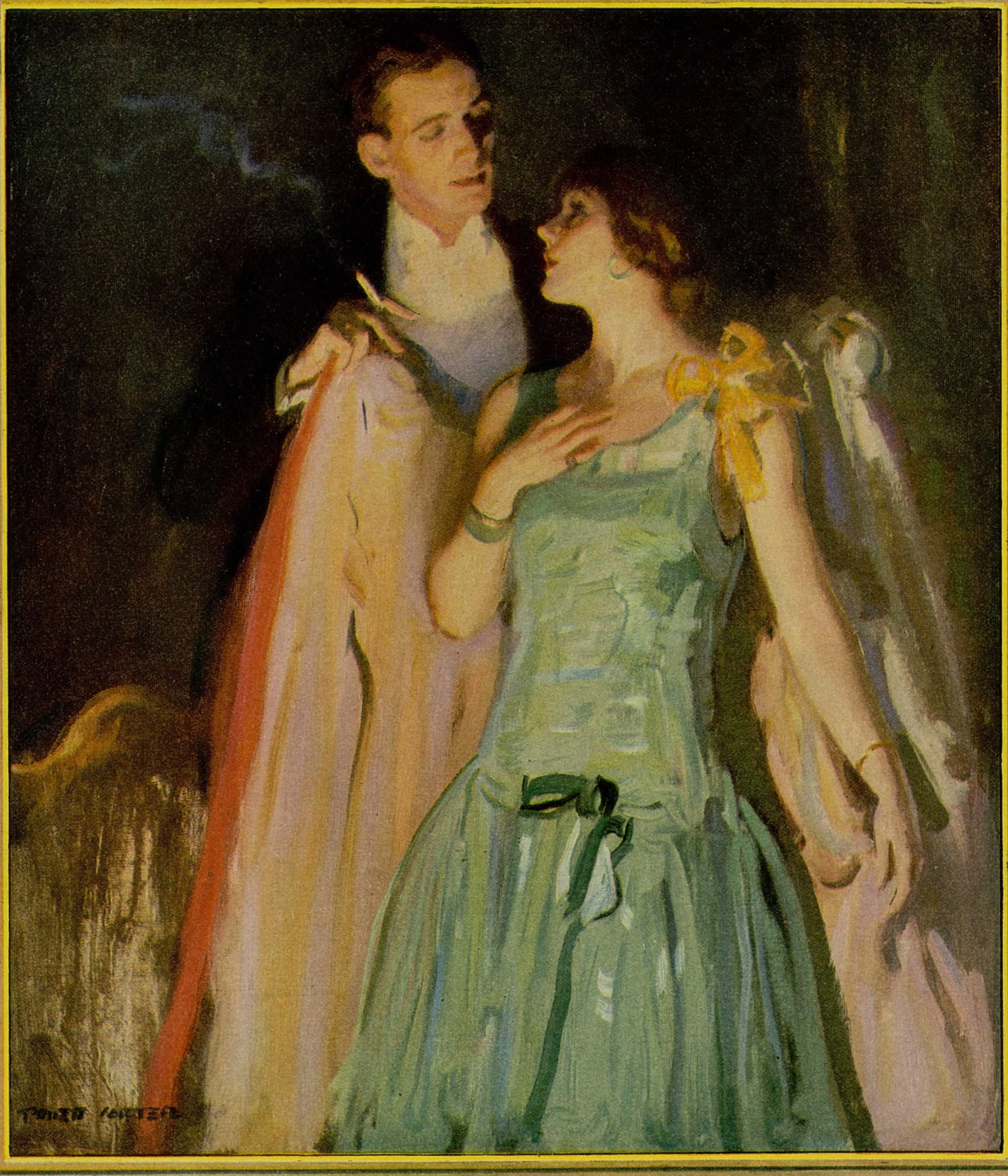
Now, what incentive did Dempsey have? If he won, his championship would be good for at least another million. If he lost, his power to command big money in the ring or in Hollywood would be at an end.

Whatever else Jack may be, he's no fool. — *S. D. Poole, Moline, Ill.*

There goes the gong. A flock of other battlers are clamoring around the ringside, trying to get in their jabs. But Sid, the Durk, McGeehan, Jack, and Gene are all hanging to the ropes. And our space has run out. And so the police will have to stop the fight. No decision.

Tunney won on the level—or he didn't. And Dempsey lost that same way. Your opinion's as good as the next.

THE END



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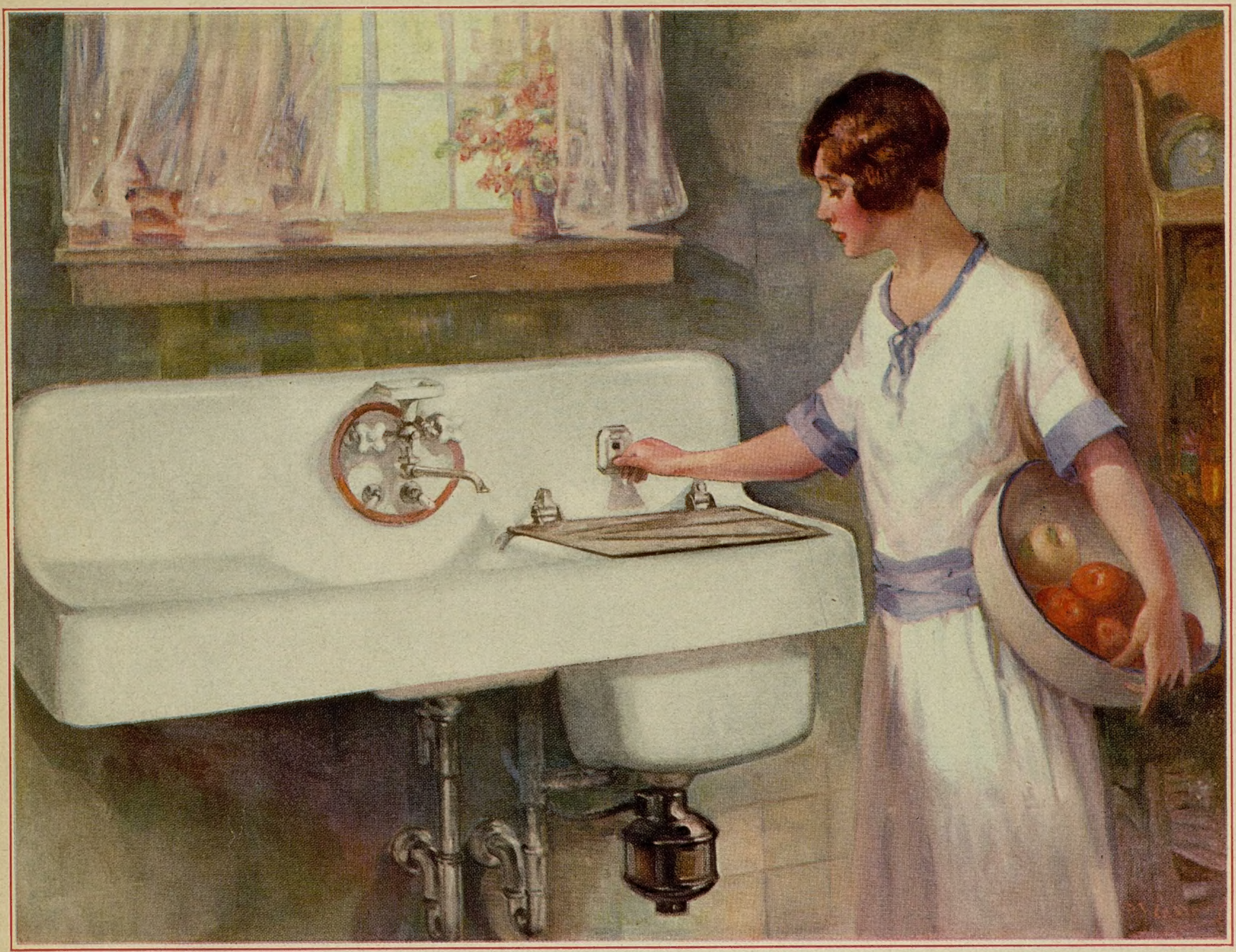

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